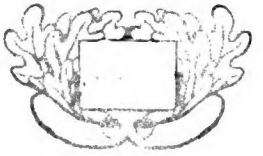
William Howard Taft

MR. TAFT'S mind is of the judicial type; but it is something more than that. Placed in a position of executive responsibility, the ordinary judge winds himself about with red tape, loses himself in precedent. Taft's mind is large enough to rise one stage higher than that. While remaining true to the fundamental principles of law, he can cut his own red tape. His great practical accomplishment, the restoration of order in the Philippines, illustrates this combination of faculties. He was there to establish the law in a turbulent, unsettled, half-savage state, new both to law and to liberty. Ignoring precedent when precedent hampered the spirit of the law, he adjusted, he harmonized, he made a government for those ungoverned islands.

So, we may say now as he takes his seat, the dominant note of Mr. Taft's administration will be Executive Justice—positive, virile, resolute justice, which will not await tardy complaints. With an initiative and purpose of his own, he will seek out wrongs and right them according to the principles of that fundamental law in which all his training has taught him to believe. His will be a quiet, forceful kind of radicalism—a radicalism which will settle controversies rather than create them—the kind of radicalism that counts.

Tools of this justice and this common-sense view of the methods of justice, are his sweetness and his inherent strength of character—"a rainbow about a throne." That self-sacrifice which makes him generous to the point of imprudence in his private affairs is personal, not official; he gives from his own, not from the things intrusted to him. That smile of a big, good-natured boy is the unashamed expression of a kind and gentle character superimposed upon a masterful and serious nature. Don't let that smile deceive you; don't think that it indicates any flabby yearning for popularity.

He is the proper successor to Theodore Roosevelt; pre-eminently the man to meet and solve the issues raised by the Roosevelt administration. He will meet and solve them without disturbing the country's affairs—unless some one is deceived by that smile. JAMES P. BROWN.



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Photograph by Alvin Langdon Coburn, New York.

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT.

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XX MARCH, 1909 No.

The Stock Yards of New York

A Study of the Process of Making "Killings" in Wall Street

By JOHN PARR

THE abiding impression people have about Wall Street is that a few autocrats of finance contrive to grow very rich by the trade of making and selling securities. The Apologist may insist that it is a very necessary trade; that without it, and unless it flourished, railroads could not be built, industrial development would stop, and the like.

"That may be," the people say, "but it isn't exactly what we mean. If Wall Street got a commission simply for its work of creating securities and exchanging them for capital, we could understand it. We want to know about the men who not only do this, but who acquire millions through rebuying and reselling those same securities up and down at our expense—inducing us to buy them when they are high and to sell them when they are low."

"Oho!" says the Apologist, "you are speculators and talk of fluctuations. That is another thing."

"No matter what we are," the people retort. "Wall Street solicits us to bring our money there, banks and brokers volunteer to provide at interest the capital we lack to buy securities outright, and we use our money on margin. We are urged to buy when stocks are high and to sell when stocks are low—this we do know—and we always lose. Who gets our money? Does it build railroads, advance industrial development, and all that?"

If Wall Street were indicted on one hundred counts, ninety of them would refer more or less directly to manipulation. The sleight-of-hand fellow fools you through your eyes. So does Wall Street. It makes prices which you see, and there is no hand so old or so wary at speculation that his judgment may not be affected by prices. How much more easily that of the tyro! Wall Street catches you another way, too. It appeals to your cupidity. Gambling must have existed since men were first able to distinguish between odd and even, and the cunning to make odd come even, or even odd, has never from that time been much at a loss for means. That is manipulation. It is practiced in all manner of places by all manner of men, as, for instance, on a Saturday night in a country town—somewhat in this fashion:

The black-face men desist from their efforts at entertainment. On the wagon seat under the flarelight some things are arranged before the manipulator, who assumes toward the up-staring crowd an air of acute consequence. "Gentlemen: A worthy end justifies any honest means. Each and every one who stays to hear me through will have the opportunity to leave richer than when he came—richer in substance, knowledge, and experience. My mission is to acquaint you with a new metal, not inferior to gold, which it remarkably resembles, and superior to any other metallic substance. It is now produced commercially for the first time by a secret, world-patented process which in olden times was denounced as black art. It is fashioned into many exquisite forms, examples of which we wish to place in the

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hands of appreciative persons. We sometimes give them away; sometimes to a discerning lot of people we sell them at a nominal price. Now, to start, here is a ring—something for the girl, the wife, the mother. It is worth two dollars. Perhaps there is a man who would give me fifty cents for it. There is surely a man who will risk ten cents to obtain it. I promise him that when he has bought this article for a dime I will make him a present to the utmost value of his money. Is there a man who—ah! there he is. [One of the black-face men washed up.] Hold the little article in your hand, sir, until you get your present. Is there another? There is. [The other black-face man.] Is there another? So there is. Keep the article in view, sir, until we are through. Are you all done? We can't waste too much time on the rings. There you are, sir; keep it in view for a moment. Are you all through? Another! There. Now, gentlemen, step forward for your present."

Each man then receives as his present in addition to the ring, the return of his money. The next article is offered at twenty-five cents, the next at fifty, and so on up to three, four, or five dollars, according to the responsiveness of the crowd, and the money is refunded in each case until the last, when, the sale of the highest-priced article having been forced to the utmost, the buyers receive, not their money back, but a duplicate article out of the inexhaustible stock.

When you consider that in all people there is an admixture of indestructible curiosity, a bit of greed, and the frailty to want something for nothing, it isn't remarkable that a plausible man could work this scheme. His shrewdness consists partly in knowing how far he may safely trust the love to be humbugged and the general tolerance of his victims. A little ahead of their taking it sorely he must be up and moving. Did he but know, there is a place where such as he take root; where the accessories have been marvelously elaborated; where the prophet who wondered at the way of a serpent on a rock, the way of a man with a maid, the way of an

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"NOW, CHILDREN, LET ME TELL YOU THE STORY OF MY LIFE."
(John D. as W. A. Rogers sees him.)

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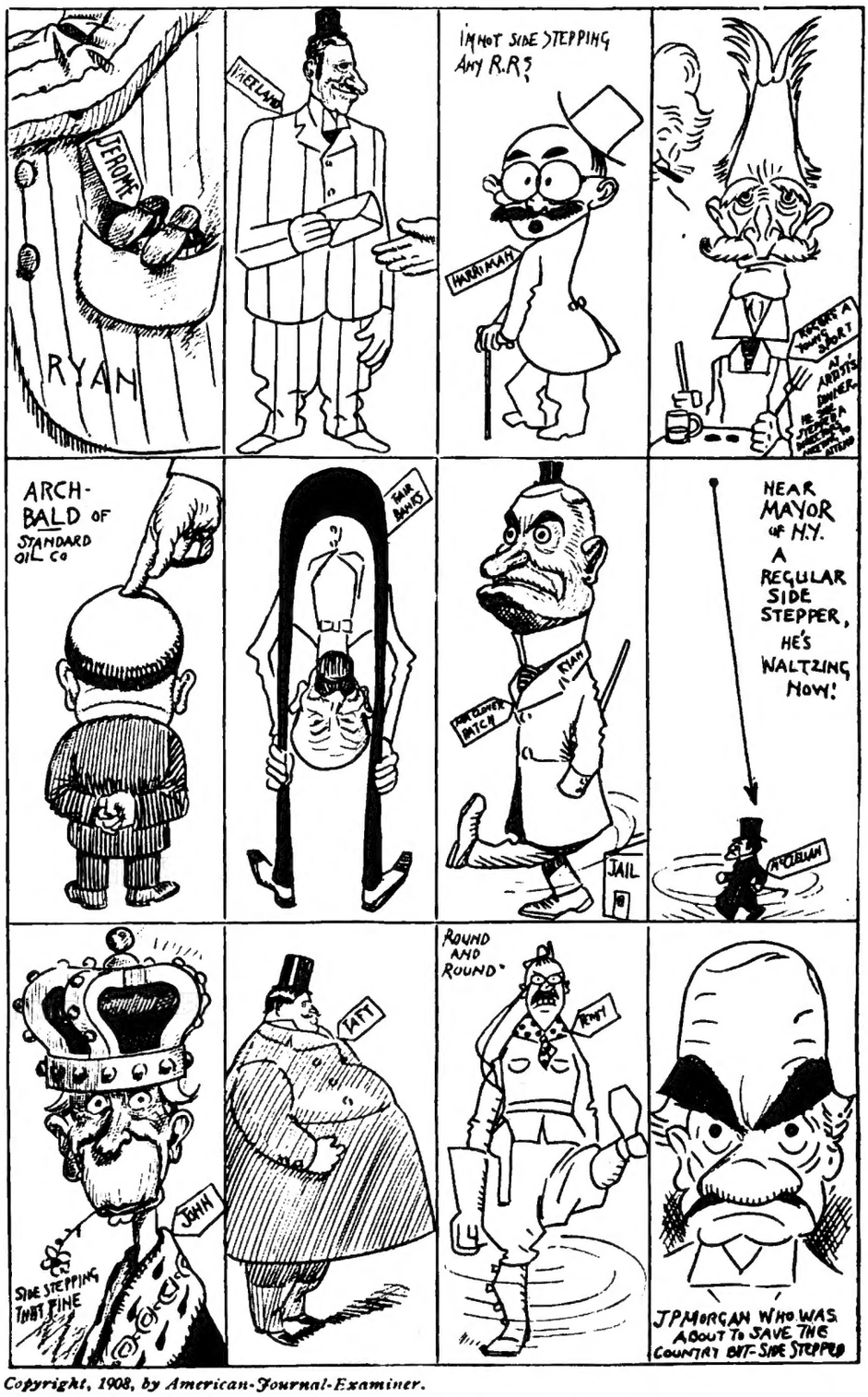
eagle in the air, and the way of a ship in the sea would have wondered more at the ways of men with money—their own and other people's.

As conditions of modern progress require great material works to be performed, e.g., the building of railroads, and as these works can be financed only by means of share capital, it seems necessary that there should be a place where the paper evidences of such capital, viz., stocks and bonds, may be very readily exchanged—bought and sold. If such a place be maintained at all, it will attract professional speculators as a horse fair attracts horse traders. Fluctuations are bound to occur, no less in stocks and bonds than in whatever else men buy and sell. Things change not only intrinsically in value, but also relatively, with reference to other things. If you could think of a stock on which the rate of dividend never changed and on which the margin of security in surplus earnings never varied in the slightest degree, its price would still fluctuate in an open market, not because its intrinsic value changed, but because it would be a more desirable investment at one time than at another. In years of high-interest rates for money it would be worth less than in years of low-interest rates. There you have fluctuations. Securities fluctuate in value not only for reasons internal but also for external or surrounding reasons.



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SOME WHO WOULD RATHER SIDESTEP THAN WALTZ.

(One of Tom Powers's characteristic cartoons.)

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On a Stock Exchange, fluctuations occur continuously, so to speak, as one of the chief functions of such an institution is to provide at all times a market on which anything there listed may be instantly exchanged. And all of this seeming to be true, that men will seek to anticipate fluctuations for their own gain and at times attempt to force them, is hopelessly apparent.

Greed is the warp and cunning the woof

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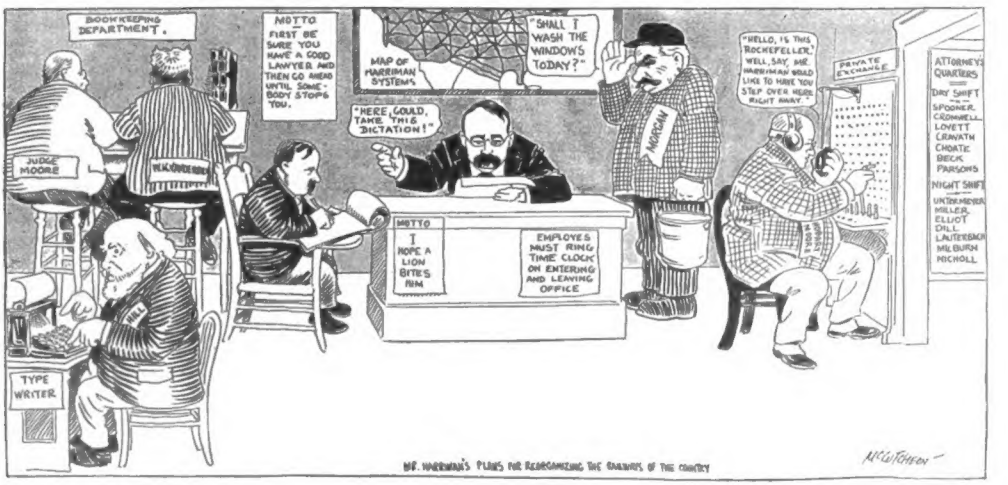
of all manipulation. The rest is art—problems of material, coloring, and design. Means are so different and ends so unlike that an attempt to define the many forms of manipulation would very likely prove futile. We might begin, say, with the Lawson method, which, very oddly, is the one most advertised and least susceptible of definition; or the Gates method whereby a house serving the public as a brokerage concern became the private machine of the most daring group of manipulators ever known; and come presently to the subtler methods of a man like James R. Keene, the methods of pools, the methods of greater manipulation practiced by bankers and capitalists acting in concert, etc. But we should be all the while misunderstanding terms. Illustration will move us faster toward a clear comprehension of the subject.

A narrative of one of the most dramatic episodes known in the stock market will illustrate manipulation of a sort entailing great risk, imposing hardship and injustice upon the helpless stockholder, and having in view a large personal achievement at the expense of whom it may concern.

When Jay Gould determined to get control of Western Union he began, in his usual manner, by pounding the stock in the open market. As he hadn't any stock to start with, he could depress the price only by short selling, which is to say that he borrowed shares to sell, and sold them in a manner calculated to break the price, intending ultimately to buy at a profit all the borrowed stock he had sold and then enough more to give him control of the company. The nature of his selling—that it was short selling—was discovered by a little band of men sufficiently daring and resourceful to give even Mr. Gould a fight worthy of his peculiar genius. A pool was formed to buy Western Union as fast as Mr. Gould sold it. James R. Keene, Addison Cammack, Woerishoffer, Smith, and others were in it. The operations of the pool were so adroitly conducted that Mr. Gould was unaware of its existence until he had gone so far that he couldn't retreat. He had sold more Western Union than he could possibly obtain elsewhere if those who had been lending him the stock should call upon him to return it. He was cornered. He knew it, the pool knew it, and each side knew that the other knew.

It puzzles the layman greatly to see how speculators who haven't any stock can borrow it to sell and actually succeed in selling more than there is on the market, thereby getting themselves cornered. It seems very simple to those who know the process. The whole explanation lies in the fact that a single stock certificate, given sufficient time, will serve to make innumerable deliveries. *A* wishes to sell 500 shares of stock which he doesn't own. He borrows it from *B* and sells it to *C*. The next day *D* wishes likewise to sell 500 shares of the same stock,



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MR. HARRIMAN'S PLANS FOR REORGANIZING THE RAILWAYS OF THE COUNTRY.
(John T. McCutcheon ventures to prophesy.)

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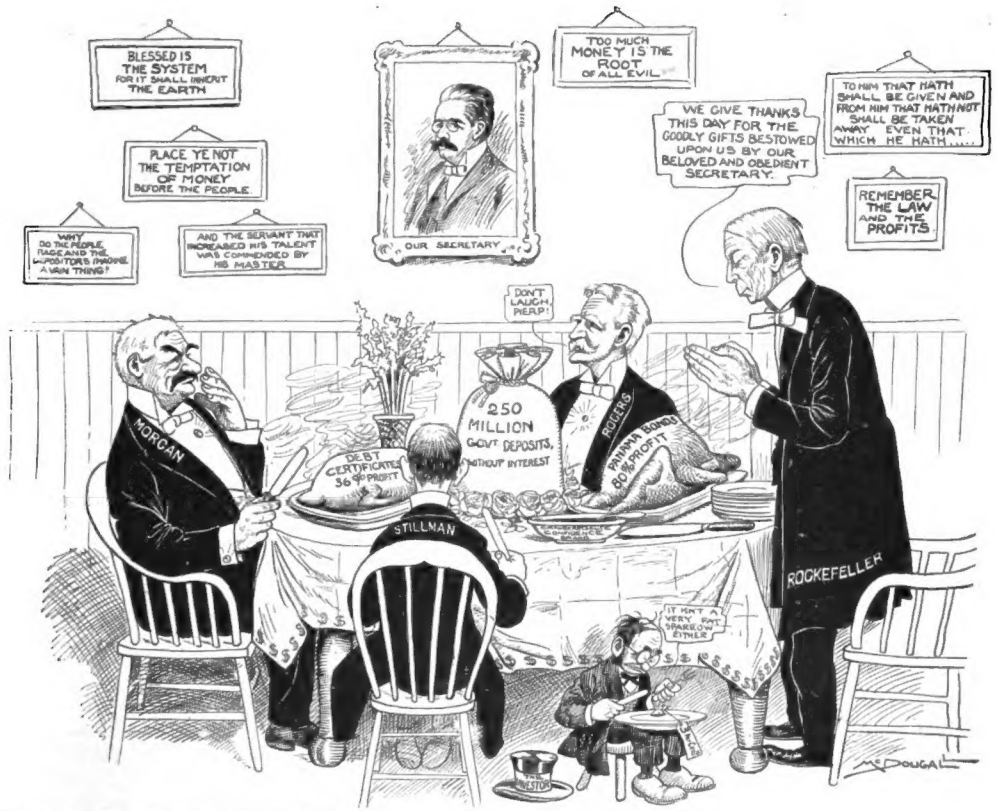
BLESSED IS THE SYSTEM FOR IT SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH
PLACE YE NOT THE TEMPTATION OF MONEY BEFORE THE PEOPLE
WHY DO THE PEOPLE RAGE AND THE IMPOSITORS IMAGINE A VAIN THING?
AND THE SERVANT THAT INCREASED HIS TALENT WAS COMMENDED BY HIS MASTER
OUR SECRETARY
TOO MUCH MONEY IS THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL
WE GIVE THANKS THIS DAY FOR THE GOODLY GIFTS BESTOWED UPON US BY OUR BELOVED AND OBEDIENT SECRETARY.
TO HIM THAT HATH SHALL BE GIVEN AND FROM HIM THAT HATH NOT SHALL BE TAKEN AWAY EVEN THAT WHICH HE HATH.....
REMEMBER THE LAW AND THE PROFITS
DON'T LAUGH, PIERP!
MORGAN
DEBT CERTIFICATES 3% PROFIT
250 MILLION GOVT DEPOSITS, WITHOUT INTEREST
ROGERS
PANAMA BONDS 80% PROFIT
STILLMAN
ROCKEFELLER
IT ISN'T A VERY FAT SPARROW EITHER
McDOUGALL

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"IT ISN'T A VERY FAT SPARROW, EITHER."

(A typical "Walt McDougall" view of Wall Street celebrities.)

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which he doesn't own. He borrows it from *C* and sells it to *E*. The same 500 shares of stock will serve the purpose of both *A* and *D*, the sellers, but between them they are short 1,000 shares, which ultimately they must buy and return.

In this case of Western Union, the pool's brokers were the principal holders of stock, and had been lending it over and over to Mr. Gould's brokers, until Mr. Gould's sales actually exceeded the floating supply. When the pool got ready it could instruct its brokers to call upon Mr. Gould's brokers to return the stock, and Mr. Gould would be obliged to settle on such terms as the pool might see fit to make.

This was the situation when one day a messenger from Mr. Keene appeared in Mr. Gould's office with a proposal to consider terms. Mr. Gould had been expecting the overture. His answer was ready. He would not settle; he not only would not settle, but he proposed at once to take legal steps against the members of the pool, Keene, Cammack, Woerishoffer, Smith, *et al.*, on the ground of conspiracy. It was true that they had got him cornered in Western Union, but in order to do so he asserted that they had employed three of his confidential brokers to buy through them the stock that they sold for him, which was a transaction offensive to the rules of the game. That was all he had to say to Mr. Keene, and he desired no further parley.

In a very short time Mr. Keene's messenger returned. Mr. Keene was astonished and chagrined. He and his associates personally had been in ignorance of the fact that the brokers employed by the pool to buy Western Union were the confidential brokers through whom Mr. Gould had been selling the stock. He, Keene, considered Mr. Gould's position well taken, legally and morally, and for his part he desired to beg Mr. Gould's pardon for having appeared in the business at all. Would Mr. Gould promise to take no legal

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"THE NEW SENTIMENT."
(By Maurice Ketten.)

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steps until he heard from Mr. Keene again, which would be by or before noon of the day following? Mr. Gould charitably promised to wait. Hardly was Mr. Keene's messenger forth of the door when Mr. Gould turned to his active partner and said: "Go in there and sell them all the Western Union they will take." Mr. Gould's partners were accustomed to do his bidding first and get his reasons afterward. So, although Mr. Gould, having sold more Western Union stock than there was actually on the market, confessed himself cornered, his partner went quietly to the floor of the Stock Exchange to "sell them all they would take." Mr. Gould reasoned in this way: Keene was a shrewd fellow. His protestations were a play for time. Why should he wish Mr. Gould to delay taking the action threatened? Why, in order that he might have time to sell out his share in the pool's holdings of Western Union stock.

Instead of going personally into the Western Union crowd, Mr. Gould's partner picked up half a dozen brokers and gave them orders to sell, he standing in the background to keep them going. In the Western Union crowd stood the pool's principal broker with an unlimited order to buy—that is, an order to buy all the Western Union stock that might come upon the market. This is the only recorded instance of two unlimited orders meeting in the open stock market. While the brokers taking orders from Mr. Gould's partner were selling heavily, other brokers unexpectedly appeared offering stock for sale. This was Keene's stock. When the pool's broker had taken 40,000 shares of stock and saw that it was still coming, he knew that something had gone wrong and ran off the floor to communicate with his principals—the pool members. After that it was each man for himself, and the market for Western Union stock collapsed.

The pool that had thwarted him was broken up, and he was out of the corner, but Mr. Gould's real object had hardly begun to be attained. He was still heavily short of Western Union stock, and although, with the market in the condition in which it was left by the precipitate retreat of the enemy, all of Mr. Gould's short stock might be covered at a profit, control of the Western

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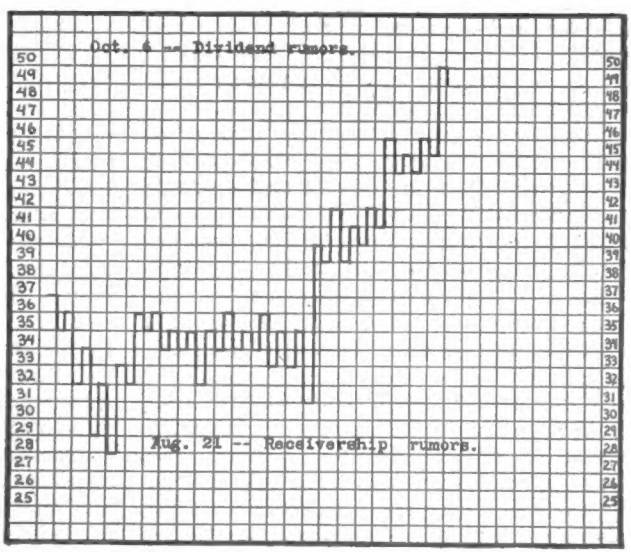
Union lay away beyond. He sent for Mr. Keene and proposed to him that they go in together for a bear campaign against the stock. The price was already low, but with the advantage just gained it could be put much lower. Mr. Keene readily assented, and whereas before they were on opposite sides of the stock, they were now united against it.

One day they both stood absently regarding the ticker. Western Union was selling low in the 30's. There was a lull in its activity. In his most peculiar and inscrutable manner Gould said: "Mr. Keene, I believe Western Union is cheap." Keene snorted. They would put it to 20, he said. The thought that Gould wished ultimately to buy control of the property had never entered his imagination. With nothing more said between them, Mr. Gould left Keene at the ticker and said to his partner: "Buy 25,000 Western Union." The partner went personally to the floor, gave out his orders to other brokers, watched until they had bought 20,000 shares and were in a way to get the rest, and returned to the office where Keene and Gould still were. Speaking to his partner so that Keene heard, Mr. Gould said: "Who seems to be buying all this Western Union?" His partner named the brokers who had executed the orders, adding, "It looks like 25,000." "You gave out those orders?" "Yes," said his partner. "You see," said Mr. Gould, turning to Keene, "I have bought 25,000 Western Union. I shall buy a great deal more. If you think the stock is cheap, you are welcome to your share of this first 25,000."

And that is how Mr. Gould, by manipulation, bought control of the Western Union Telegraph Company, which is in the Gould family still. According to the Wall Street code of ethics he had a perfect right to do it. He used his own capital in the open stock market, assumed a great risk, and gained his end. Also, he employed the machinery of the Stock Exchange to deceive the small holders of stock; to affect their judgment by mere quotations and induce them to part with what he wanted to buy. Many were influenced and some were compelled by the misrepresentation of manipulation to part with their property.

What Jay Gould did in Western Union stock is not uncommon, except for the magnitude of the operation and the importance of the end in view. He was after control of a large corporation; had he been thinking merely of a bull campaign in the stock, for a speculative profit, he might have employed the same tactics; that is, he might have started by attacking the stock in order to acquire a line of it as low as possible. An important advance, whether it is in a particular stock or in a group of several stocks whose movements will determine the temper of the whole market, is often—one might say, generally—preceded by a decline artificially brought about in order to facilitate buying against the rise to come. In planning a bull campaign, one of the first things to be considered—in fact, the very first thing after the feasibility of the campaign itself has been determined—is how best to get a "position," i.e., to acquire a lot of cheap stock.

An uncommonly fine example of this kind of manipulation occurred recently in Rock Island preferred. It is an almost perfect gem. The accompanying chart of the



stock's fluctuations while the insiders were getting their "position," and afterward, is a self-interpreting exhibit.

For several months the financial position of the Rock Island had been a subject of discussion in Wall Street. The company had a good deal of financing to do, and there was

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some doubt for a while as to whether it could be done at all. The preferred stock had been inactive for a long time. At the middle of August it was selling around $37 a share. With the general market very strong and with such stocks as, particularly, Union Pacific and Southern Pacific advancing, Rock Island preferred suddenly became active and very weak. Nobody understood it. When one stock breaks away in that manner from the prevailing tendency of prices, the inference is likely to be that something has gone amiss with it. For a week or more Rock Island shares and Rock Island bonds declined with a tendency all their own, and when the preferred stock had got as low as $28 a share, rumors of a receivership to result from the company's inability to finance its requirements gained wide circulation not only in Wall Street but throughout the country. The stock rallied abruptly from 28 to 33, and then between 32 and 36 there occurred, for several days running, large transactions which were at the time inscrutable.

These vacillations culminated in an abrupt break from 35 to 31. That was the final shaking of the tree. The most adroit speculator of the Rock Island crowd now revealed himself to the reporters and denied to them that he had been pounding Rock Island preferred. From 31 the stock had a sheer rise of 9 points to 40, and a further rapid advance to 50. After it had sold at 50 the announcement was forthcoming that all of the Rock Island's financial requirements had been provided for on very favorable terms, and intimations followed that if earnings continued to improve as they had been improving in the preceding few weeks, the stock might be restored to a dividend basis in the near future. The adroit speculator and his friends had got a lot of cheap stock between 32 and 36.

There is nothing more sordid in Wall Street than the use that is made in the stock market by insiders (directors, bankers, and their like) of information accessible only to themselves. They have the first information of changes in earnings; they are able to anticipate dividend changes months ahead; they know what financial transactions are impending, as, for instance, an increase of stock. If they made use of their knowledge in a direct way, as by buying on favorable developments or selling on those of an unfavorable nature, that would be bad enough. But when, being in possession of favorable knowledge, they begin by manipulating the stock down to induce others to sell that they may buy more easily, or, on unfavorable knowledge, pursue the opposite tactics, it is indefensible.

This sort of thing, however, is so much taken for granted that professional Stock Exchange traders habitually sell a stock on any favorable announcement which the insiders must have known was coming. Why? Because the insiders have probably loaded up with stock at lower prices and will now be willing to sell. Hence the axiom: "Sell on good news; the insiders have discounted it. Buy on bad news, and for the same reason."

To be right the odd time in five is all that any experienced speculator hopes for. The margin between profit and loss is very slender. No less an authority than James R. Keene has said: "With all the money I spend for information and with all the experience I have, the best that I can do is to be right four times in seven. If I could be right three times in five, I would have more money than I should know what to do with." The difference between four times in seven, his average, and three times in five, which was more than he could expect, is once in thirty-five times.

Ponder this well, ye who wonder why you lose money in Wall Street! What chance have you for the odd time in five, which satisfies the professional, against men who command the machinery of manipulation, have all the information first, and a great deal of the time control the news that makes prices go up and down?

As an example of the first magnitude, we take the bull campaign (unfinished at the time of this writing), conducted during 1908 by E. H. Harriman and his associates, in Union Pacific common stock. The chart on page 299 shows the fluctuations in the price of the stock from February 1 to October 21. Observe that a rise which was to add more than $100,000,000 to the valuation of the common capital stock of the Union Pacific Railroad and become an event of note in stock market history, began with an abrupt decline. On this initial movement all the floating stock which the market would yield was gathered in. The low point was touched between (a) and (b) at 110, and from there to 126 there was a sheer rise, with never a reaction of more than two points. Wall Street opinion was very bearish on Union Pacific at 110. A variety of

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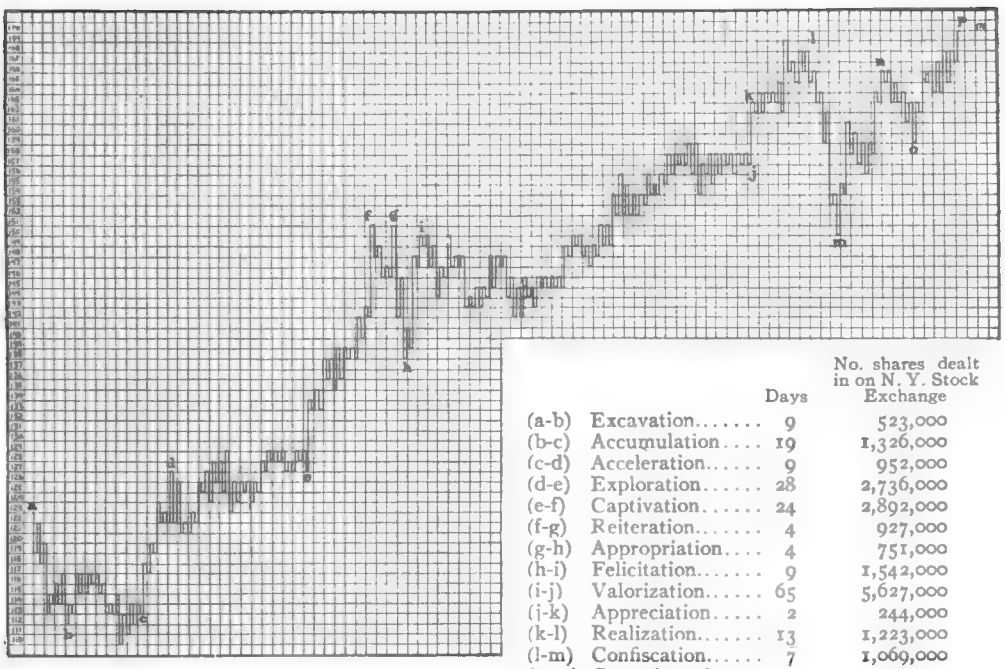

		Days	No. shares dealt in on N. Y. Stock Exchange
(a-b)	Excavation.....	9	523,000
(b-c)	Accumulation....	19	1,326,000
(c-d)	Acceleration.....	9	952,000
(d-e)	Exploration.....	28	2,736,000
(e-f)	Captivation.....	24	2,892,000
(f-g)	Reiteration.....	4	927,000
(g-h)	Appropriation....	4	751,000
(h-i)	Felicitation.....	9	1,542,000
(i-j)	Valorization.....	65	5,627,000
(j-k)	Appreciation.....	2	244,000
(k-l)	Realization.....	13	1,223,000
(l-m)	Confiscation.....	7	1,069,000
(m-n)	Commiseration...	10	1,245,000
(n-o)	Awkwardation....	5	828,000
(o-p)	As far as we go..	10	1,014,000

Total transactions in....218 days 22,899,000 shares
Total amount of Union Pacific common stock in existence.... 1,950,000 "
Market value of the 22,899,000 shares traded in, at an average price of $140 per share..... $3,205,860,000
Par value of total Union Pacific common stock in existence..... $195,000,000

disquieting rumors perversely insisted upon circulating through all the channels of financial comment.

The stock touched its lowest point on March 3. On the same date Daniel F. Kellogg, in the New York *Sun*, wrote of the preceding day's stock market session:

"These attempts [determined efforts to break prices] focused in heavy selling of the Union Pacific common shares, attended with a recurrence of all of last week's unpleasant stories regarding possible future adverse happenings to the Union Pacific Company. Less was heard of a prospective issue of the $100,000,000 additional preferred stock authorized by the stockholders of the company two years ago, one reason for this being doubtless the realization that the Union Pacific Company is in no such financial straits as would justify the sale of preferred stock below par at the present time. To-day's rumors, therefore, centered mostly around the probability of a reduction in the dividend rate on Union Pacific common due to the possibility of reduced dividend distributions by some of the railroad companies of whose stocks the Union Pacific is a holder, but . . . the Union Pacific common shares have already discounted in their price a greater curtailment of dividends than is at all likely to occur in the near future."

A sound conclusion! Union Pacific common shares had at that time discounted so much calamity which was never going to happen to them that, instead of going any lower, they went up tremendously, so that during the next eight months [illegible],000,000 was added to their aggregate market value. The market valuation of 1,950,000 shares of Union Pacific common at $110, as on March 3, was $214,500,000; the market valuation of the same stock on October 21, at $170 per share, was $331,500,000—appreciation in value, $117,000,000.

We leave the bull campaign unfinished at 170; in fact, we leave it at a point beyond which the average daily volume of activity will probably be much greater, the fluctuations more violent, and the price higher. What the experienced speculator sees in this chart is that the capitalists controlling the floating supply of Union Pacific stock have never let go of it; the expected distribution at huge profits to themselves has yet to be accomplished. Several times they have evidently sold some surplus stock at the high points, finding the market enthusiastically willing to buy, and have bought it back at

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recessions of 10, 15, and 20 points in price; but having got their position below 120, they were holding it still at 170, controlling the stock's fluctuations as easily on that level as they were able to do on a level fifty points lower.

The pool knew that the bearish reports were in circulation, as they were printed in the financial columns of all the newspapers. The reports were false and likely to mislead the outside stockholders. While the pool was buying Union Pacific stock, the monthly reports of the Union Pacific railroad showed operating expenses to be swallowing up profits at an alarming rate, and that afterward operating expenses preposterously fell, so that apparent profits enormously increased. We see that the manipulators were not unready to take advantage of the erroneous impressions thereby produced to acquire cheap stock for themselves, and that the stock they bought at that time increased seventy per cent. in value in less than nine months.

The formation of the United States Steel Corporation early in the year 1901 was preceded by rumors of "a billion-dollar corporation." When James R. Keene heard of it he said: "The thing is impossible, because, for one reason, you never could sell the stock. There would be too much of it and too many people would be trying to sell at the same time." The Steel Corporation nevertheless was formed, with $500,000,000 common and $500,000,000 preferred stock. All of the common stock and a great deal of the preferred represented promoters' profits. As Mr. Keene foresaw, the problem was not how to form such a giant of a thing but how to sell its stock; and the Morgan people called in Mr. Keene. With no risk to himself and with the earnest of immense rewards if he succeeded, he accepted the commission to "make a market for Steel." He had in his favor the crest of the biggest bull market that Wall Street has ever seen—a market on which the public, possessed of a mania for speculation, was buying heavily. Also, the flotation of the Steel Corporation had been advertised favorably all over the world, so that people were awaiting the appearance of the securities on the New York Stock Exchange in a perfect fever of expectancy. Exactly what it was they expected they didn't know themselves, but they were mad with a feeling of the bigness of American doings and were just then idolizing the "Captains of Industry," of whom Mr. Morgan was the chief.

Mr. Keene began by making the Steel stocks enormously active, buying and selling simultaneously. He had unlimited "powder," which, in the Wall Street vernacular, is the amount of stock a manipulator is authorized to buy and sell in the process of making his market. The great bull market of 1901 reached its climax on April 30, eight days before the Northern Pacific panic. On that day transactions on the New York Stock Exchange attained the unprecedented total of 3,209,983 shares, which is a record still, and Steel common sold at 55, a price which it never touched again until November 7, 1908. In five days (April 29 to May 3) the transactions in Steel common on the New York Stock Exchange alone, not including Boston, Philadelphia, and London, were 1,564,517 shares, and in the preferred stock 637,859 shares, and at this, the culminating point of his market, Mr. Keene sold 750,000 shares of common and preferred Steel, realizing for his principals something between $55,000,000 and $65,000,000. His principals were in the Morgan syndicate. Others who had got huge blocks of promoters' shares, notably the financiers of the Moore crowd and John W. Gates and his crowd, also were selling heavily on Mr. Keene's market.

The range of prices for United States Steel common and preferred since this distribution has been as follows:

	Common		Preferred	
Year	High	Low	High	Low
1901	55	24	101⅞	69
1902	46⅞	29¾	97¾	79
1903	39⅞	10	89¾	49¾
1904	33⅛	8⅜	95⅝	51¼
1905	43¼	24⅞	107	90¾
1906	50¼	32⅝	113¼	98¾
1907	50⅜	21⅞	107¾	79⅛
1908	58¾	25¾	114½	87¼

The most illuminating fact in this exhibit is that after Mr. Keene had made a market for the promoters' common shares, between 51 and 55, in April, 1901, it was seven and a half years before the stock ever touched a price at which one who had bought it then could get out whole. It never stopped going down until it touched 8⅜ in 1904. Its record is all the more striking when we consider that the years 1905, 1906, and 1907 were the biggest, fattest years in all the history of American iron and steel, yielding profits such as the men who put their properties into the United States Steel Corporation never imagined.

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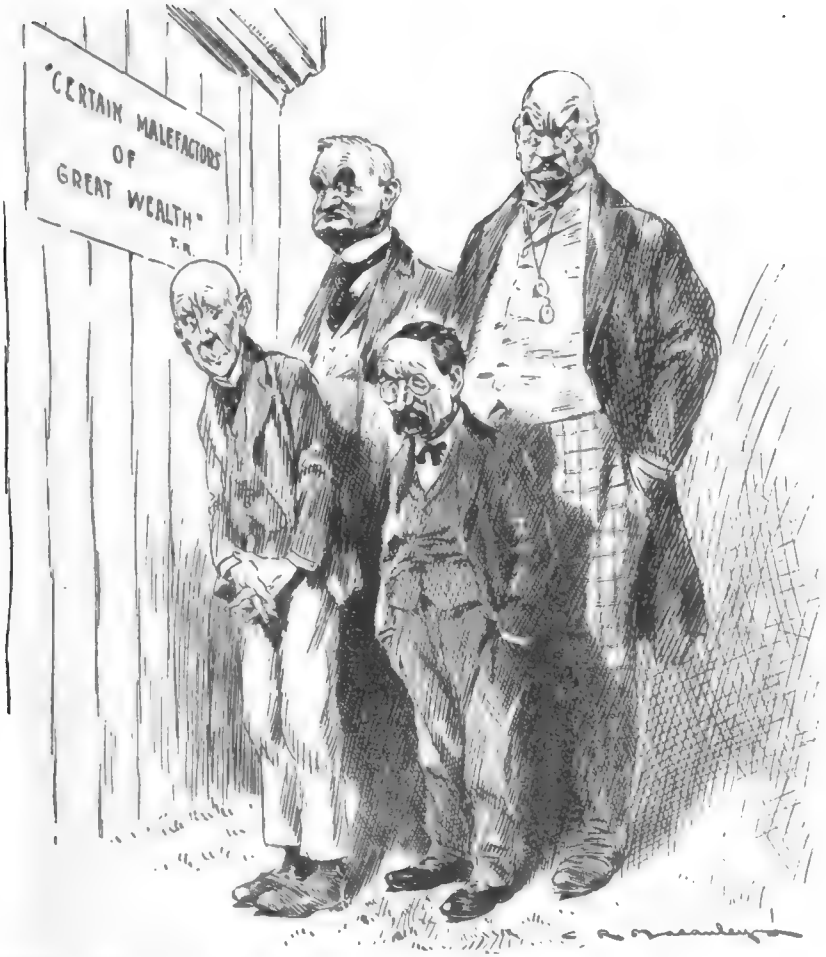

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CAN HE MEAN ME?
(By C. R. Macauley.)

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The enginery of manipulation consists largely of telephones. On seeing the interior of a big manipulator's plant for the first time, one might believe that it consisted wholly of telephones. Two small rooms, one furnished with some chairs, a table, a stock ticker, a news ticker, and a shelf of *Financial Chronicles* which are never opened; and one furnished with telephones—that is all the plant any operator needs. He would not know what to do with more. With the telephones there is room for a bookkeeper or two. The telephones, twenty of them, thirty of them, maybe more, run in a row around the wall. They communicate directly with the brokers who receive and execute the manipulator's orders.

Ponder this matter of the telephones and you get the key to the whole thing. The capacity of one telephone is practically unlimited if you desire merely to buy or sell stocks in a direct, simple manner. Just think how much stock you could buy or sell over one wire in the course of the day if you were straightforwardly investing money in securities which you wished to buy and keep, or selling investment securities out of which you wanted your money back! Why, then, twenty or thirty telephones all in a row in one room, all communicating directly with brokers, for no other purpose than to transmit orders to brokers and receive their reports? There you have it. Why? Because the manipulator's business is neither direct, straightforward, nor simple.

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He deals in what doesn't exist; he creates a market to-day where there was none yesterday and may be none to-morrow; he must give the market the impression that he is buying or selling heavily when, in fact, he is doing the reverse; he must scatter his orders so that none may follow what he is really doing; he sends ten brokers into the market to sell what he has sent perhaps one other in to buy. He plays upon his telephones as a musician plays upon the keys of a piano. Ten of them may communicate with brokers known in the Street as of a highly speculative class, and two may communicate with conservative brokers whose relations with certain "banking interests" cause the Stock Exchange to attach importance to the orders they execute. Then if the manipulator should want to sell stock without depressing the market unduly, he might distribute over the ten telephones orders to sell 50,000 shares of stock, and over the two "conservative" wires orders to buy 25,000 shares of the same stock. The Stock Exchange would see a lot of rash brokers selling heavily and two very strong houses buying steadily, and the report would go forth: "The selling is evidently of a speculative character, and the buying looks good. It is probably a bear drive at the stock."

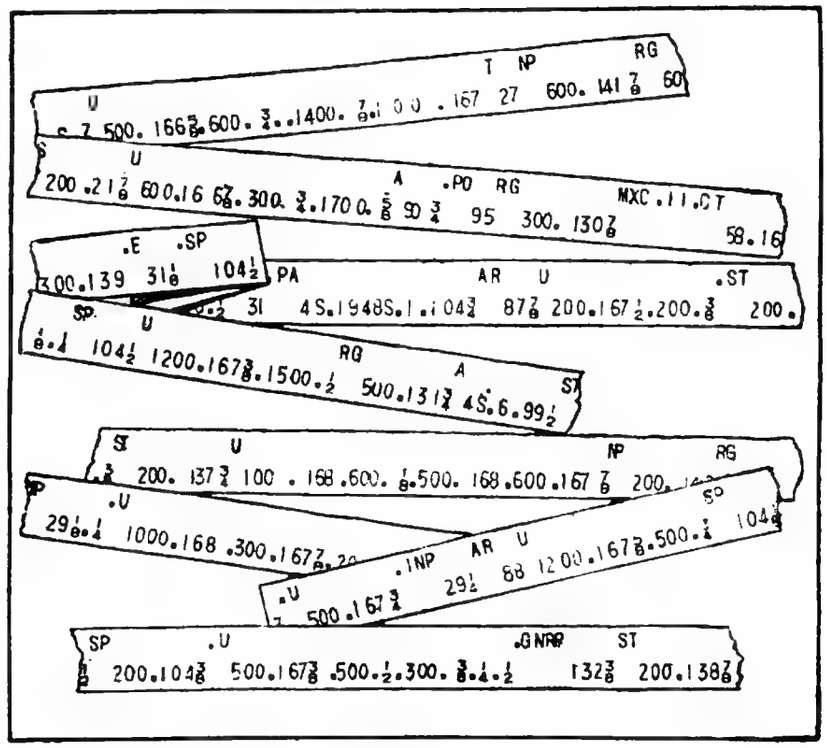
In this way the manipulator would sell 25,000 shares of stock on balance and depress the price, say, one and a half or two points, whereas if he had used one telephone and instructed one broker to go in and sell 25,000 shares direct, he might have lost his market completely, or have so violently affected the price of the stock as to make his sales unprofitable. These transactions all wind up in the Clearing House.

The door of a small office in the Boston Stock Exchange Building bears this legend: "Theodore Hastings, Broker."

In Wall Street are many men deeply and particularly informed who have never heard of Mr. Hastings. The inside of his plant agrees with our description, only it is perhaps rather more given over to telephones than some others, because his operations converge first upon the Boston Stock Exchange, then upon the New York Stock Exchange, and then again cover both at once. His long-distance telephones bring him as close to the New York Stock Exchange as if his office were on the other side of New Street.

Thomas W. Lawson makes a fine mystery of his seeming physical detachment from the stock market. In his office at Young's Hotel, Boston, there is no ticker. Men have sat with him whole days and whole nights in the midst of one of his advertising campaigns, when presumably he had large open interests in the stock market, and have afterward told how he neither received nor transmitted a stock-market message and could only have known by occult means what prices were. There was once a theory that Mr. Lawson employed "automatic orders" to an extent never before attempted by a large stock operator. An "automatic order" is one that becomes operative under definite conditions anticipated. But the real explanation is Theodore Hastings, Broker. He knows why Mr. Lawson can sit calmly through the hours of a Stock Exchange session without seeing a quotation.

When out of lethargy comes sudden activity, and a stock that has been neglected for days except by the floor traders begins to decorate the tape in large blocks, it is not to be supposed that men with capital to invest have all at once perceived hidden value in a thing which they looked at indifferently a day or an hour before. The explanation is that a battery of telephones has gone into action, and the results look somewhat like this:



A BATTERY OF TELEPHONES HAS GONE INTO ACTION.

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As a rule, great manipulators have high, thin voices and take a distrustful view of securities. Their vocal peculiarity must be left as an arbitrary fact; as to their bearish slant of mind, it is easily accounted for. It comes of the fact that their services are more often solicited by men having something to sell than by men wishing to buy—in the ratio of about five to one. Nevertheless there is no instance of a bear manipulator's having died rich. It is a bull's country.

Much more nowadays than was ever the case before in Wall Street, the great capitalists act in groups rather than individually, pooling their resources, their information, their energies, and their abilities. Each group has its special command of banking facilities and, within variable limitations, will be able to control the movements of the stocks in which its capital is largely employed. The operations of first one such group and then another will dominate the whole stock market. Mr. Harriman and his associates will sometimes be engaged in actively bulling their stocks while the Morgan group remains passive, or vice versa, and then again, once in a long while, these several principal groups will be found aligned all on the bull side. It is under such auspices that a great rise in all stocks takes place—a big bull market.

A "Harriman market," a "Standard Oil market," and a "Morgan market"—each differs from the others in important respects, because of different manipulative tactics. Behind each one you would find, if you knew where to look for it, a tremendous battery of telephones. A Harriman market is brilliant, daring, prolific of incidents, full of the unexpected, and often very dangerous. It was a Harriman market that collapsed so disastrously in the autumn of 1906, when the rates for the use of money became prohibitive. The bull market which began in 1904 really culminated in January of 1906, when most of the big bull interests, including the Morgan people, having held their positions doggedly through a money stringency in the preceding autumn which caused call rates to reach 100 per cent., cleaned up and stood from under. The Harriman group had a big *coup* in view and intended, by the tremendous effect of increasing the Union Pacific dividend to ten per cent. and placing Southern Pacific common on a dividend basis for the first time in its history, to have control of the market during the summer and make the beast howl. Money had been very tight in the preceding autumn and would be tighter in the autumn to come, but rates would be somewhat relaxed during the summer, and, moreover, there was the Union Pacific treasury to fall back upon.

The Union Pacific Company at that time had an enormous cash fund, resulting from the sale of its holdings of Northern Pacific and Great Northern stocks, and was lending its cash balances on call in Wall Street—to Mr. Harriman and his associates. They believed that they had provided against all contingencies, and so they had—against all which could be foreseen; but in the spring came the San Francisco disaster, which so upset things that they were thrown back at least two months in their plans. That made it impossible for them to execute their campaign during the summer, as they had intended, and they were obliged to recast it. The risks were enormously increased by having to carry it into the early autumn, when money would again become very tight. They brought out their news (the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific dividends) in August, and carried prices very high during the first fortnight of September. The consequences are historic.

Pool manipulation of the constant sort is a separate thing. In the office of J. P. Morgan & Co. there is a pool that works more or less constantly in Steel common. It accumulates stock on a scale down and sells it on a scale up and serves the purpose of keeping always a market on which almost any amount of stock can be either bought or sold. If some large speculative holder of Steel common desires to sell, the pool's brokers are there to buy it; and if at another time some large speculator desires to buy, the pool's brokers are there to supply his wants. Numbered among the subscribing members of this pool are a score, more or less, of very rich men variously engaged in other affairs. They never know what the pool is doing. From time to time they know what it has done, when they receive either checks for their share of its profits or requests to remit for their share of its losses. The reason they are not informed of current operations is that they could not be trusted to keep their own hands off.

A very extraordinary example of manipulation was recently the subject of much unilluminative comment in the newspapers. Last summer control of the floating supply of six or eight of the most active stocks, including Union Pacific, Southern Pacific, and St. Paul,

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was largely concentrated in the hands of a group of capitalists operating on the bull side of the market. They had been accumulating stocks through brokers for several months, and their brokers were lending them freely to borrowers. In August the borrowing of stocks by A. O. Brown & Co. became so conspicuous as to excite general comment. It seemed incredible that they were acting for themselves on so large a scale, especially as the condition of the market was such that any large borrower of stocks was vulnerable. It came to be supposed that they were acting for bear interests of large resources, and this evidently was the conclusion arrived at by the capitalists who owned a great many of the stocks which brokers were lending to A. O. Brown & Co.

Acting concertedly, they instructed their brokers to call for the return of those stocks, but A. O. Brown & Co., having delivered the stocks on their selling contracts and being unable to borrow enough elsewhere to make full returns, could return only part of them and had to ask an extension of time on the rest. Then followed the famous Saturday exploit, when A. O. Brown & Co. traded in a million shares of stock. "Here's how it was," said Mr. Buchanan, the active man of the firm, when the transactions were investigated. "On Friday night preceding the failure we were short 385,000 shares. These shortages had accumulated during the week. On Friday night the Clearing House was closed. Therefore we could sell on Friday and have until Saturday night to borrow shares. The market was not active and it became necessary for us to cover without putting up prices. Now if you were short 1,100 shares of stock and wanted to buy in 1,100 without raising the price, I figured that you could buy in 11,000 and sell 9,900 without doing it. Well, on Saturday I bought in 250,000 shares net, that is, 250,000 shares more than I sold, and at that the market closed lower than it opened. It did not change the status of the account one eighth of one per cent."

When the capitalists who had withdrawn so many stocks from the loan market realized that there was nothing to be gained, that there was nobody behind A. O. Brown & Co. who could be made to settle for stocks that couldn't be delivered, that the firm would simply fail, and that its failure might embarrass Wall Street, they were anxious to return their stocks to the market as fast as was necessary to prevent losses from falling upon innocent brokers. Those who had loaned shares to A. O. Brown & Co. and couldn't get them back, were still responsible to their principals for those stocks, and would have to buy them in the open market at their own risk and loss, if loss there were. It was known on Monday morning that possibly 150,000 shares of different stocks would have to be bought in this way by brokers who couldn't otherwise replace them, and it was feared that their buying would cause prices to advance violently and be attended with great loss. What happened was that the capitalists whose withdrawal of stocks from the loan market had precipitated the trouble, now returned them to the open market in such quantities that all brokers who had to buy what they couldn't recover from A. O. Brown & Co. were permitted to buy without loss. These brokers, of course, all held the certified checks of A. O. Brown & Co. to the previous market value of the borrowed shares, and if they could buy the shares in the open market without advancing prices, they would suffer no loss.

"In this article," said EVERYBODY'S editor, "you have told us in some particulars how the thing is done, but you point us no moral."

"Is there a moral?" I asked.

"There must be."

I went to a man in Wall Street whom I knew very well—capitalist, financier, manipulator, and worth, say, $30,000,000, mostly extracted from the stock market.

"Have you," I asked, "ever considered the ethical side of your business?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean the ethics of manipulation. I know you to be an honest man, esteemed above the average by your associates. I know you to be also a charitable man, who has performed quietly much personal good in his world. But I know your business, too. You have made a great deal of money by stock-market manipulation—by selling things to the public for more than they were worth and taking them back from the public at less than they were worth."

"You think that is immoral?"

"I am asking you."

"But suppose in selling a thing high or buying it low I am myself wrong, as I very often have been?"

"You have got rich by it. Anyhow, that doesn't touch the moral. By manipulation you purposely create a fictitious market on

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which you can sell a stock for much more than you think it is then worth, and later, perhaps, when you are ready to buy that stock back, you resort again to manipulation that you may obtain it for less than it is worth."

After a long pause he said: "I have been down here in Wall Street more than thirty years. I have had to take things as I found them. I have had to do things pretty much as other people did them. This is no moral training ground. It's a place for strong-minded men. Much that goes on here is wrong. Money making is a sordid business anywhere. I should not like to be judged by what I have done in Wall Street here against such competition as we know to exist. I should want to be judged by what I have done outside—by the railroads I have built and by the other works for which I have found the capital. As for speculation, it cannot be eliminated from human activity. As for manipulation, it will in some way be always the accompaniment of speculation until man's ingenuity is exhausted or human nature reformed. It is sometimes necessary, sometimes profitable, and always a temptation."

This man is a type. He is likable, shrewd, sagacious, big-hearted—a man who would honestly boast of having never turned a sharp corner on his associates. I am sorry to say that for many years he has practiced the kind of manipulation by which the few take an unfair advantage of the many who bring money to Wall Street. All the money there is in Wall Street was brought there.

And we haven't the moral yet. We have nothing but the empty principle of *caveat emptor*—"Let the buyer beware." Shall we stop with that? Because things always have been so in Wall Street, shall men continue to take them as they find them? Because the stock market is an institution where buyers and sellers never meet and where for that reason men are able unscrupulously and without loss of sleep to take advantage of the public—men who in all personal relations are proud to be called honest—can nothing be done?

To say, "No, nothing," is to take a despondent view of human nature. As the conditions of life become more complex the principle of *caveat emptor* is weakened. The demand arises that the buyer shall be protected against the wiles of the seller, especially in cases where he cannot be presumed to have expert knowledge, and this demand seems to increase with the disappearance of primary personal relations between the buyer and the seller. Our pure-food law illustrates the moral with respect to the most important group of commodities. The buyer must be protected to the extent of knowing, if he will but read the label, the exact chemistry of his food preparations. The English have gone a step further. A merchant is forbidden to misrepresent his goods and is imprisoned for doing so.

Shall not the buyer of securities be protected? Shall not the man who takes his money to Wall Street be protected against the unscrupulous ingenuity of those with whom he trades anonymously and can never reach in person or with proofs?

It may be rebutted that our analogy is faulty; that people have to buy food and other necessaries, and may properly ask to be protected, whereas people do not have to buy securities. But people who have saved capital must invest it, and to invest in shares and bonds is a proper employment for capital.

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SAGNER RELEASED A FAIR, FROTH-GREEN LUNAR MOTH FROM A STIFLING GLASS JAR.

Woman's Only Business

BY ELEANOR HALLOWELL ABBOTT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BLANCHE GREER

THE men at the club were horridly busy that night discussing the silly English law about marrying your dead wife's sister. The talk was quite rabid enough even before an English High-churchman infused his pious venom into the subject matter. When the argument was at its highest and the drinks were at their lowest, Bertus Sagner, the biology man at the university, jumped up from his seat with blazing eyes and said "RATS!"—not anything long and Latin, not anything obscure and evasive, not even "rodents," but just plain "RATS!" The look on his face was inordinately disgusted, or indeed more than disgusted, unless disgust is perhaps an emotion that may at times be served red-hot. As he broke away from the gabbling crowd and began to hunt

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noisily round the room for his papers, I gathered up my own chemistry notebooks and started after him. I was a new man in town and a comparative stranger. But Sagner and I had been chums once long ago in Berlin.

At the outside door he turned now and eyed me a bit shamefacedly. "Barney, old man," he said, "are you going my way? Well, come along." The broad-shouldered breadth of the two of us blocked out the light from the shining chandelier and sent our clumsy feet fairly stumbling down the harsh granite steps. The jarring lurch exploded Sagner's irritation into a short, sharp, damny growl, and I saw at once that his nerves were raw like a woman's.

As we turned into the deep-shadowed, spooky-black college roadway, the dormitories' yellow lights and laughter flared forth grotesquely like the Fruit of the Tree of Knowledge cut up for a Jack-o'-Lantern. At the edge of the Lombardy poplars I heard Sagner swallowing a little bit overhard.

"I suspect that I made rather a fool of myself back there," he confided abruptly, "but if there's anything under the day or night sky that makes me mad, it's the idiotic babble, babble, babble these past few weeks about the 'dead wife's sister' law."

"What's your grouch?" I asked. "You're not even a married man, let alone a widower."

He stopped suddenly with a spurting match and a big cigar and lighted up unconsciously all the extraordinary frowning furrows of his face. The match went out and he struck another, and that match went out and he struck another—and another, and all the time it seemed to me as though just the flame in his face was hot enough to kindle any ordinary cigar. After each fruitless, breeze-snuffed effort he snapped his words out like so many tiny, tempery torpedoes. "Of—all—the—rot!" he ejaculated. "Of—all—the nonsense!" he puffed and mumbled. "A—whole—great, grown-up empire fussing and brawling about a 'dead wife's sister.' A dead wife! What does a dead wife care who marries her sister? Great heavens! If they really want to make a good moral law that will help somebody, why—don't—they—make—a—law—that will forbid a man's flirting with his living wife's sister?"

When I laughed I thought he would strike me, but after a husky second he laughed, too, through a great blue puff of smoke and a blaze like the headlight of an engine. In another instant he had vaulted the low fence and was starting off across lots for his own rooms, but before I could catch up with him he whirled abruptly in his tracks and came back to me.

"Will you come over to the Lennarts' with me for a moment?" he asked. "I was there at dinner with them to-night and I left my spectacles."

Very willingly I acquiesced, and we plunged off single file into the particular darkness that led to Professor Lennart's rose-garden. Somewhere remotely in my mind hummed and halted a vague, evasive bit of man-gossip about Lennart's amazingly pretty sister-in-law. Yet Sagner did not look exactly to me like a man who was going courting. Even in that murky darkness I could visualize perfectly from Sagner's pose and gait the same strange, bleak, facial furnishings that had attracted me so astoundingly in Berlin—the lean, flat cheeks cleaned close as the floor of a laboratory; the ugly, short-cropped hair; the mouth, just for work; the nose, just for work; the ears, just for work—not a single decorative, pleasant thing from crown to chin except those great, dark, gorgeous, miraculously virgin eyes, with the huge, shaggy eyebrows lowering down prudishly over them like two common doormats on which every incoming vision must first stop and wipe its feet. Once in a café in Berlin I saw a woman try to get into Sagner's eyes—without stopping. Right in the middle of our dinner I jumped as though I had been shot. "Why, what was *that?*" I cried. "What was *that?*"

"What was what?" drawled Sagner. Try as I might the tiniest flicker of a grin tickled my lips. "Oh, nothing," I mumbled apologetically. "I just thought I heard a door *slam-bang* in a woman's face."

"What door?" said Sagner stupidly. "What woman?"

Old Sagner was deliciously stupid over many things, but he dissected the darkness toward Professor Lennart's house as though it had been his favorite kind of cadaver. Here was the hardening turf, compact as flesh. There was the tough, tight tendon of the ripping ground pine. Farther along under an exploring match a great vapid peony loomed like a dead heart. Somewhere out in an orchard the May-blooms smelt altogether too white. Almost at the edge of the Lennarts' piazza he turned and stepped back to my pace and began talking messily about

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some stale biological specimen that had just arrived from the Azores.

College people, it seemed, did not ring bells for one another, and the most casual flop of Sagner's knuckles against the door brought Mrs. Lennart almost immediately to welcome us. "Almost immediately," I say, because the slight, faltering delay in her footfall made me wonder even then whether it was limb or life that had gone just a little bit lame. But the instant the hall light struck her face my hand clutched down involuntarily on Sagner's shoulder. It was the same, same face whose brighter, keener, *shinier* pastelled likeness had been the only joyous object in Sagner's homesick German room. With almost embarrassing slowness now we followed her lagging steps back to the library.

It was the first American home that I had seen for some years, and the warmth of it, and the color, and the glow, and the luxurious, deep-seated comfort, mothered me like the notes of an old, old song. Between the hill-green walls the long room stretched like a peaceful valley to the very edge of the huge, gray field-stone fireplace that blocked the final vista like a furious breastwork raised against all the invading tribes of history. Red books and gold frames and a chocolate colored bronze or two caught up the flickering glint from the apple-wood fire, and out of some shadowy corner flanked by a grand piano a young girl's contralto voice, sensuous as liquid plush, was lipping its magic way up and down the whole wonderful, molten scale.

The corner was rather small, but out of it loomed instantly the tall, supple figure of Professor Lennart with his thousand-year-old brown eyes and his young gray hair. We were all big fellows, but Lennart towered easily three inches over anybody else's head. Professionally, too, he had outstripped the rest of us. People came gadding from all over the country to consult his historical criticisms and interpretations. And I hardly know how to express the man's vivid, luminous, incandescent personality. Surely no mother in a thousand would have chosen to have her son look like me, and I hope that no mother in a million would really have yearned to have a boy look like Sagner, but any mother, I think, would gladly have compromised on Lennart. I suppose he was handsome. Rising now, as he did, from the murkiest sort of a shadow, the mental and physical radiance of him made me want to laugh right out loud just for sheer pleasure.

Following closely behind his towering bulk, the girl with the contralto voice stepped out into the lamplight, and I made my most solemn and profound German bow over her proffered hand before the flaming mischief in her finger tips sent my eyes staring up into her astonishing face.

I have never thought that American women are extraordinarily beautiful, but rather that they wear their beauty like a thinnish sort of veil across the adorable, insistent expressiveness of their features. But this girl's face was so thick with beauty that you could not tell in one glance, or even two glances, or perhaps three, whether she had any expression at all. Kindness or meanness, brightness or dullness, pluck or timidity, were absolutely undecipherable in that physically perfect countenance. She was very small, and very dark, and very active, with hair like the color of eight o'clock—daylight and darkness and lamplight all snarled up together—and lips all crude scarlet, and eyes as absurdly big and round as a child's good-by kiss. Yet never for one instant could you have called her anything so impassive as "attractive." "Attracting" is the only hasty, ready-made word that could possibly fit her. Personally I do not like the type. The prettiest picture postal that ever was printed could not lure me across the borders of any unknown country. When I travel even into Friendship Land I want a good, clear face-map to guide my explorations.

There was a boy, too, in the room—the Lennarts' son—a brown-faced lad of thirteen whose algebraic séance with his beloved mother we had most brutally interrupted.

Professor Lennart's fad, as I have said, was history. Mrs. Lennart's fad was presumably housekeeping. The sister-in-law's fad was unmistakably men. Like an electric signboard her fascinating, spectacular sex-vanity flamed and flared from her coyly drooped eyes to her showy little feet. Every individual gesture signaled distinctly, "I am an extraordinarily beautiful little woman." Now it was her caressing hand on Lennart's shoulder; now it was her maddening, dazzling smile hurled like a bombshell into Sagner's perfectly prosy remark about the weather, now it was her teasing lips against the boy's tousled hair; now it was her tiptoeing, swaying, sweet-breathed exploration

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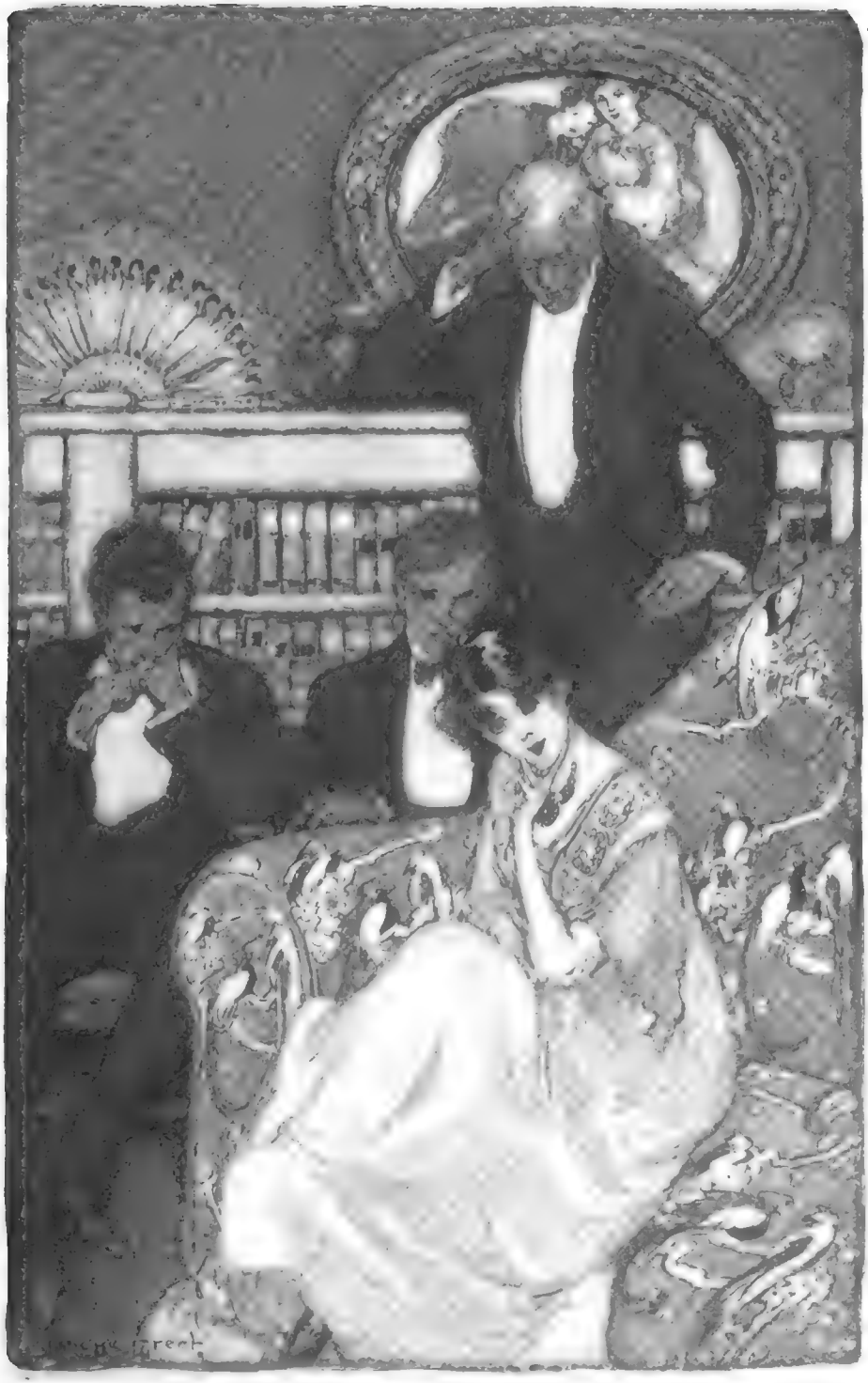

THE SISTER-IN-LAW'S FAD WAS UNMISTAKABLY MEN.

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of a cobweb that the linden trees had left across my shoulder.

Lennart was evidently utterly subjugated. Like a bright moth and a very dull flame the girl chased him unceasingly from one chair, or one word, or one laugh to another. A dozen times their hands touched, or their smiles met, or their thoughts mated in distinctly personal if not secret understanding. Once when Mrs. Lennart stopped suddenly in the midst of my best story and asked me to repeat what I had been saying, I glanced up covertly and saw the girl kissing the tip of her finger a little bit overmockingly to her brother-in-law. Never in any country but America could such a whole scene have been enacted in absolute moral innocence. It made me half ashamed and half very proud of my country. In continental Europe even the most trivial, innocent audacity assumes at once such utterly preposterous proportions of evil. But here before my very eyes was the most dangerous man-and-woman game in the world being played as frankly and ingenuously and transiently as though it had been croquet.

Through it all, Sagner, frowning like ten devils, sat at the desk with his chin in his hands, staring—staring at the girl. I suppose that she thought he was fascinated. He was. He was fairly yearning to vivisect her. I had seen that expression before in his face—reverence, repulsion, attraction, distaste, indomitable purpose, blood-curdling curiosity—SCIENCE.

When I dragged him out of the room and down the steps half an hour later my sides were cramped with laughter. "If we'd stayed ten minutes longer," I chuckled, "she would have called you 'Bertie' and me 'Boy.'"

But Sagner would not laugh.

"She's a pretty girl all right," I ventured again.

"Pretty as h—," whispered Sagner.

As we rounded the corner of the house the long French window blazed forth on us. Clear and bright in the lamplight stood Lennart with his right arm cuddling the girl to his side. "Little sister," he was saying, "let's go back to the piano and have some more music." Smiling her kindly good night we saw Mrs. Lennart gather up her books and start off limpingly across the hall, with the devoted boy following close behind her.

"Then she's really lame?" I asked Sagner as we swung into the noisy gravel path.

"Oh, yes," he said; "she got hurt in a runaway accident four years ago. Lennart doesn't know how to drive a *goat!*"

"Seems sort of too bad," I mused dully.

Then Sagner laughed most astonishingly. "Yes, sort of too bad," he mocked me.

It was almost ten o'clock when we circled back to the college library. Only a few grinds were there buzzing like June-bugs round the low-swinging green lamps. Even the librarian was missing. But Madge Hubert, the librarian's daughter, was keeping office hours in his stead behind a sumptuous old mahogany desk. At the very first college party that I had attended Madge Hubert had been pointed out to me with a certain distinction as being the girl that Bertus Sagner was *almost* in love with. Then, as now, I was startled by the surprising youthfulness of her. Surely she was not more than three years ahead of the young girl whom we had left at Professor Lennart's house. With unmistakably friendly gladness she welcomed Sagner to the seat nearest her, and accorded me quite as much chair and quite as much smile as any new man in a university town really deserved. In another moment she had closed her book, pushed a full box of matches across the table to us, and switched off the electric light that fairly threatened to scorch her straight blond hair.

One by one the grinds looked up and nodded and smiled, and puckered their vision toward the clock, and "folded their tents like the Arabs and silently stole away," leaving us two men there all alone with the great silent room, and the long, rangy, echoing metal book-stacks, and the duddy-looking portraits, and the dopy acting busts, and the sleek gray library cat—and the girl. Maybe Sagner came every Wednesday night to help close the library.

Certainly I liked the frank, almost boyish manner in which the two friends included me in their friendship by seeming to ignore me altogether.

"What's the matter, Bertus?" the girl began quite abruptly. "You look worried. What's the matter?"

"Nothing is ever the matter," said Sagner.

The girl laughed, and began to build a high, tottering paper tower out of a learned-looking pack of catalogue cards. Just at the moment of completion she gave a sharp little inadvertent sigh and the tower fluttered down.

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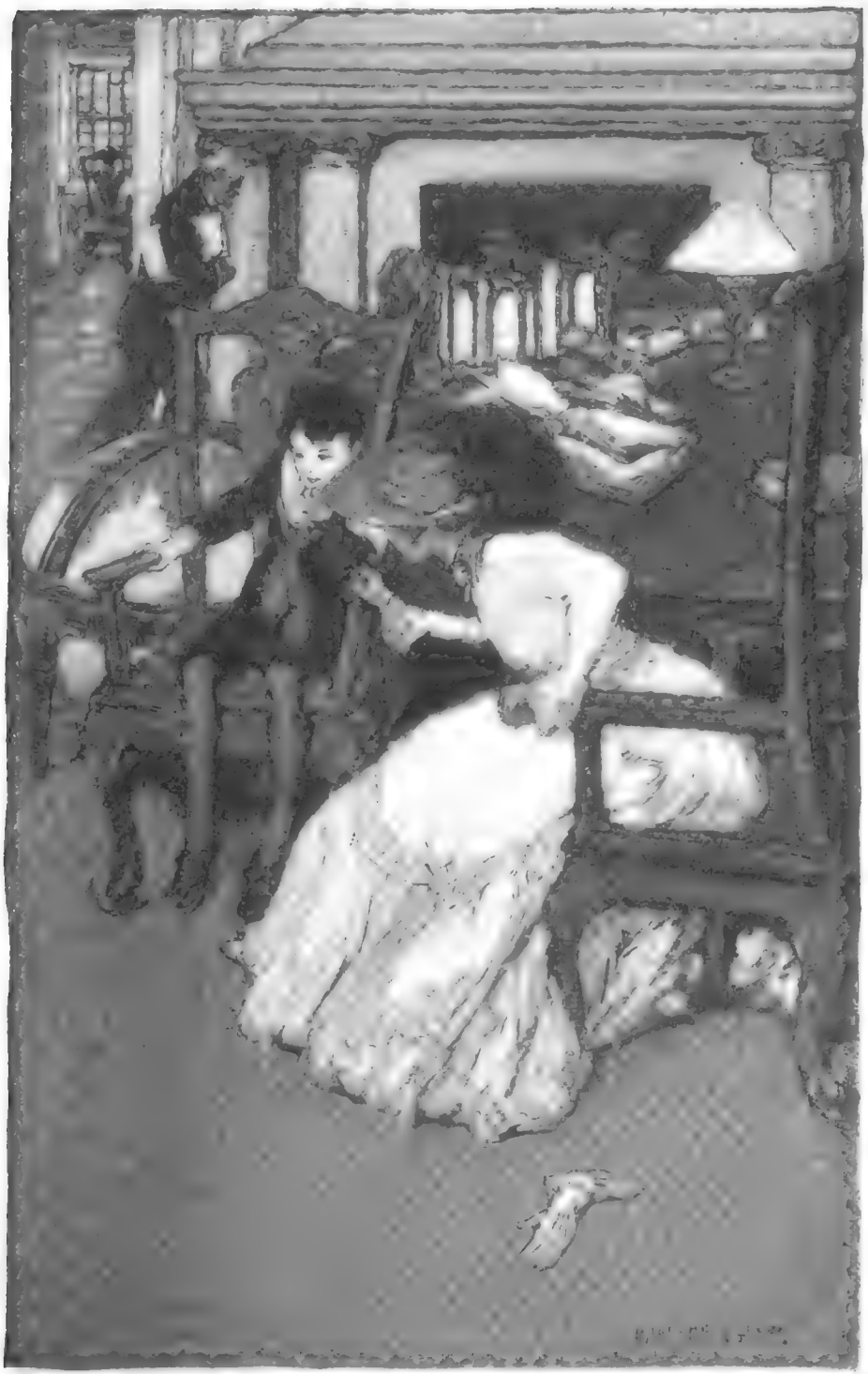

"OH, I WISH I HAD A SISTER," FRETTED THE BOY.

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"What's the matter with *you?*" quizzed Sagner.

"Nothing is ever the matter with me, either," she mocked, smilingly.

Trying to butt into the silence that was awkward for me, if not for them, I rummaged my brain for speech, and blurted out triumphantly, "We've just come from Professor Lennart's."

"Just come from Professor Lennart's," she repeated slowly, lifting her eyebrows as though the thought was a little bit heavy.

"Yes," said Sagner bluntly. "I've been there twice this evening."

With a rather playful twist of her lips the girl turned to me. "What did you think of 'Little Sister'?" she asked.

But before I could answer, Sagner had pushed me utterly aside once more and was shaking his smoke-stained finger threateningly in Madge Hubert's face. "Why—didn't—you—come—to—the—Lennarts'—to—dinner—to-night—as—you—were—invited?" he scolded.

The girl put her chin in her hand and cuddled her fingers over her mouth and her nose and part of her blue eyes.

"I don't go to the Lennarts' any more—if I can help it," she mumbled.

"Why not?" shouted Sagner.

She considered the question very carefully, then "Go ask the other girls," she answered a trifle hotly. "Go ask any one of them. We all stay away for exactly the same reason."

"WHAT IS THE REASON?" thundered Sagner in his most terrible laboratory manner.

When Sagner speaks like that to me, I always grab hold of my head with both hands and answer just as fast as I possibly can, for I remember only too distinctly all the shining assortment of different sized knives and scalpels in his workshop and I have always found that a small, narrow, quick question makes the smallest, narrowest, quickest, soon-overest incision into my secret.

But Madge Hubert only laughed at the laboratory manner.

"Say 'Please,'" she whispered.

"Please!" growled Sagner, with his very own blood flushing all over his face and hands.

"Now—what is it you want to know?" she asked, frittering her fingers all the time over that inky-looking pack of catalogue cards.

Somehow, strange as it may seem, I did not feel an atom in the way, but rather that the presence of a third person, and that person myself, gave them both a certain daring bravado of speech that they would scarcely have dared risk alone with each other.

"What do I want to know?" queried Sagner. "I want to know—in fact—I'm utterly mad to know—just what your kind of woman thinks of 'Little Sister's' kind of woman."

With a startled gesture Madge Hubert looked back over her shoulder toward a creak in the literature book-stack, and Sagner jumped up with a great air of mock conspiracy, and went tip-toeing all around among the metal corridors in search of possible eavesdroppers, and then came flouncing back and stuffed tickly tissue paper into the gray cat's ears.

Then "Why don't you girls go to the Lennarts' any more?" he resumed with quickly recurrent gravity.

For a moment Madge Hubert dallied to shuffle one half of her pack of cards into the other half. Then she looked up and smiled the way a blond white-birch tree smiles in the sunshine.

"Why—we don't go any more because we don't have a good time," she confided. "After you've come home from a party once or twice and cried yourself to sleep, it begins to dawn on you very gradually that you didn't have a very good time. We don't like 'Little Sister.' She makes us feel ashamed."

"Oh!" said Sagner, rather brutally. "You are all jealous!"

But if he had expected for a second to disconcert Madge Hubert he was most gloriously mistaken.

"Yes," she answered perfectly simply. "We are all jealous."

"Of her beauty?" scowled Sagner.

"Oh, no," said Madge Hubert. "Of her innocence."

Acid couldn't have eaten the fiber out of Madge Hubert's emotional honesty. "Why, yes," she hurried on vehemently, "among all the professors' daughters here in town there isn't one of us who is innocent enough to do happily even once the things that 'Little Sister' does every day of her life. You are quite right. We are all furiously jealous."

With sudden professional earnestness she ran her fingers through the catalogue cards and picked out one and slapped it down in front of Sagner. "There!" she said. "That's the book that explains all about it. It says

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that jealousy is an emotion that is aroused only by business competition, which accounts, of course, for the fact that, socially speaking, you very rarely find any personal enmity between men. There are so many, many different kinds of businesses for men, that interests very seldom conflict—so that the broker resents *only* the broker, and the minister resents *only* the minister, and the merchant resents *only* the merchant. Why, Bertus Sagner," she broke off abruptly, "you fairly idolize your chemistry friend here, and Lennart for history, and Dudley for mathematics, and all the others, and you glory in their achievements and pray for their successes. But if there were another biology man here in town, you'd tear him and his methods tooth and nail, day and night. Yes, you would!—though you'd cover your hate a foot deep with superficial courtesies and 'professional etiquette.'"

She began to laugh. "Oh, the book is very wise," she continued more lightly. "It goes on to say that woman's only, only business in the whole wide world is LOVE—that Love is really the one and only, the Universal Profession for Women—so that every mortal feminine creature, from the brownest gypsy to the whitest queen, is in brutal, acute competition with her neighbor. It's funny, isn't it!" she finished brightly.

"Very funny," growled Sagner.

"So you see," she persisted, "that we girls are jealous of 'Little Sister' in just about the same way in which an old-fashioned, rather conservative department store would be jealous of the first ten-cent store that came to town." A sudden rather fine white pride paled suddenly in her cheeks. "It isn't, you understand," she said, "it isn't because the ten-cent store's rhinestone comb, or tinsel ribbon, or slightly handled collar really competes with the other store's plainer but possibly honester values, but—because in the long, long run the public's frittered taste and frittered small change is absolutely bound to affect the general receipts of the more conservative store."

"And it isn't," she added hastily, "it isn't, you know, because we're not used to men. There isn't one of us—from the time we were sixteen years old—who hasn't been quite accustomed to entertain anywhere from three to a dozen men every evening of her life. But we can't entertain them the way 'Little Sister' does." A hot, red wave of mortification flooded her face. "We tried it once," she confessed, "and it didn't work. Just before the last winter party seven of us girls got together and deliberately made up our minds to beat 'Little Sister' at her own game. Wasn't it disgusting of us to start out actually and deliberately with the intention of being just a little wee bit free and easy with men?"

"How did it work?" persisted Sagner, half a-grin.

The color flushed redder and redder into Madge Hubert's cheeks.

"I went to the party with the new psychology substitute," she continued bravely, "and as I stepped into the carriage I called him 'Fred'—and he looked as though he thought I was demented. But fifteen minutes afterward I heard 'Little Sister' call him 'Psyche'—and he laughed." She began to laugh herself.

"But how did the party come out?" probed Sagner, going deeper and deeper.

The girl sobered instantly. "There were seven of us," she said, "and we all were to meet at the house of one of the girls at twelve o'clock and compare experiences. Three of us came home at ten o'clock—crying. And four of us didn't turn up till half past one—laughing. But the ones who came home crying were the only ones who really had any fun out of it. The game was altogether too easy—that was the trouble with it. But the four who came home laughing had been bored to death with their *un*-successes."

"Which lot were you in?" cried Sagner.

She shook her head. "I won't tell you," she whispered.

With almost startling pluck she jumped up suddenly and switched the electric light full blast into her tense young face and across her resolute shoulders.

"Look at me!" she cried. "Look at me! As long as men are men—what have I that can possibly, possibly compete with a girl like 'Little Sister'? Can I climb up into a man's face every time I want to speak to him? Can I pat a man's shoulder every time he passes me in a room? Can I hold out my quivering white hand and act perfectly helpless in a man's presence every time that I want to step into a carriage, or out of a chair? Can I cry and grieve and mope into a man's arms at a dance just because I happen to cut my finger on the sharp edge of my dance-order? Bah! If a new man came to town and made not one single

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man-friend but called all of us girls by our first names the second time he saw us, and rolled his eyes at us, and fluttered his hands, you people would call him the biggest fool in Christendom—but you flock by the dozens and the hundreds and the millions every evening to see 'Little Sister.' And great, grown-up, middle-aged boys like *you*, Bertus Sagner, flock *twice* in the same evening!"

With astounding irrelevance Sagner burst out laughing. "Why, Madge," he cried, "you're perfectly superb when you're mad. Keep it up. Keep it up. I didn't know you had it in you! Why, you dear, gorgeous girl—WHY AREN'T YOU MARRIED?"

Like a scarlet lightning-bolt spiked with two-edged knives the red, red wrath of the girl descended then and there on Sagner's ugly head. With her heaving young shoulders braced, like a frenzied creature at bay, against a great, silly, towering tier of "Latest Novels," she hurled her flaming, irrevocable answer crash-bang into Sagner's astonished, impertinent face.

"You want to know why I'm not married?" she cried. "You want to know why I'm not married? Well, I'll tell you—why—I'm—not—married, Bertus Sagner, and I'll use yourself for an illustration—for when I do come to marry, it is written in the stars that I must of necessity marry your kind, a mature, cool, calculating, emotionally-tamed man, a man of brain as well as brawn, a man of fame if not of fortune, a man bred intellectually, morally, socially, into the same wonderfully keen, thinky corner of the world where I was born—nothing but a woman.

"For four years, Bertus Sagner, ever since I was nineteen years old, people have come stumbling over each other at college receptions to stare at me because I am 'the girl that Bertus Sagner, the big biologist, is *almost* in love with.' And you *are* 'almost' in love with me, Bertus Sagner. You can't deny it! And what is more, you will stay 'almost' in love with me till our pulses run down like clocks, and our eyes burn out like lamps, and the Real Night comes. If I remain here in this town, even when I am middle-aged—people will come and stare at me—because of you. And when I am old, and you are gone—altogether, people will still be talking about it. 'Almost in love' with me. Yes, Bertus Sagner, but if next time you came to see me, I should even so much as dally for a second on the arm of your chair, and slip my hand just a little bit tremulously into yours, and brush my lips like the ghost of a butterfly's wing across your love-starved face, you would probably find out then and there in one great, blinding, tingling, crunching flash that you LOVE ME NOW! But I don't want *you*, Bertus Sagner, nor any other man, at that price. The man who was made for me will love me first and get his petting afterward. There! Do you understand now?"

As though Sagner's gasp for breath was no more than the flutter of a book-leaf, she plunged on, "And as for Mrs. Lennart——"

Sagner jumped to his feet. "We weren't talking about Mrs. Lennart," he exclaimed hotly.

It has always seemed to me that very few things in the world are as quick as a woman's anger. But nothing in the world, I am perfectly positive, is as quick as a woman's amusement. As though an anarchist's bomb had exploded into confetti, Madge Hubert's sudden laughter sparkled through the room.

"Now, Bertus Sagner," she teased, "you just sit down again and listen to what I have to say."

Sagner sat down.

And as casually as though she were going to pour afternoon tea the girl slipped back into her own chair, and gave me a genuinely mirthful side-glance before she resumed her attack on Sagner.

"You were, too, talking about Mrs. Lennart," she insisted. "When you asked me to tell you exactly what a girl of my kind thinks of a girl like 'Little Sister,' do you suppose for a second I didn't understand that the thing you really wanted to find out was whether Mrs. Lennart was getting hurt or not in this 'Little Sister' business. Oh, no, Mrs. Lennart hasn't been hurt for a long, long time—several months perhaps. I think she looks a little bit bored now and then, but not hurt."

"Lennart's a splendid fellow," protested Sagner.

"He's a splendid fool," said Madge Hubert. "And after a woman once discovers that her husband is a fool I don't suppose that any extra illustrations on his part make any particular difference to her."

"Why, you don't—really think," stammered Sagner, "that there's any actual harm in Lennart's perfectly frank infatuation with 'Little Sister'?"

"Oh, no," said Madge Hubert, "of course

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there's no real harm in it at all. It's only that Mrs. Lennart has got to realize once for all that the special public that she has catered to so long and faithfully with honest values and small profit, has really got a ten-cent taste! Most men have. And it isn't, you know, because Professor Lennart really wants or needs all these ten-cent toys and favors, but because he probably never, never before in all his studious, straight, idealistic life saw glittering nonsense so inordinately cheap and easy to get. Talk about women being 'bargain-hunters'!

"But, of course, it's all pretty apt to ruin Mrs. Lennart's business. Anybody with half a heart could see that her stock is beginning to run down. She hasn't put in a new idea for months. She's wearing last year's clothes. She's thinking last year's thoughts. Even that blessed smile of hers is beginning to get just a little bit stale. You can't get what you want from her any more. Dust and indifference have already begun to set in. How will it end? Oh, I'll tell you how it will end. Pretty soon now college will be over and the men will scatter in five hundred different directions, and 'Little Sister' will be smitten suddenly with conscientious scruples about the 'old folks at home,' and will pack up her ruffles and her fraternity pins and go back to the provincial little town that has made her what she is. And Professor Lennart will mope around the house like a lost soul—for as much as five days—moaning, 'Oh, I wish "Little Sister" was here to-night to sing to me,' and 'I wish "Little Sister" was going to be here to-morrow to go canoeing with me,' and 'I wish "Little Sister" could see this moonlight,' and 'I wish "Little Sister" could taste this wild-strawberry pie.' And then somewhere about the sixth day, when he and Mrs. Lennart are at breakfast or dinner or supper, he'll look up suddenly like a man just freed from a delirium, and drop his cup, or his knife or his fork 'ker-smash' into his plate, and cry out, 'My Heavens, Mary! But it's pretty good just for *you* and *me* to be alone together again!'"

"And what will Mrs. Lennart say?" interposed Sagner hastily, with a great puff of smoke.

For some unaccountable reason Madge Hubert's eyes slopped right over with tears.

"What will Mary Lennart say?" she repeated. "Mary Lennart will say: 'Excuse me, dear, but I wasn't listening. I didn't hear what you said. I was trying to remember whether or not I'd put moth-balls in your winter suit.' Though he live to be nine hundred and sixty-two, Harold Lennart's love-life will never rhyme again. But prose, of course, is a great deal easier to live than verse."

As though we had all been discussing the latest foreign theory concerning microbes, Sagner jumped up abruptly and began to rummage furiously through a pile of German bulletins. When he had found and read aloud enough things that he didn't want, he looked up and said nonchalantly, "Let's go home."

"All right," said Madge Hubert.

"Maybe you hadn't noticed that I was here," I suggested, "but I think that perhaps I should like to go home, too."

As we banged the big, oaken, iron-clamped door behind us, Madge Hubert lingered a second and turned her white face up to the waning, yellow moonlight. "I think I'd like to go home through the dark woods," she decided.

Silently we all turned down into the soft, padded path that ran along the piny shore of our little college lake. Sagner of course led the way. Madge Hubert followed close. And I tagged along behind as merrily as I could. Twice I saw the girl's shoulders shudder.

"Don't you like the woods, Miss Hubert?" I called out experimentally.

She stopped at once and waited for me to catch up with her. There was the very faintest possible suggestion of timidity in the action.

"Don't you like the woods?" I repeated.

She shook her head. "No, not especially," she answered. "That is, not all woods. There's such a difference. Some woods feel as though they had violets in them, and some woods feel as though they had—Indians."

I couldn't help laughing. "How about these woods?" I quizzed.

She gave a little gasp. "I don't believe there are violets in any woods to-night," she faltered.

Even as she spoke we heard a swish and a crackle ahead of us and Sagner came running back. "Let's go round the other way," he insisted.

"I won't go round the other way," said Madge Hubert. "How perfectly absurd! What's the matter?"

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Even as she argued we stepped out into the open clearing and met Harold Lennart and "Little Sister" singing their way home hand in hand through the witching night. For an instant our jovial greetings parried together, and then we passed. Not till we had reached Madge Hubert's doorstep did I lose utterly the wonderful lilting echo of that young contralto voice with the man's older tenor ringing in and out of it like a shimmery silver lining.

Ten minutes later in Sagner's cluttered workroom we two men sat and stared through our pipe-smoke into each other's evasive eyes.

"Madge didn't—hesitate at all—to tell me a thing or two to-night, did she?" Sagner began at last, gruffly.

I smiled. The relaxation made me feel as though my mouth had really got a chance at last to sit down.

"Am I so very old?" persisted Sagner. "I'm not forty-five."

I shrugged my shoulders.

Pettishly he reached out and clutched at a scalpel, cleansed it for an instant in the flame, and jabbed the point of it into his wrist. The red blood spurted instantly.

"There!" he cried out triumphantly. "I have blood in me! It isn't embalming fluid at all."

"Oh, quit your fooling, you old death-digger," I said. And then with overtense impulse I asked, "Sagner, man, do you really understand Life?"

Sagner's jaw-bones stiffened instantly. "Oh, yes," he exclaimed. "Oh, yes, of course I understand Life. That is," he added, with a most unusual burst of humility, "I understand everything, I think, except just why the gills of a fish—but, oh bother, you wouldn't know what I meant; and there's a new French theory about odylic forces that puzzles me a little, and I never, never have been able to understand the particular mental processes of a woman who violates the law of species by naming her firstborn son for any man but his father. I'm not exactly criticising the fish," he added vehemently, "nor the new odylic theory, nor even the woman; I'm simply stating baldly and plainly the only three things under God's heaven that I can't quite seem to fathom."

"What's all this got to do with Mary Lennart?" I asked impatiently.

"Nothing at all to do with Mary Lennart," he answered proudly. "Mary Lennart's son is named Harold." He began to smoke very hard. "Considering the real object of our being put here in the world," he resumed didactically, "it has always seemed to me that the supreme test of character lay in the father's and mother's mental attitude toward their young."

"Couldn't you say 'toward their children'?" I protested.

He brushed my interruption aside. "I don't care," he persisted, "how much a man loves a woman or how much a woman loves a man—the man who deserts his wife during her crucial hour and goes off on a lark to get out of the fuss, and the woman who names her firstborn son for any man except his father, may qualify in all the available moral tenets, but they certainly have slipped up somehow, mentally, in the Real Meaning of things. Thank God," he finished quickly, "that neither Harold Lennart nor Mary has failed the other like that—no matter what else happens." His face whitened. "I stayed with Harold Lennart the night little Harold was born," he whispered rather softly.

Before I could think of just the right thing to say, he jumped up awkwardly and strode over to the looking-glass, and puffed out his great chest and stood and stared at himself.

"I wish I had a son named Bertus Sagner," he said.

"It's all right, of course, to have him named after you," I laughed, "but you surely wouldn't choose to have him look like you, would you?"

He turned on me with absurd fierceness. "I wouldn't marry any woman who didn't love me enough to want her son to look like me!" he exclaimed.

I was still laughing as I picked up my hat. I was still laughing as I stumbled and fumbled down the long, black, steep stairs. Half an hour later in my pillows I was still laughing. But I did not get to sleep. My mind was too messy. After all, when you really come to think of it, a man's brain ought to be made up fresh and clean every night like a hotel bed. Sleep seems to be altogether too dainty a thing to nest in any brain that strange thoughts have rumpled. Always there must be the white sheet of peace edging the blanket of forgetfulness. And perhaps on one or two of life's wintrier nights some sort of spiritual comforter thrown over all.

It was almost a week before I saw any of

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the Lennarts again. Then, on a Saturday afternoon, as Sagner and I were lolling along the road toward town we met Lennart and "Little Sister" togged out in a lot of gorgeous golf duds. Lennart was delighted to see us, and "Little Sister" made Sagner get down on his knees and tie her shoe lacings twice. I escaped with the milder favor of a pat on the wrist.

"We're going out to the Golf Club," beamed Lennart, "to enter for the tournament."

"Oh," said Sagner, turning to join them. "Shall we find Mrs. Lennart out at the club? Is she going to play?"

A flicker of annoyance went over Lennart's face. "Why, Sagner," he said, "how stupid you are! Don't you know that Mary is lame and couldn't walk over the golf course now to save her life?"

As Sagner turned back to me, and we passed on out of hearing, I noted two red spots flaming hectically in his cheeks.

"It seems to me," he muttered, "that if I had crippled or incapacitated my wife in any way so that she couldn't play golf any more, I wouldn't exactly take another woman into the tournament. I think that singles would just about fit me under the circumstances."

"But Lennart is such a 'splendid fellow,'" I quoted wryly.

"He's a splendid fool," snapped Sagner.

"Why, you darned old copy-cat," I taunted. "It was Miss Hubert who rated him as a 'splendid fool.'"

"Oh," said Sagner.

"Oh, yourself," said I.

Involuntarily we turned and watched the two bright figures skirting the field. Almost at that instant they stopped, and the girl reached up with all her clinging, cloying coquetry and fastened a great, pink wild rose into the lapel of the man's coat. Sagner groaned. "Why can't she keep her hands off that man?" he muttered; then he shrugged his shoulders with a grim little gesture of helplessness. "If a girl doesn't know," he said, "that it's wrong to chase another woman's man she's too ignorant to be congenial. If she does know it's wrong, she's too—vicious. But never mind," he finished abruptly, "Lennart's foolishness will soon pass. And meanwhile Mary has her boy. Surely no lad was ever so passionately devoted to his mother. They are absolutely inseparable. I never saw anything like it." He began to smile again.

Then, because at a turn of the road he saw a bird that reminded him of a beast that reminded him of a reptile, he left me unceremoniously and went back to the laboratory.

Feeling a bit sore-headed over his desertion, I gave up my walk and decided to spend the rest of the afternoon at the library.

At the edge of the reading-room I found Madge Hubert brandishing a ferocious-looking paper-knife over the perfectly helpless new magazines. With a little cry of delight she summoned me to her by the wave of a *Science Monthly*. Looking over her shoulder I beheld with equal delight that the canny old Science paper had stuck in Sagner's great, ugly face for a frontispiece. At arm's length, with opening and narrowing eyes, I studied the perfect, clever likeness: the convict-cropped hair; the surly, aggressive, relentlessly busy features; the absurd, overwrought, deep-sea sort of eyes. "Great Heavens, Miss Hubert," I said, "did you ever see such a funny looking man?"

The girl winced. "Funny?" she gasped. "Funny? Why, I think Bertus Sagner is the most absolutely fascinating looking man that I ever saw in my life." She stared at me in astonishment.

To hide my emotions I fled to the history room. Somewhat to my surprise Mrs. Lennart and her little lad were there, delving deep into some thrilling grammar-school problem concerning Henry the Eighth. I nodded to them, thought they saw me, and slipped into a chair not far behind them. There was no one else in the room. Maybe my thirst for historical information was not very keen. Certainly every book that I touched rustled like a dead, stale autumn leaf. Maybe the yellow bird in the acacia tree just outside the window teased me a little bit. Anyway, my eyes began only too soon to stray from the text-books before me to the little fluttering wisp of Mrs. Lennart's hair that tickled now and then across the lad's hovering face. I thought I had never seen a sweeter picture than those two cuddling, browsing faces.

Then suddenly I saw the lad push back his books with a whimper of discontent.

"What is it?" asked his mother. I could hear her words plainly.

"Oh, I wish I had a sister," fretted the boy.

"Why?" said the mother in perfectly happy surprise.

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The lad began to drum on the table. "Why do I want a sister?" he repeated a trifle temperishly. "Why, so I could have some one to play with and walk with and talk with and study with. Some one jolly and merry and frisky."

"Why—what about *me?*" she quizzed. Even at that moment I felt reasonably certain that she was still smiling.

The little lad looked bluntly up into her face. "Why you are—*so old!*" he said quite distinctly.

I saw the woman's shoulders hunch as though her hands were bracing against the table. Then she reached out like a flash and clutched the little lad's chin in her fingers. If a voice-tone has any color, hers was corpse-white. "I never—let—*you*—know—that—you—were—too—*young!*" she almost hissed.

And I shut my eyes.

When I looked up again the woman was gone, and the little lad was running after her with a queer, puzzled look on his face.

Life has such a strange way of foreshortening its longest plots with a startling, snapped-off ending. Any true story is a tiny bit out of rhetorical proportion.

The very next day, under the railroad trestle that hurries us back and forth to the big, neighboring city, we found Mrs. Lennart's body in a three-foot pool of creek water. It was the little lad's birthday, it seems, and he was to have had a supper party, and she had gone to town in the early afternoon to make a few festive purchases. A package of tinsel-paper bonbons floated safely, I remember, in the pool beside her. For some inexplainable reason she had stepped off the train at the wrong station and, realizing presumably how her blundering tardiness would blight the little lad's pleasure, she had started to walk home across the trestle, hoping thereby to beat the later train by as much as half an hour. The rest of the tragedy was brutally plain. Somehow between one safe, friendly embankment and another she had slipped and fallen. The trestle was ticklish walking for even a person who wasn't lame.

Like a slim, white, waxen altar candle snuffed out by a child's accidental, gusty pleasure-laugh, we brought her home to the sweet, green, peaceful library, with its resolute, indomitable hearthstone.

Out of all the crowding people who jostled me in the hallway I remember only—Lennart's ghastly, agonized face.

"Go and tell Sagner," he said.

Even as I crossed the campus the little, fluttery, flickery, hissing word "suicide" was in the air. From the graduates' dormitory I heard a man's voice argue, "But why did she get off deliberately at the wrong station?" Out of the president's kitchen a shrill tone cackled, "Well, she ain't been herself, they say, for a good many weeks. And who wonders?"

In one corner of the laboratory, close by an open window, I found Sagner working, as I had expected, in blissful ignorance.

"What's the matter?" he asked bluntly.

I was very awkward. I was very clumsy. I was very frightened. My face was all condensed like a telegram.

"Madge Hubert was right," I stammered. "Mrs. Lennart's—business—has gone into the hands of a—receiver."

The glass test tube went brittling out of Sagner's fingers. "Do you mean that she is—dead?" he asked.

I nodded.

For the fraction of a moment he rolled back his great, shaggy brows, and lifted his face up wide-eyed and staring to the soft, sweet, dove-colored, early evening sky. Then his eyelids came scrunching down again perfectly tight, and I saw one side of his ugly mouth begin to smile a little as a man might smile—as he closes the door—when the woman whom he loves comes home again. Then very slowly, very methodically, he turned off all the gas-burners and picked up all the notebooks, and cleansed all the knives, and just as I thought he was almost ready to go with me he started back again and released a fair, froth-green lunar moth from a stifling glass jar. Then, with his arm across my cringing shoulders, we fumbled our way down the long, creaky stairs. And all the time his heart was pounding like an oil-soused engine. But I had to bend my head to hear the questions that crumbled from his lips.

As we crunched our way across the Lennarts' garden with all the horrible, rackety noise that the living inevitably make in the presence of the dead, we ran into Lennart's old gardener crouching there in the dusk, stuffing white, white roses into a huge market basket. Almost brutally Sagner clutched the old fellow by the arm. "Dunstan," he demanded, "how—did—this—thing—happen?"

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The old gardener shook with fear and palsy. "There's some," he whispered, "as says the lady-dear was out of her mind. A-h, no," he protested, "a-h, no. She may ha' been out of her heart, but she weren't never out of her mind. There's some," he choked, "as calls it suicide, there's some," he gulped, "as calls it accident. I'm a rough-spoke man and I don' know the tongue o' ladies, but it weren't suicide, and it weren't accident. If it had be'n a man that had done it, you'd 'a' called it just a 'didn't-give-a-damn.'"

As we neared the house Sagner spoke only once. "Barney," he asked quite cheerfully, "were you ever rude to a woman?"

My hands went instinctively up to my head. "Oh yes," I hurried, "once in the Arizona desert I struck an Indian squaw."

"Does it hurt?" persisted Sagner.

"You mean 'Did it hurt?'" I answered a bit impatiently. "Yes, I think it hurt her a little, but not nearly as much as she deserved."

Sagner reached forward and yanked me back by the shoulder. "I mean," he growled, "do you remember it now in the middle of the night, and are you sorry you did it?"

My heart cramped. "Yes," I acknowledged, "I remember it now in the middle of the night. But I am distinctly not sorry that I did it."

"Oh," muttered Sagner.

With the first creaking sound of our steps in the front hall "Little Sister" came gliding down the stairway with the stark-faced laddie clutching close at her sash. All the sparkle and spangle were gone from the girl. Her eyes were like two bruises on the flesh of a calla lily. Slipping one ice-cold tremulous hand into mine she closed down her other frightened hand over the two. "I'm so very glad you've come," she whispered huskily. "Mr. Lennart isn't any comfort to me at all to-night—and Mary was the only sister I had." Her voice caught suddenly with a rasping sob. "You and Mr. Sagner have always been so kind to me," she plunged on blindly, with soft-drooping eyelids, "and I shall probably never see either of you again. We are all going home to-morrow. And I expect to be married in July to a boy at home." Her icy fingers quickened in mine like the bloom-burst of a sun-scorched Jacqueminot.

"You—expect—to—be—married—in—July to—a—boy—at—home?" cried Sagner.

The awful slicing quality in his voice brought Lennart's dreadful face peering out through a slit in the library curtains.

"Hush!" I signaled warningly to Sagner. But again his venomous question ripped through the quiet of the house.

"You—expected—all—the—time—to—be—married—in—July?"

"Why, yes," said the girl, with the faintest dimpling flicker of a smile. "Won't you congratulate me?" Very softly she drew her right hand away from me and held it out whitely to Sagner.

"Excuse me," said Sagner, "but I have just washed my hands."

"What?" stammered the girl. "W-h-a-t?"

"Excuse—me," said Sagner, "but I have just—washed—my—hands."

Then, bowing very, very low, like a small boy at his first dancing-school, Sagner passed from the house.

When I finally succeeded in steering my shaking knees and flopping feet down the long front steps and the pleasant, rose-bordered path, I found Sagner waiting for me at the gateway. Under the basking warmth of that mild May night his teeth were chattering as with an ague, and his ravenous face was like the face of a man whose soul is utterly glutted, but whose body has never even so much as tasted food and drink.

I put both my hands on his shoulders. "Sagner," I begged, "if there is anything under God's heaven that you want to-night—go and get it!"

He gave a short, gaspy laugh and wrenched himself free from me. "There is nothing *under* God's heaven—to-night—that I want—except Madge Hubert," he said.

In another instant he was gone. With a wh-i-r and a wh-i-s-h and a snow-white fragrance his trail cut abruptly through the apple-bush hedge. Then like a huge, black, sweet-scented sponge the darkening night seemed to swoop down and wipe him right off the face of the earth.

Very softly I knelt and cuddled my ear to the ground. Across the young, tremulous, vibrant greensward I heard the throb-throb-throb of a man's feet—*running*.

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WHAT DOHEENY DONE

by Porter Emerson Browne
Author of "Daly, the Troubadour," "Doyle's Début" and other Stories.
Illustrations by C. B Falls

MR. DOHEENY pulled down his rainbow cuffs until they reached a *de rigueur* position just covering his red knuckles, and sighed earnestly yet unobtrusively. He was discouraged, and vastly so. And had you been able to glance into the little fifth-floor parlor in which he sat, you would not have needed to ask why; for its other occupants were two gentlemen of twice the girth, three times the weight, and half again the height of Mr. Doheeny, and one of the most attractive girls that you ever saw —and I don't care who you are, nor where you've been, nor what has been your experience in, or observation of, feminine pulchritude.

Now it is an axiom that a swain who has to carry bricks in his pockets to enable him to tip the scales at a hundred pounds, and whose facial beauty was nil at birth and has been growing steadily less ever since, and whose physique would hardly enable him to sift flour, is at a marked disadvantage, and the more so when competing suitors are as Hector and Paris; for nobility of heart and profundity of mind avail a man nothing in a crowded matrimonial competition, which is but a sprint at best and requires no endurance, but merely the ability to make a quick get-away. It is only in the long, grueling pull from the altar to the grave that the depths of a man appear. In the swift, frisking dash that precedes the donning of the yoke, it is usually (and always when there are many starters) the externals that count.

All this Mr. Doheeny well knew. Hence was he aweary of soul and sad of spirit.

Mr. Mulcahy, the Paris of the gathering, resting one arm insouciantly on the top of a piano that was taller than Mr. Doheeny by some seven inches, crossed his legs and, with coat sleeve gripped in a hard and heavy hand, debonairly polished his diamond "headlight."

"It's a fine evenin'," he observed subtly.

Mr. Hennessy, the Hector of the occasion, nodded a lugubrious acquiescence; for his soul was laden with regret that the remark had not occurred to him in time for him to make it first.

Mr. Doheeny hitched his cuffs a bit farther over his hands. "It is," he agreed, in timor-

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ous sociability; "though if it had 'a' be'n a little cooler it wouldn't 'a' be'n quite so hot."

Mr. Mulcahy, Mr. Hennessy, and the most attractive girl noticed him not at all.

The former inspected his diamond (for we will be generous) in the faint rays that a water-logged gas company kindly consented to provide for eighty cents a thousand and, satisfied with its luster, turned to the girl.

"Play som'n', won' yuh, Katie?" he requested graciously.

"Yes; please do," urged Mr. Hennessy, mentally flagellating himself that, for the second time that evening, he had allowed his *compère* to excel him in parlor *savoir faire*.

The girl shook her head coquettishly. "I'm all out of practice," she objected deprecatingly. "I reelly couldn't."

Mr. Mulcahy winked sophisticatedly. "Hot air," he observed delicately. "Yuh know 's well 's I do yuh c'n beat th' box better 'n any goil in N' Yoik. Yuh jes' wan' tuh be oiged. *I* know."

She blushed prettily.

"Aw, go on," urged Mr. Hennessy. "I ain' hoid any reel good music since I do' know w'en. Git busy, won' yuh? That's a good goil," and he smiled with satisfaction; for this time he felt that he had not been so greatly outdone.

She rose slowly from her chair and, going to the piano-stool, twisted it around a dozen times with practiced hand; and when its shrill, complaining screeches had died away, she seated herself upon it and began to look through the pile of sheet music upon the rack.

"That's th' stuff," approved Mr. Mulcahy; and expectantly and attentively he draped himself over one end of the piano.

Mr. Doheeny thought that he saw his chance, and he rose quickly from his seat to take a corresponding position at the other end of the instalment upright; for, though he knew that it was quite out of the question to drape himself, Mulcahy-wise, over the top, he knew that he could at least loll debonairly upon the bass end of the keyboard.

But, unfortunately, although Mr. Hennessy was not at all inventive, he was acutely imitative; and, also unfortunately, one of Mr Hennessy's strides was equal to at least three of Mr. Doheeny's. Thus it was that Mr. Doheeny had considerable difficulty in saving himself from being crushed against the wall; whereupon, mournfully, he returned to his seat, leaving Mr. Mulcahy and Mr. Hennessy in proud possession of both ends, and three quarters of the top, of the piano.

The girl ran her fingers idly over the keys. "Well, what shall it be?" she asked, with an upward glance of dark eyes that pierced its one non-recipient to the aching core.

"Tear off a little bit o' th' rag f'r mine," responded Mr. Mulcahy languishingly.

Mr. Hennessy, at his end, nodded amiably. "That's me, too," he assented.

With the utter lack of technique, but with the entire fullness of effect, of the natural but untaught musician, the girl slid gently off into a complex bit of syncopation. Mr. Mulcahy and Mr. Hennessy listened raptly. Mr. Doheeny fully appreciated the music, but his heart was so low within him that nothing would really please him except the unattainable.

The girl had finished.

"Great!" commented Mr. Mulcahy. "Sim'ly grand!"

"Ee-e-e-mense!" agreed Mr. Hennessy.

Mr. Doheeny nodded. "It cer'nly was fine," he approved; and then, in a diffident attempt to make his presence noticed, "Was you t' th' Steamfitters' Ball last year tuh Tam'ny Hall? Th' ban' played that same toon twict."

"Now play 'When th' Weddin' Bells Was Ringin', Nellie Dear,'" requested Mr. Mulcahy of the girl.

"I like 'I Love You Like I Never Loved No Other Goil Before,'" asserted Mr. Doheeny weakly; and then, screwing his courage to the sticking-point—"Play that, please."

Softly the introduction of "When the Wedding Bells Were Ringing, Nellie Dear" rose upon the air; and Mr. Doheeny once more subsided, sadly.

The finish of the rendition was marked by the same enthusiastic dual appreciation as had been accorded the "little bit o' th' rag."

In the momentary pause that followed, Mr. Doheeny daringly attempted yet again to assert himself. "Now play th' one *I* like," he urged timidly.

Mr. Mulcahy turned upon him austerely. "What's that?" he demanded.

Mr. Doheeny was wisely silent.

"Don' butt in," admonished Mr. Mulcahy severely. "Don' youse know it's darn bad manners tuh go ord'rin' a lady round like she was a hash-slinger in a bum rest'runt? Wait till youse is ast before youse goes tellin' people what tuh do. See?"

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Mr. Doheeny pecked at his cuffs with embarrassed fingers. "But I never am ast," he complained pathetically.

"Then keep on waitin'," commanded Mr. Mulcahy autocratically.

"Ya-as," joined in Mr. Hennessy, in his most Hectoresque manner, "an' if it wasn't that they's a lady present, I'd kick yuh block off jus' tuh loin yuh good manners."

Just how kicking one's block off is supposed to instill into one's being the essence of good breeding was not explained; for, at the earnest request of Mr. Mulcahy, the girl had rippled into the plaintive minor melodies of "There's Nothing That I Wouldn't Do For You."

And so on until ten o'clock.

Ere that hour had finished striking, Mr. Mulcahy turned to Mr. Doheeny. "Well, Doheeny," he said, "I'm sorry yuh gotter go. . . . Good night."

"But," objected Mr. Doheeny, in half-hearted protestation, "I ain't doo home f'r a hour yet. I——"

Mr. Mulcahy's thick brows contracted in a dense, straight line above his stumpy nose. "I said," he observed, harshly and meaningly, "that I was sorry yuh gotter go. Have youse got anyt'ing tuh say?"

Mr. Doheeny gazed silently for ten long seconds at Mr. Mulcahy's massive figure and lumpy fists. Then he sighed wistfully, and without a word rose from his chair and took his hat from the table. And as he heavily descended the five flights, he heard behind him, in slow diminuendo, the ripple of soft laughter, the sound of heavy voices, and the musical tinkle of the instalment upright.

II

This was not the first time that he had spent such an evening, nor eke the second, nor the third; but, by actual count, the nineteenth. So what wonder that, as Mr. Doheeny hobbled weakly along Fourteenth Street, his heart was heavy laden, his head sunk upon his breast, and his shoulders bowed with their weight of shame and insult and indignity and despair?

To-night more than ever the hopelessness of his *grande passion* obsessed him. All that man (at least a man of his face and figure) could do, he had done; and the result had been worse than failure.

He did not blame the girl. He was big enough and broad enough (mentally, of course, you understand) to realize that, had their positions been reversed, he would have acted just as she had acted—and he was willing to admit, even, that in those reversed positions he might have gone yet further than did she, and have forbidden himself the house; for he had, as he knew but too well, shown himself to be neither useful nor ornamental, nor even interesting.

On the other hand, he was perfectly cognizant of his own worth; and he knew that, while he might never hope to delight a woman's eye, he could give her much happiness and no sorrow; for he did not devote his worldly wealth and his spare moments to endeavors to raise the price of alcoholic beverages by decreasing the available supply, and the keepers of policy shops and pool rooms would have starved to death had it been left to him to support them; although, by the same token, he was not a "dead one," as many a manager of dancing academy and skating rink and "swell" restaurant could testify.

He knew, too, that when it came to an endurance contest, he could outlast many a man who could down him in a sprint. But one may not make known one's lasting powers unless one be permitted to enter into the event; and this Mr. Doheeny was not. And it now looked as though he never would be.

If he could but get a chance to show his real self! If only he might even be permitted an evening or two alone with the most attractive girl! If only he could do something that would enable him to get a fair start with the other two swains who had him so hopelessly handicapped by their bulk and beauty! If only——

His eye chanced to fall upon the garish front of an amusement resort. For a moment he blinked upon it dully; then, idly, not knowing what he was doing and caring less, he paid a quarter to a flat-faced man sitting behind a little, barred opening, like a lugubrious rooster in a hen-house window, and received from him a ticket which, a moment later, he surrendered to another sorrowful individual who stood lethargically chewing tobacco behind a tin box with a hole in the top. And in another moment he had entered the arena.

It was dense and dark and stank vilely of stale tobacco and rotting wood and dirty, sweaty humanity. A couple of hundred people huddled closely upon the seat-crowded floor, while a single balcony above held as many more; and, at the far end of the build-

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ing, a raucous orchestra that consisted of piano, violin, cornet, and drums perfunctorily squealed a few introductory bars of near-music.

A comatose little boy, the seat of whose trousers was plentifully laden with whitewash, appeared with two cards, which he placed in holding frames, one on either side of the stage, and thus was announced that the next performer would be Hyppo the Hypnotist.

Even as the usher, leading Mr. Doheeny down the aisle and indicating to him a vacant seat hemmed in on all sides by clustering humanity, left him to negotiate his perilous passage alone, the orchestra flared up into a raucous wail; and as Mr. Doheeny, after having stepped on thirteen separate and distinct feet and involuntarily reclined in six laps of assorted sizes, sank weakly into his seat, Hyppo appeared from the wings.

He was a small man whom any one might have been forgiven for mistaking for a waiter. He had diaphanous ears, a mustache that closely resembled both in growth and contour a neglected hedge, and hair of infinite brilliancy but of uncertain and tortuous parting.

With one hand laid Brummelesquely upon an egg-stain that served as the only adornment of his expansive shirt front, he strode down upon the "apron" and bowed engagingly.

A single pair of hands greeted him. He nodded confidentially in their direction.

"That's th' ticket I give aw'y," he said; and he winked subtly. But the audience, not one member of which but had heard the witticism some hundreds of times before, remained unresponsive.

The hypnotist, after waiting for a conspicuous interval to make sure that no applause got by unnoticed, cleared his throat impressively.

"Lydies an' gents," he said. "With yer kin' hattenshun an' hindulgence, I will this hevenin' hundertike f'r yer hedificashun an' hentertinement a few simple heggsperiments

"I SAID," HE OBSERVED HARSHLY AND MEANINGLY, "THAT I WAS SORRY YUH GOTTER GO. HAVE YOUSE GOT ANYT'ING TUH SAY?"

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in the habstruse an' hunknown science o' 'ypnotism; th' sime bein' th' ones wot I done f'r nineteen consec'tive mont's in th' Palace Music 'All in Lon'on before King Ed'ard 'isself an' hall o' th' crowned 'eads o' Yurrup, an' w'ich was th' talk o' two 'emisp'eres.

"I will demonstrite to you, one an' hall, wot th' trined hintellec' can do in g'inin' control o' th' huntrined hintellec'. It is not magic nor black hart. It doesn't mike no pretense o' bein' soopernachral. It is merely science in 'er mos' won'erful phises. It represents th' control that th' 'ighly cultivited an' eddicated mind can possess over th' subconscious mentality o' th' subject'ry hintellec'.

"I shall need, in order ter mike these 'ere heggsperiments, th' assistance of a number o' th' aujience. Will two 'r three gents kin'ly condescend ter step hup on to th' stige? . . . I'll promise not ter do 'em no 'arm an' return 'em ter their frien's right side hup with care," and he smiled alluringly upon that which is known technically as "a sea of upturned faces."

There arose from the aforesaid sea:

"Why don' *youse* go, huh?"

"I'll go if youse will."

"Aw, wha' d' I wanner go up there fur?"

"Y' ain' got th' noive. Dat's what's de matter."

And then the house became suddenly silent; for three bashful gentlemen rose from their seats in the third row and, with their faces distorted with diffident grins and their eyes upon their feet, teetered timorously out into the aisle and up upon the stage, where they stood, penduluming from one large foot to the other and trying to find out what they ought to do with their hands.

The hypnotist greeted them with facetious cordiality and invited them to be seated in three plain wooden chairs which a lumpy stage hand brought on from the wings for their entertainment and into which they slumped spinelessly, to cast at one another bashful leers. And the experiments began.

Mr. Doheeny, for the first time in sixty-three days, forgot the pall upon his soul, and leaned forward in his seat to watch the hypnotist stick pins into his victims and make them lie outstretched upon chair-backs placed at neck and ankle.

For the first time in sixty-three days did mirth rise to Mr. Doheeny's lips as he watched the hypnotist convince the largest of his subjects that he was an automobile, the next largest that he was the chauffeur, and the third that he was a mounted policeman whose duty it was to arrest the second; and Mr. Doheeny writhed with glee as he beheld the first victim jolting about the stage making a noise like a gas-engine, while the second, upon his back, guided him hither and thither by twisting his head, all the while yelling over his shoulder insulting remarks at the third, who galloped along in the rear, beating with heels and hands the chair that served him for a steed.

But in the middle of the third experiment, wherein the three, having been told that they were goldfish, were trying earnestly to swim in the lake painted on the back drop curtain, an idea struck Mr. Doheeny; and it struck him so hard that he immediately became lost in its ramifications, and so remained until a raucous voice from the stage broke in upon his meditations with, "Who wuz dat lady I seen you comin' down de street wit' th' other day?" And with the retort, "Dat wuzn't no lady; dat wuz your wife," Mr. Doheeny rose from his seat and, thoughtfully clambering over such of the audience as lay between him and the aisle, made his way out.

En passant, he ascertained from the misanthropic person at the door that the stage entrance was "jes' aroun' in de alley." Accordingly, around in the alley Mr. Doheeny went.

The stage doorman did not seem glad to see him; which is not strange, for stage doormen, like mosquitoes, seem to be the natural and inherent enemies of all mankind.

However, in answer to Mr. Doheeny's polite and humble request that he be allowed an audience with Mr. Hyppo, the Hypnotist, the stage doorman scowlingly informed him that the "guy" in question "wuz jes' crawlin' intuh his clo'es" and would be out in a "minnit." And he hospitably offered Mr. Doheeny his choice of any part of the alley in which to wait. At which Mr. Doheeny thanked him profusely and, seating himself on a box near the door, began to compose in his mind the little speech that he would make on greeting the august Mr. Hyppo; for prospective intimate association with a regular actor filled him alike with perturbation and a realization of what was due the occasion.

He had succeeded in memorizing but a scant half of his extemporaneous greeting, however, when the door suddenly swung open.

Mr. Doheeny, who had chosen his position

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THEY DISCOURSED ANENT WAYS AND MEANS UNTIL THE NIGHT WAS LATE.

not at all wisely, was catapulted prettily through between the first and second steps of the fire escape, and swallowed his cigarette; and the speech that he did make was not that which he had rehearsed, but another; and that other was so filled with ashes and sparks that it was not at all intelligible; which is doubtless just as well.

The hypnotist stopped with one foot on the doorstep and the other in the air and eyed him surprisedly.

"Well, stroike me bloind!" he exclaimed. And then, going to Mr. Doheeny, he assisted him to rise by clasping his fingers in Mr. Doheeny's collar and gently lifting him into the air; and then, when Mr. Doheeny's legs wilted into a vertical position, he set him down.

"This ain't no place ter do yer stunts, ol' top," he said friendlily, as he brushed the clustering dirt and cigarette ends from Mr. Doheeny's hair and coat. "They p'y money inside to see things as ain't 'arf as good as wot you jes' done."

Mr. Doheeny was too busy to reply; and if you ever swallowed a lighted cigarette, you'll readily appreciate why.

"I s'y, ol' top," said the hypnotist, "wuz you th' cove wot wuz w'itin' to see me?"

Mr. Doheeny nodded. "Wait a minnit," he wheezed. "I'll be wit' yuh in a sekind."

Obediently the hypnotist waited; and anon Mr. Doheeny became again able to converse.

A few words, among which was the mention of a twenty-dollar note, were enough to corral the maverick mind of the hypnotist.

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"'Old on there, Bill," he said. "Le's talk hit hall hover hat hour hease, as gents should. I know a rippin' little pub jes' roun' the corner. We'll go there. Wot d'yer s'y, eh?"

They went; and over many tall glasses and through much thick smoke (and for all did Mr. Doheeny pay) they discoursed anent ways and means and pros and cons until the night was late and the bill was large and the sleep of the policeman on the corner was untroubled save by the passing of an occasional "L" train.

At length they rose from their chairs.

"Yuh're sure yuh c'n do it all right?" queried Mr. Doheeny anxiously.

Hyppo the Hypnotist nodded easily and assuringly. "Sure as heggs, ol' top," he returned.

"An' yuh'll meet me Friday night at ha' pas' seven? We must get there before she's done wit' th' dishes, yuh know."

Again did Hyppo the Hypnotist nod.

"Friday night at 'arf parst seven," he said, "'ll soot me fine. I ain't doo to th' show-shop till nine-thutty. An'," he went on sagely, "I'd hadvise yer not ter go callin' of me 'Yppo th' 'Ypnotist, 'r they'll know wot's hup right orf. Call me 'Enery 'Iggins. That's me right nime, any'ow. An' jes' purtend I'm a ol' frien' wot yer 'aven't saw in a long time—a college perfesser, 'r so'thin' like that," and he winked sapiently, "w'o's 'obby is mesmerism an' 'ypnotism an' th' occult sciences gen'rally."

Mr. Doheeny nodded thoughtfully.

On the sidewalk they shook hands.

"Now don' ferget," admonished Mr. Doheeny. "Yuh're tuh tell 'em both that they're firemen an' that they's a turrible blaze at Two Hundred an' Ninety-sevent' Street. An' be sure an' be there on time. She don' get t'rough wit' th' dishes till quarter o' eight; so we'll have fifteen minnits tuh do it in."

"I'll be there," returned the hypnotist positively.

And Mr. Doheeny went his way, caroling happily, with his cigar for the first time in sixty-three days at an upward angle of sixty-three degrees.

SIDE BY SIDE, THEY PEERED WARILY THROUGH THE CRACK OF THE DOOR.

III

Mr. Mulcahy and Mr. Hennessy were both in the little parlor when, on the following Friday evening at half past seven, arrived Mr. Doheeny and his long-lost friend, Professor Henry Higgins, world-known savant, instructor, and unquestioned authority upon the science of mind control.

Contrary to the fine anticipations of the arrivers, the two Jove-like suitors were impressed not at all by the titles, fame, or personality of the professor, but acknowledged the latter's benign bow merely with curt and chilly stares and at once returned to the discussion of Dugan's chances in "de Ate."

The professor and Mr. Doheeny stood nonplused. From the kitchen came the rattle of dishes in the washing.

Mr. Doheeny drew his friend the professor to one side.

"Yuh wan' tuh get busy in a hurry," he admonished in low tones. "She's mos'

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t'rough wit' the china. I c'n hear her stackin' up th' plates now. She always does that jes' before she goes after th' knives an' forks an' tin things—an' they winds up th' job. See?"

In this short interval the professor's buoyant nature had raised his self-confidence. "Leave it tuh me," he said reassuringly.

He approached Mr. Mulcahy and Mr. Hennessy. "Ahum!" he observed compellingly. "Ahum!"

Mr. Mulcahy and Mr. Hennessy turned upon him coldly.

"Gents," murmured the professor, suavely, "I don' wish to hintrood——"

"Then don't," advised Mr. Mulcahy severely, and he returned to Mr. Hennessy and affairs in "de Ate."

The professor looked wroth. Mr. Doheeny could not but chortle inwardly. For it is true that Misery loves company; and for a long time now had not Mr. Doheeny been Misery personified?

The professor waited a moment. Then, approaching still nearer to Mr. Mulcahy and Mr. Hennessy, he said: "Excuse me, please——"

"Why, sure," interrupted Mr. Mulcahy calmly. "Always glad to excuse any frien' o' Doheeny's—almos' as glad as we are tuh excuse Doheeny himself."

The professor's fingers twitched and his little red nose fairly glowed. But he was of negligible stature himself; and so, after gazing for a moment at the ignoring Messrs. Mulcahy and Hennessy, he swallowed his pride once and his Adam's apple three times and again addressed himself to the proud and mighty pair, concealing his surging wrath beneath a veneer of humble deference.

"Me frien' Mr. Doheeny," he said, "'as got a little sportin' prop'sishun 'e wants ter mike you gents. 'E wants ter bet a little matter o' twenty bob—'r fi' dollars in your money—that 'e can gaze inter this 'ere crystal longer 'n either o' you two gents can." He hurried through the speech, that there might be left no bare spot in which an insult might be injected, and at the end produced from his pocket the crystal referred to.

Mr. Mulcahy and Mr. Hennessy eyed him perplexedly. "What?" they demanded in puzzled unison.

The professor restated his proposition.

"Well, woul'n' that bump yuh?" queried Mr. Mulcahy. "Of all th' fool games I ever heard tell of, this sure takes th' cake."

"D' yuh mean it?" demanded Mr. Hennessy.

The professor and Mr. Doheeny both assured him of their entire sincerity.

Mr. Mulcahy shrugged his massive shoulders.

"Well," he remarked, "I always t'ought Doheeny had sof'nin' o' th' brain, an' now I know it. But I jes' as soon take his money as any one else's. I'll put up fi' dollars."

"Let me in on that, too," requested Mr. Hennessy. "Who's th' ref'ree?"

"We won' need none," returned the professor confidently. "Jes' put th' money on th' table. This is one o' them deals that settles itself. You'll see."

The sound of clinking silver came from the kitchen.

"She's gath'rin' up th' knives an' forks," whispered Mr. Doheeny to his *confrère*. "Get a move on."

The professor nodded. "Now let ev'ry gent lay 'is money on th' table," he said, "an' I'll put th' crystal on th' bundle."

Mr. Doheeny almost tripped in his eagerness to get his money up. Mr. Hennessy followed; and Mr. Mulcahy, having borrowed five dollars from Mr. Hennessy, placed it on the rest with calm confidence in his inability to lose—a confidence which, as the money was borrowed, was well justified.

"Now," said the professor, the preliminaries thus having been settled, "you gents 'll hall tike chairs by the table an', w'en I counts three, begin gazin'."

The stately grace with which Messrs. Hennessy and Mulcahy assumed their positions was in marked contrast to the feverish awkwardness displayed by Mr. Doheeny.

"One," counted the professor. . . . "Two. . . . Three!"

The trio bent upon the crystal searching gazes; and the professor relapsed into a period of cerebration.

The reception that had been his at the hands of Messrs. Mulcahy and Hennessy had ruffled him, and sorely; and wrath rode high within him. His soul cried out for revenge. He would find a way——

His brow remained corrugated in thought for perhaps an even sixty seconds; and then his lips slowly broadened into a smile, and he stroked his straggly, intermittent mustache and, smiling complacently, turned to view his patients. They were well along toward the desired condition.

He leaned forward, bending near to the

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MR. DOHEENY, WITH INFINITE SATISFACTION, CAST HIS EYE OVER A PARLOR OTHERWISE VACANT.

three motionless heads; and then, with slow, sinuous movements of supple hands before the faces of the three, he threw them further under the influence of his controlling mind. And at length he had them completely submissive to his hypnotic spell.

This done, his first act was to lean over and pick up the crystal and that which lay beneath. The former he placed in his coat pocket; the latter he folded carefully and tucked away in his fob. Then he turned to Messrs. Mulcahy and Hennessy.

"You two," he said, slowly and distinctly, "are cats. This table is a saucer o' milk."

The pair needed no more. With sundry satisfied and contented purrs, they devoted protruding tongues to the table top.

The professor turned to Mr. Doheeny. "You," he said, "for th' present, ain' nothin'."

Mr. Doheeny gave an inimitable impersonation of that which he had been declared to be.

The dishes no longer rattled. And now a light step was heard approaching the closed door that lay between parlor and dining-room.

Mr. Higgins turned suddenly upon Mr. Doheeny. "You're a dog!" he hissed quickly. And then, as the door opened and the girl appeared, he added softly: "Sic 'em, boy!"

With a growling yelp, Mr. Doheeny sprang from his chair directly at Messrs. Mulcahy and Hennessy.

But they both had heard, and they had not waited. With long-drawn plaintive yowls, they leaped over the table, landing in frightened heaps in the corner.

But ere Mr. Doheeny was upon them they recovered themselves; yet was he close behind them as they circled the piano.

Cra-a-ash! went a chair; and sma-a-ash! went an easel upholding a crayon portrait of the girl's father and mother, done from

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a photograph taken on their wedding day. And Mr. Doheeny was gaining.

Around and around the room they raced, increasing with each revolution the general devastation. Two more chairs and the table joined the wreckage on the floor, and with them went a potted nasturtium, a colored picture of the Acropolis by moonlight, a bouquet of wax flowers, an autograph album, a copy of "Gems of English Poesy," and a bottle of Three X, whose presence had been disclosed by the sudden removal of the Acropolis by moonlight.

The professor, mindful of personal safety, had joined the trembling girl in the dining-room. Side by side, they peered warily through the crack of the door.

"Them two blokes," yelled the professor in her ear, "said as 'ow you wuzn't no lidy. . . . Me frien' Doheeny woul'n't stan' fer nothin' like that. . . . I guess mebbe 'e did lose 'is 'ead a bit. . . . But you carn't blime 'im, 'earin' th' gal 'e loves with hall 'is 'eart an' soul hinsulted by two bloomin' bounders. 'E——"

He was interrupted by a crashing, jarring, jangling, quaking roar like the end of the world, only more so. Mr. Mulcahy and Mr. Hennessy had taken refuge on the top of the piano, and the burden of their weights had capsized it.

They alighted on their heads before an open window; and with piercing, ear-splitting yowls, both leaped wildly out! Mr. Doheeny, with teeth fastened in Mr. Mulcahy's coat tail, was wafted gently after.

The professor, in a torrent of fear, flung open the dining-room door and, with the girl beside him, dashed to the open window and thrust out his head. Far below, slipping and sliding and bumping and bouncing down the little iron fire escape, could be seen Mr. Mulcahy and Mr. Hennessy. And after them, close after them, bobbed Mr. Doheeny, a piece of Mr. Mulcahy's coat tail still between his incisors.

The professor and the girl waited until the three disappeared in the darkness of the alley. Then they turned from the window.

"Me frien' Doheeny'll learn them fresh blokes to hinsult a lidy," commented the professor airily to the still trembling girl.

"An' now, madam, with your kin' hindulgence, I'll go hout an' find 'em an' try ter keep Doheeny from killin' 'em dead."

He found them. They were in Gramercy Park. Mr. Mulcahy and Mr. Hennessy were shivering pitiably as near the top of a tree as they dared to climb; while beneath, on the ground, Mr. Doheeny, on his hands and knees, tore up the earth and, gazing at them with wistful eyes, growlingly munched the remnant of coat tail that he still held between his teeth.

A crowd had already begun to coagulate, and there was the possibility that an inadvertent policeman might chance to come that way; so, with a few hurried passes, the professor brought Mr. Doheeny back to himself, and in a few hurried words told him all that had happened, and received from him a twenty-dollar note that he wrapped carefully around the three fives that had been the stakes of the contest.

On the corner, Mr. Doheeny and the hypnotist (no longer the professor) stopped for a moment to gaze back at the rapidly gathering assemblage and the anæmic tree swaying beneath its heavy burden.

Mr. Doheeny pulled at his disordered cuffs hesitatingly.

"Don't yuh t'ink——" he began. But the professor interrupted him.

"No, I don't," he said curtly. "Leave 'em there. It'll learn 'em manners."

"But don't yuh t'ink——" said Mr. Doheeny again, persistently. But no thought was required in the matter; for just then a policeman arrived upon the scene; and coincident with his taking his stand directly beneath the perching Messrs. Mulcahy and Hennessy, the tree broke.

And Mr. Doheeny and the hypnotist went their ways, uncomplaining of the way that Fate had settled the matter for them; for, next to Messrs. Mulcahy and Hennessy, policemen were their dearest enemies.

Mr. Doheeny confidently and insouciantly draped his arm over the back of the little sofa on which sat the most attractive girl and himself and, with infinite satisfaction, cast his eye over a parlor otherwise vacant.

"Well," he said softly, insidiously, "as I was sayin'——"

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THE BACKWARD CLASS

By BURGES JOHNSON

Illustration by Mary Sigsbee Ker

I TELL them all that A's for APPETITE,
And B's a BONE, and C's a Pussy CAT,
And though they do not pay attention quite
The way they should, I think they growled at that.
They've been to school all day there on the mat,
And yet they will not learn their letters right;
Their little tummies are so very fat
I fear their brains are crowded just a mite.

I cannot make them *consecrate* their thought,
Not even though I scold them some, and frown.
They don't get half the discipline they ought,
Their eyes are so affectionate and brown!
I don't believe that scholars *can* be taught
Who lick your face and bark and tumble down.

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The Africa That Roosevelt Will See

By C. BRYSON TAYLOR

Author of "In the Dwellings of the Wilderness," "Nicanor, Teller of Tales," etc.

Photographs by the MacQueen and Dutkewich Expedition

AFRICA—the real Africa—is not all of it the land the average fancy pictures—not all a savage, strangling, tropic waste of jungle threaded by slow and miasmatic streams, a sinister, forbidding continent, savage and repellent. Nor is it, as so many would have us believe, a wide and terrible arena of barbarity and tragic darkness. Africa—the real Africa—is a vast and changeful area of the world, a land of many phases, many moods and expressions; and of such magnitude in its distances and conditions that no single picture can more than hint at the reality.

A brown village of thatched huts, squatting in a trampled clearing of the forest, and backed by thickset trees so closely laced with a living tapestry of woven green that the aching, tropic sunlight can scarcely penetrate. Slim, naked blacks slipping like shadows among the broad-leaved bananas and rubber trees, staring furtively as your bearers file slowly past them. A lonely station, far up- or down-river, where a haggard white man sits to receive tribute in the name of his trading company, marks an outpost of civilization in this jungle land. And through and under it all is the fevered glare of sunlight; the ceaseless drowsy whisper of the woods, the hot dry scents of the parched earth; or, if the rains have come, all the land about will lie cloaked in steaming vapor, the sultry air as thick and humid as the air of a greenhouse at home. There you have the Congo as the white man knows it—the Congo *jungle*, or the jungle of Uganda; but all of this is only a part of what we have chosen to call, and to picture as, the Dark Continent.

For there, too, is the desert, widely different in all its aspects from Congo-land. On the slope of the rising ground that lifts from sea-level at Mombasa and climbs to nearly 8,000 feet before it drops again to the lesser level of Victoria Nyanza, is another vast waste as typical of Africa as this jungle country—the desert, as it is called, the plains of bush and grass. Six months of the year—from October to April—it lies half drowned under tropic rains; from April to September only occasional showers fall, and the wide plateau grills under the staring sunlight, all yellowing in the glare. Here upon these uplands is found the great variety of big game, the vast herds of wild things that have made and still make Africa the greatest shooting country in the world. This is British East Africa as the hunter knows it.

Since the days of Livingstone Africa has been the Mecca for explorers and sportsmen. Barons and lords and dukes, millionaires and adventurers, they have hacked their way into the dark and brooding heart of her, and many of them she has claimed and taken as her own. Mr. Roosevelt, when he starts his hunting trip in March, will find good company—strange company, perhaps—along his way.

Let us say that he carries out his original intention of landing at Mombasa, working down through British East Africa into Uganda, and so down the Nile to tide water. What are the sights he will see? What sort of country will he cover, and how will he do it? What adventures are likely to befall him? Many Americans will be asking these questions in the next few months.

By steamer you arrive one morning at Mombasa, the largest seaport town of British East Africa, a low-lying island city, with white Moorish walls vivid in the morning light. There is color, always color, in-

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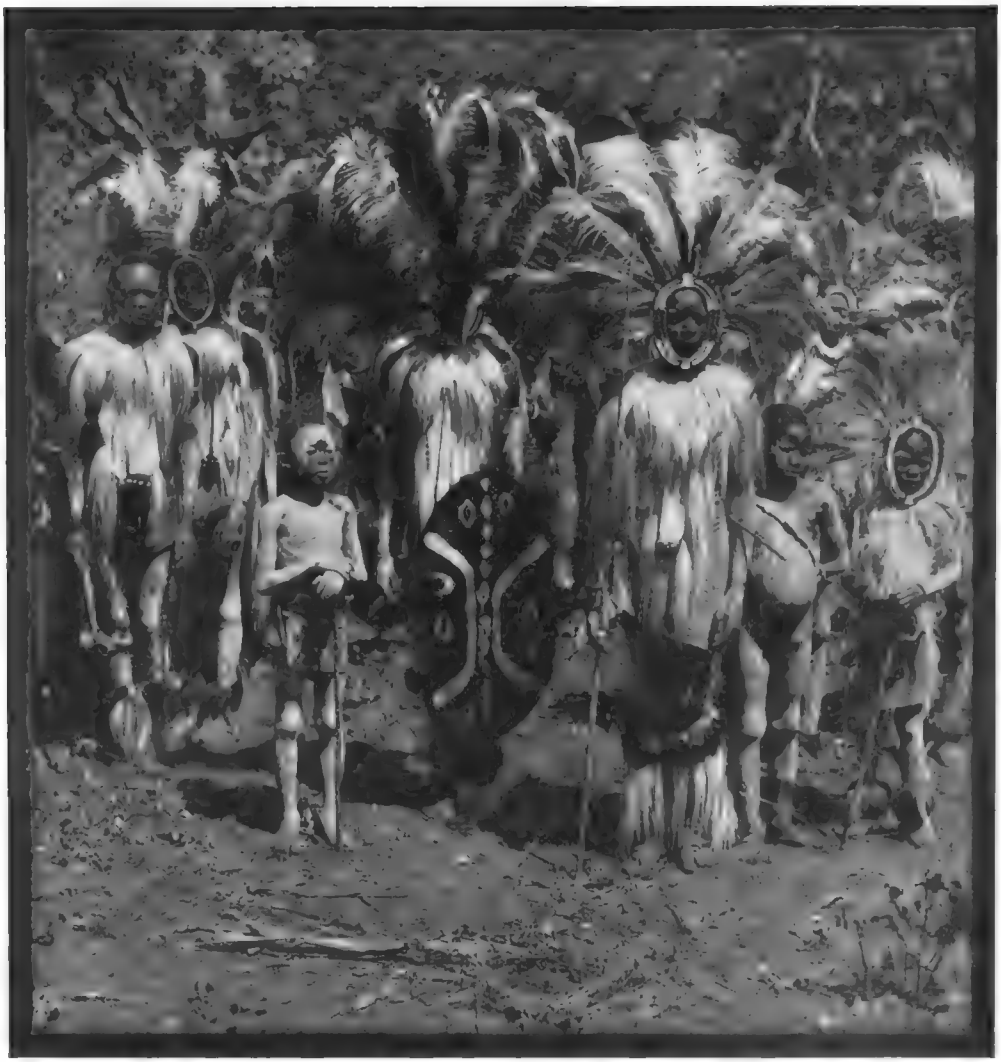

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NATIVES READY FOR A CEREMONIAL DANCE IN HONOR OF THE YOUNG MAN IN THE FOREGROUND WHO SINGLE-HANDED, ARMED ONLY WITH A SPEAR, HAS KILLED A LION.

credibly raw upon analysis, yet blending into a wonderfully harmonious whole: the living blue of the waters, white walls, a background of the dull, heavy, eye-relieving green of the tropics, and over all the intense golden sunlight that washes the whole picture into proper tone. Mombasa is a pretty old town, with very bad water. If you stay long enough, you will learn its history: the fact that to white men its very existence was unknown until about four hundred years ago —and to the Elder World four centuries is not so long a time. You will be shown Freretown Mission, and the old Portuguese fort that guards the roadway and is now used as an English prison; and you will hear strange tales of the untold wealth of ivory, skins, and rubber that yearly passes through the port on the way west. But though the spell of the East is on it, Mombasa is only the threshold of the black land behind the shining waters; and who would linger at the threshold?

Your luggage collected, you go by train from Mombasa to Nairobi, 327 miles up the line. From here, the real start into

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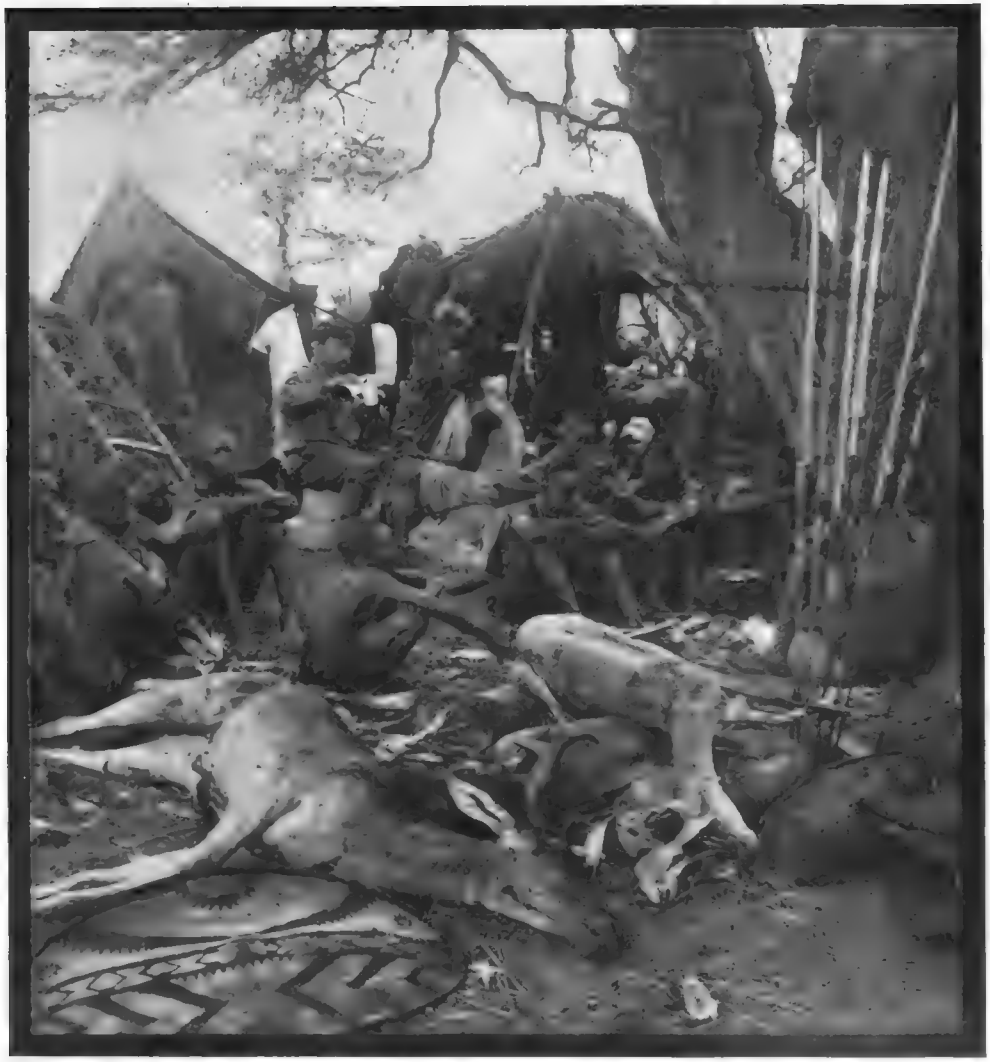

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RESTING AND FEASTING AFTER A MORNING'S WORK IN THE JUNGLE.

the interior nowadays usually is made. You will have previously secured your hunter's license, costing £50, or $250, without which no one is permitted to hunt what is known as Royal Game. The elephant, hippopotamus, buffalo, rhinoceros, eland, giraffe, zebra, impalla, and ostrich come under this head; and even with a license only a limited number may be killed.

For the first twenty-five or thirty miles a stern and wary eye must be kept upon the native porters. Inevitably there will be desertions, so that sometimes an expedition is seriously depleted. There are wily ones who make a practice of enlisting with one outfit to obtain the one month's wages that must invariably be paid in advance, and slipping back to the coast at the first opportunity, to repeat their tactics elsewhere. Thirty porters to each white in the party is the usual number employed, and sixty pounds per man is the regulation load, which must not be exceeded; but where forced marches are contemplated for any reason, it is far better to reduce the load to fifty or fifty-five pounds, and take along more men.

But though so large a number of men is required, the cost, after all, is not so stagger-

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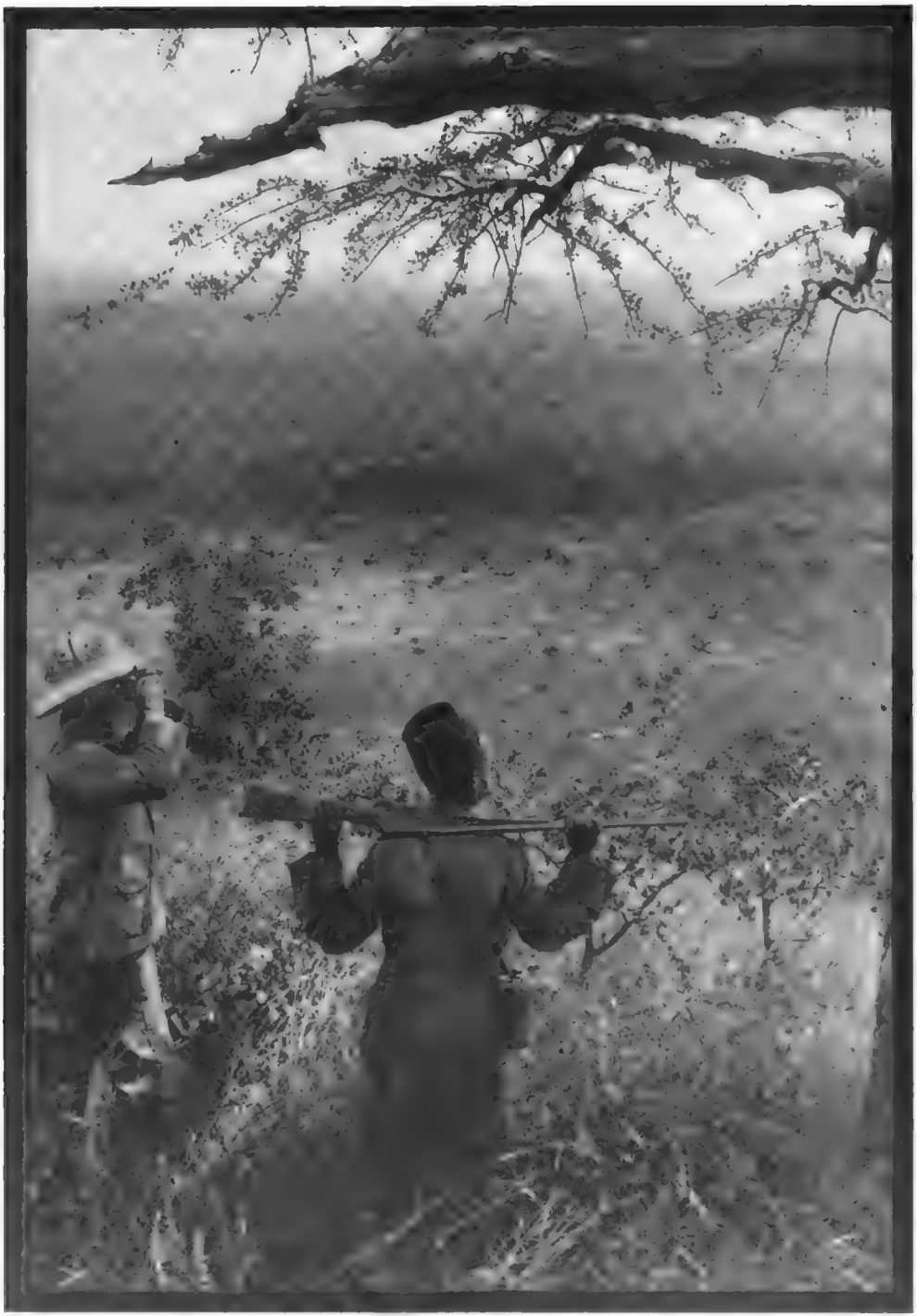

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TYPICAL LION COUNTRY—AN AMERICAN HUNTER AND HIS ARAB ATTENDANT NEAR THE BRITISH-GERMAN BORDER LINE.

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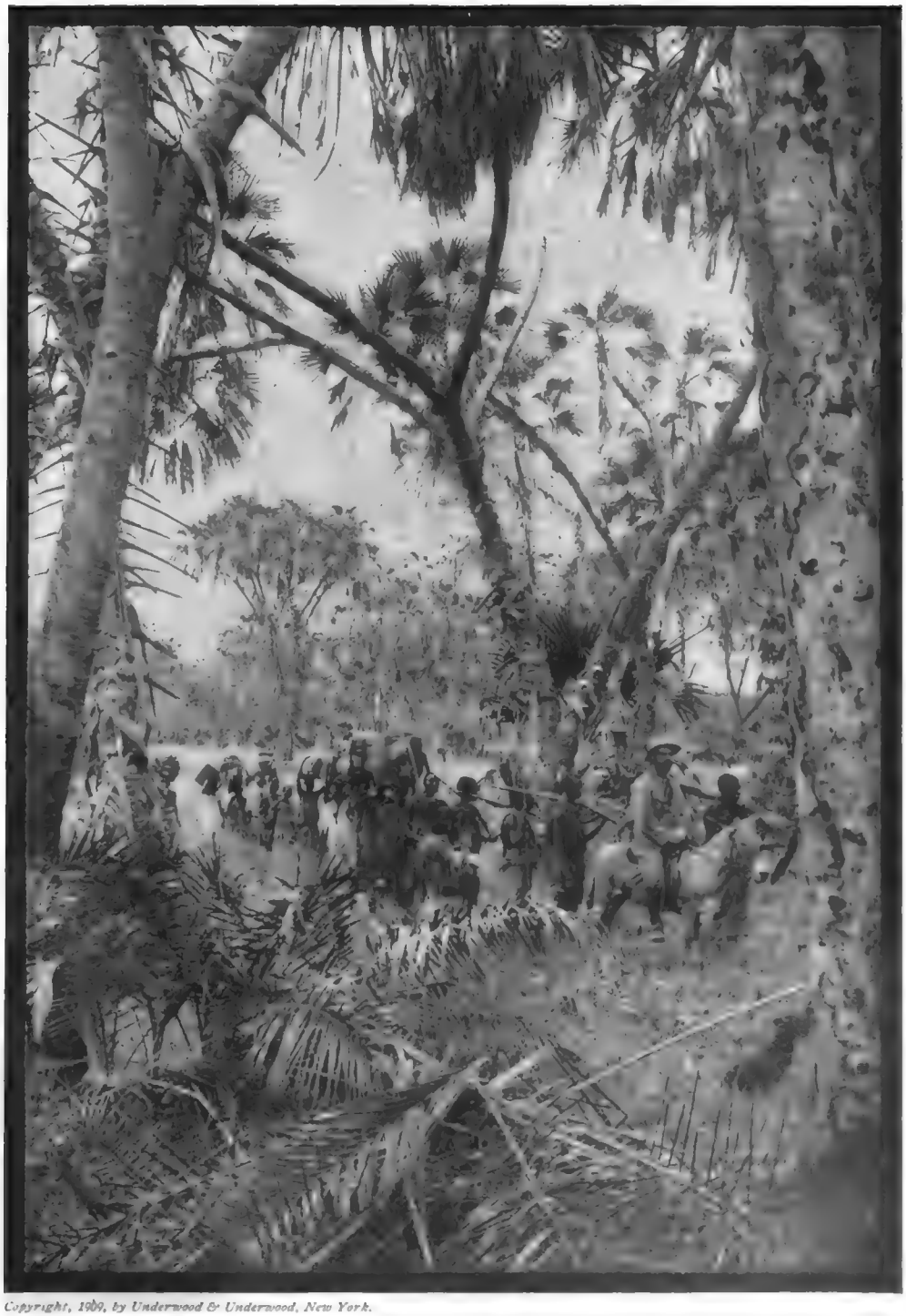

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AN EXPLORER AND HIS PORTERS PASSING THROUGH A CACTUS FOREST AT THE FOOT OF MT. KILIMANJARO.

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MOMBASA, FROM WHICH MR. ROOSEVELT WILL START FOR THE INTERIOR.

ing as you may think. The pay for porters, under ordinary conditions, ranges from $3.50 to $5.50 a month, with an extra allowance of from $1 to $2 for food. Gun bearers and caravan headmen, of course, draw higher wages, the headman getting from twelve to fifteen dollars a month if he be a Swahili, and nearly double that amount if he be a Somali. Cheapness in this respect is a poor economy; the Somali is the highest type of native in British East Africa; and while the Swahili is competent to do, he by no means approaches the other in courage and efficiency.

In every case, the hunter finds it to his best interest to take out a government caravan license. It is not obligatory, but if you care to maintain your standing in law, to be in a way to get redress if your men mutiny or desert or run off with your property, it will be well for you to go through the formality. All that the license requires is that you pay your men what you stipulate, feed them on not less than one quart of cereals a day, that you comport yourself according to the district regulations, and that you provide each man with a water bottle and a blanket, and each gang of eight with a tent and cooking pot.

A word as to equipment may be of interest here. The idea that an African trip means enduring all manner of hardships, lack of personal comforts, luxuries, and even necessities, has fortunately been exploded. Many a man who has come out of the swamps and jungles broken with fever—or perhaps never come out at all—would have been none the worse for his adventure had he not gone in with the notion that he must "rough it" to the limit. It pays to take care of oneself, even at the cost of an extra hundred pounds of luggage.

Tents are a necessity. It is not only uncomfortable to sleep beneath a tree whose leaves are dripping dew upon you like rain, but it is dangerous. The commissary department may be as varied as one pleases. For eggs, flour, fowls, and vegetables the native villages can usually be relied on; on the coast and in certain parts of Uganda there is plenty of fruit; meat you can obtain yourself; but it is always well to have a good supply of canned goods—meats, tomatoes, desiccated vegetables, and so on. Plenty of

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AFRICAN COOLIES DRAGGING OUT A HIPPOPOTAMUS SHOT AT THE HEAD OF THE NILE.

sugar should be among the supplies, for it is a curious fact that in the tropics one at times becomes possessed of an inordinate craving for sweets, and sugar is not only satisfying but wholesome. And after one of the many accidents that at any moment may occur, to find your sugar supply mixed with the castor oil, for instance, is one of the minor tragedies of life.

A medicine chest is of course imperative; and a cast-iron rule of the expedition should be that the rolls of lint bandages must never on any account be purloined for cleaning guns. There have been occasions when a bit of clean rag or cotton seemed absolutely the only thing in the world not forthcoming, and the thing most desperately needed. Brandy and champagne are necessary, but these should be classed among the medical supplies rather than as table luxuries. Drinking liquor is dangerous business in tropic Africa, and the man who indulges even moderately in alcoholic drinks will find his capacity for hard work and endurance lessened by about a third. An important part of the hunter's *impedimenta* is a generous supply of glass beads, brass wire, red and blue cloth, and toys, and [illegible]-sighted man who provides himself with a load of the most vicious and discordant alarm clocks obtainable will find that he may have things very much his own way.

As to arms—this is a question which every hunter decides for himself. Briefly, the subject of necessary armament may be summed up thus: one large caliber rifle—say, a .450 cordite express, capable of great shocking power; one of small caliber, with highly penetrative bullets; a shotgun for birds, and a brace of revolvers for camp use. The variations on this foundation may be as elaborate as one desires.

On leaving the coast, the country is found to be undulating and monotonous, parched in the dry season, and in sections badly scarred and burned, where the natives fire the grass in order to run their cattle on the fresh green herbage that immediately springs up. This is the country of the war-like Masai, who in former years gave endless trouble to hunters and traders, but who now are isolated in a reservation on the Laikipia plateau.

All this region of the rising land is almost park-like, with broad, gentle slopes covered

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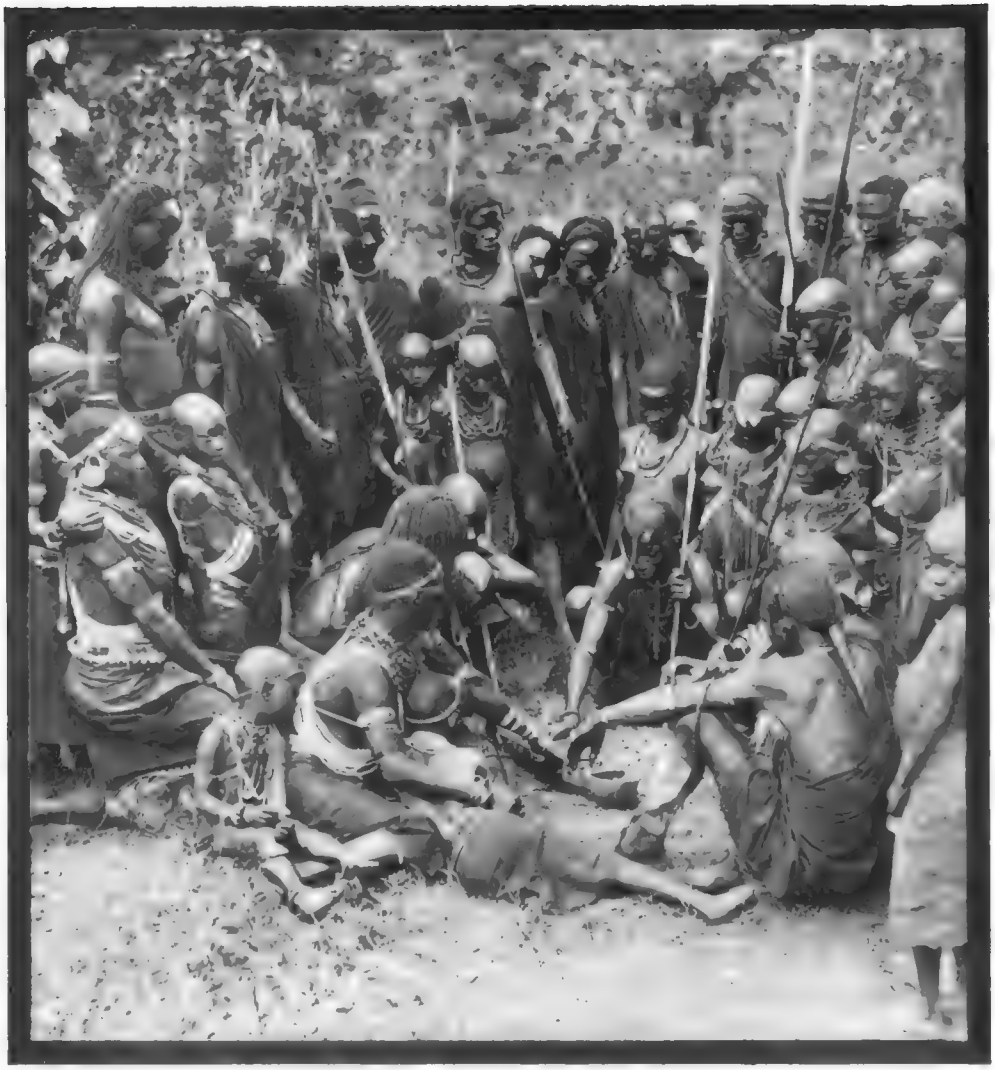

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PLAYING BAO, A GAMBLING GAME POPULAR AMONG THE MASAI.

with short grass and clusters of euphorbia and mimosa trees. This is the fringe of the big game country; one catches frequent glimpses of troops of zebras, hartbeests, gazelles, and, with great good luck, an eland, all far in the distance. The eland, one of the most noted game animals of Africa, is the largest and heaviest antelope in the world, an old bull weighing sometimes as much as a good-sized ox, and its meat is by far the best and finest-flavored that the hunter can choose.

One will not soon forget his first, impressive view of Kilimanjaro, the highest mountain in all Africa; so high that although it is only three miles or so off the line of the equator, its greater peak, Kibo, is capped with everlasting snow. It stands out clear cut against the tropic sky, nearly nineteen thousand feet above the level of the Red Sea —two mighty peaks, some five miles apart, one flat and snow-crowned, the other, somewhat lower, rearing itself in a broken and pointed mass, and the two connected by a broad and undulating saddle. From its summit it seems as though one might almost overlook all Africa, across her dusky forests and her dry and burning plains into the inmost hidden heart of her. Even from its

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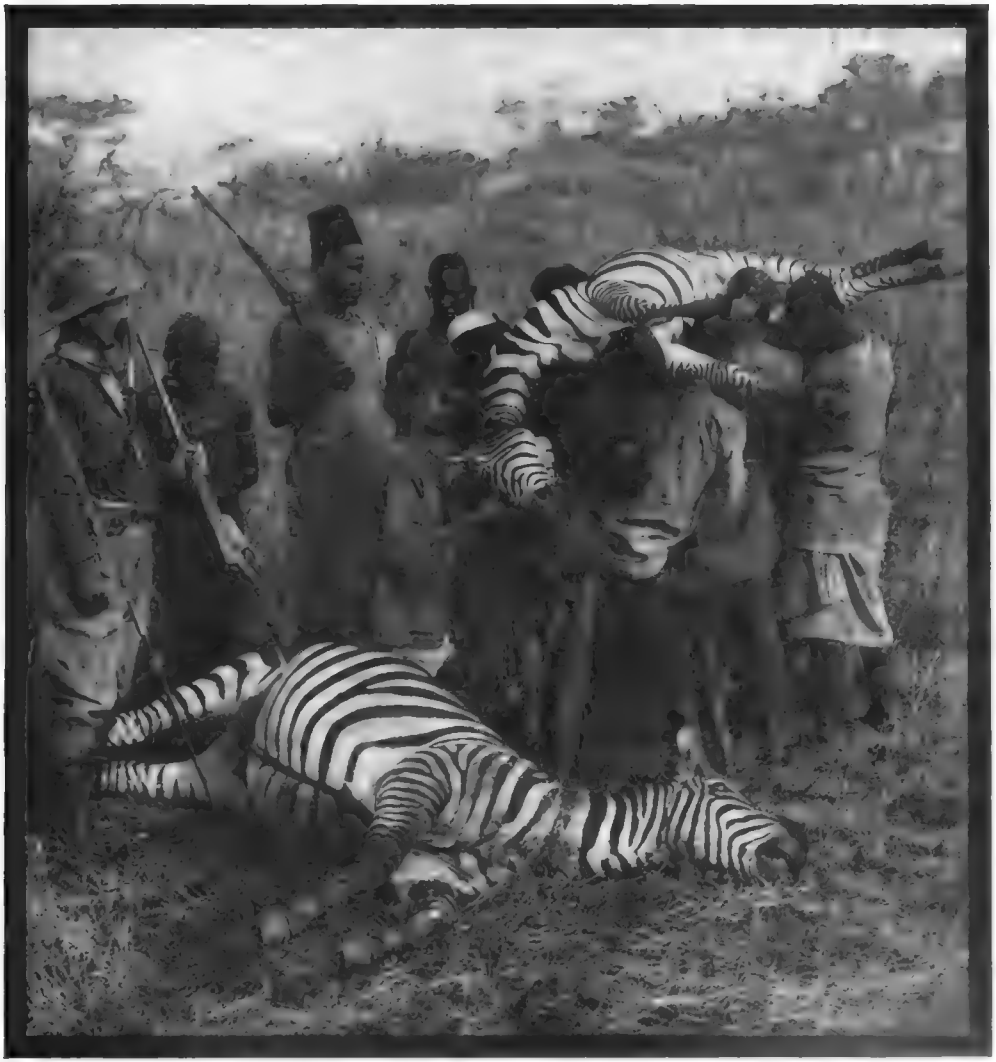

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ZEBRAS ARE AS COMMON AS DEER IN THE GERMAN DISTRICT UP BEHIND ZANZIBAR.

lower levels there is a wonderful panoramic view of endless stretches of rolling country, shadowed with dark patches of woods, and dotted here and there with the strange, whispering seas of tawny bush which in places extend for many square miles, and through which one must wade before reaching the forests that skirt the mountain's foot.

It is in these brush areas that the best lion hunting will be found. The lion is not a forest animal; he prefers the plains and the dry and dusty jungles, where his yellow hide is less conspicuous. And speaking of lions, there lies on the floor of a certain home in Virginia a mammoth skin, eleven feet from nose to tip of tail, tawny, and maned, with huge head and open, yellow-fanged jaws. Save for its size it is much like any other good lion skin, except that upon a second glance it will be seen that the left fore paw is missing. It is difficult to get a lion's skin in perfect condition, for the reason that they are generally mangy and scarred with the marks of encounters with other beasts; often, too, they are so badly torn by bullets that it is hard to mount them. But this one, barring a long scar down the flank, is unusually good.

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AN AMERICAN HUNTER'S SUPPLY CARAVAN CLIMBING MT. KILIMANJARO.

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If you should ever stumble upon the little village of Bangu, which hides shyly under the palms and bananas not far from the Nàkuru, ask the headmen if they have ever heard of a huge lion that went upon three feet, and, scorning spears and traps and bullets, spread death and destruction around the village on a time not so very long gone. If you cannot converse fluently enough in Africanese, merely draw a rough sketch of three footprints on the earth, and make a noise like a roar, and then watch the expressions of wonder and dismay and fright upon the faces of your audience. Certain skins, treasured as most precious trophies, have stories that are as well known as are the stories of famous horses, or the histories of works of art; and this is the story of the Lion on Three Feet:

Four hunters landed in Bangu one day, hungry and footsore, and with a sadly attenuated party of bearers. One was a German, an army officer on leave, a large man, with sandy mustache and a monocle. Two were Englishmen, lean and hardbitten, professional hunters out after ivory. The fourth was an American, a tall, dark fellow from Virginia, with a soft-voiced drawl that matched the Englishmen's own. The party had met in the queer casual way in which men of all degrees and nationalities stumble together in this unexpected country; they might part to-morrow, or they might travel in company until next week. For the moment, however, they were in Bangu, intent only on getting something to eat; and Bangu, being in a state of sore excitement about something, did not pay much attention to them. Finally, the solemn native guide, who had been christened Natty Bumpo by the Virginian, to the mystification of the others, explained that the chief's son had been carried off the night before by a lion that must have been wounded, for it limped when it walked; and the beast, having once tasted human meat, was certain to return for another victim.

"Tell them," said the Virginian to Natty Bumpo, "that if they will give us and our men something to eat, we'll wait over a night, and kill the lion for them."

"You don't want to be rash, you know, old chap!" exclaimed the Englishmen. "If you can't make good on a boast like that, your credit won't be good in these parts. But we'll stay—what?"

That night they tied up a goat in a likely place; but the lion did not come. For another day and a night they waited; then one Englishman had an idea.

"They say he was wounded—perhaps he has died out in the bush. Shall we look about a bit for him, eh?"

That afternoon they went out to look about a bit, and while they were gone, the lion came and carried off an old man.

"Stung!" said the Virginian; and the Britons looked at each other and said: "By Jove, fancy that, will you?"

For two more days the lame lion played hide-and-seek with them; then the Englishmen said:

"Awfully sorry, old chap, but we're here under contract and not for our health, and we can't lose any more time. Really, we'd like to stay, you know, but——"

"You all must do as you please, of course," said the Virginian, amiably. "But I've got a guinea that says the brute will be along to-night."

"Done!" said the Britons before they thought. And that night the lion came.

It was the night of the full moon, when the Dark Land is most mysterious, most unfathomable. Crickets shrilled with subdued stridency; all the whisperings of the jungle were hushed. Such nights are very quiet, with a tense and waiting silence that oddly strains the nerves almost to breaking-point. The four Europeans sat in the shade of a giant baobab, for the African moon seems to hold uncanny and sinister power, and one may suffer from moonstroke as well as sunstroke.

There was no warning of any kind; not the faintest crackle of twig nor stir of leaf. With appalling suddenness a huge black bulk launched itself out of the night, into the very midst of the group. Outlined for one heart-beat against the orb of the low-hung moon, it seemed the size of an elephant. The whole thing came with a whirlwind rush; there was a snarling roar, a mad flurry of confusion, and a scream. Three shots spat flashes of flame into the darkness, helter-skelter, hit or miss; and the great cat leaped straight into the air and dropped on the body of the victim that even in that brief instant was torn by its fangs. The village shrieked, the jungle woke and chattered; one of the Englishmen came running with a torch. By its light the picture jumped into relief against the night: a circle of terrified blacks; the two Englishmen, guns in hand;

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ROYAL AFRICAN GAME LIKE THIS MAY BE HUNTED ONLY AFTER PAYMENT FOR A SPORTSMAN'S LICENSE WHICH IS $250.00 FOR ONE YEAR.

in the center of illumination the American, kneeling by the dead lion, and the German underneath its body, the revolver the Virginian had used lying on the ground beside him. They dragged the lion's carcass off the German; he swore at them gently and fainted.

Here is where the strange part of the story enters—the part that has made the Lion on Three Feet famous in African hunting annals. Three shots had been fired, but when the body was examined only one wound was found upon it: the mark of a bullet that by some freak of the hunter's god had gone cleanly through the left eye straight into the brain. A wonderful shot, made in darkness and confusion, but a chance shot, such as a man may make once and never more in a lifetime. A post-mortem was held and the bullet extracted. It proved to have come from the Virginian's .45 Colt.

Later, it seemed that everywhere he went the Virginian met men who had tried to pot the Lion on Three Feet and failed. No one knew how or when the brute had lost his foot—and that was another strange part of the story. If any hunter has reason to believe that his shot gave the beast his name, he will confer a favor on a goodly number of interested and puzzled brethren by telling what he knows.

Occasionally, on the trail, one will pass a native village, where the chiefs invariably demand *hongu*, which may be interpreted equally well as presents or as blackmail. One learns rapidly to accept with fortitude what one can get at these villages; certain things are not at all bad, even to European taste. Honey, remarkably aromatic, when one considers the scentlessness of most African flowers; sweet potatoes, sugar cane, pumpkins, Indian corn (pounded and fried in butter this makes an entirely palatable dish)—these can nearly always be found. Most common is the banana. The natives mash and boil the green fruit, producing a black, sticky compound, which, although fearfully uninviting to look at, is wholesome, and rather pleasant after the first attempt at it.

As one pushes ever farther into the interior, the rolling country gives place to a belt of forest. A different world, this, of strange green twilight, through which bright-colored birds flit with raucous shrieking, and monkeys gibe and chatter from the swinging

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AN AFRICAN "CATTLE-KING" AND HIS HOUSEHOLD. THE MUD HUT ON POLES IS USED AS A SHELTER FOR YOUNG ANIMALS.

vines. The nights are cold here, even in the dry season; and from the reeking swamps of the Nakuru, overhung with green poison growths, where the hippopotamus wallows, rises the thin white vapor that is the very breath of death. Here, alike in the dry and the rainy seasons, one must endure the torment of mosquitoes—such mosquitoes as one never even dreamed of at home.

Some years ago three American hunters were working back through Uganda. The rainy season was close at hand—a time when all wild animals are more restless and suspicious—and their luck had not been good. They were anxious to get back to the coast before the rains came on, for one of their number, a Westerner called Rogers, was suffering with malaria, and was in no shape to stand the added hardships of the winter. The leader of the party was a man named Rector, who had hunted in Africa before, and had won a reputation for the sheer, beautiful, cold nerve he had shown on certain previous occasions in encounters first with a wounded lion, and later with a buffalo bull that had turned at bay. The third of the trio was a New York physician, who was supposed to be recuperating from a breakdown, and in reality was working harder than he had ever done in his life.

One Sunday evening the party made camp under a mopani tree. The cook they had brought along had died the day before of fever, so the hunters took turns at his work. That night it was Rector's turn. It was chilly, and the others sat around the fire in their coats; but Rector laid his aside while he cleaned a brace of birds that had been shot for supper. Farther off, the blacks were huddled around their own fire in their shapeless wrappings, finishing the last of their rations. Rector, his sleeves rolled to his elbows, a half-plucked bird in one hand and a knife in the other, suddenly called across to the physician:

"Doc, will you get the ammonia from the medicine chest? I think I've got a bite, although I didn't see the beggar that did it."

On examination two faint red spots, close together and very small, showed on his left arm below the elbow; around them the flesh was slightly inflamed. He had found no insect on his skin, neither had he any idea when he had been bitten. The ammonia was applied, giving a sharp momentary pain,

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and Rector pulled down his sleeves and went on with his preparations.

By the time the birds were grilling, the arm was paining him intensely, and he realized that something drastic must be done. It was swelling rapidly, and the flesh around the punctures was discolored as though from a bruise. Soon he began to complain of red-hot pains shooting up the arm to the shoulder; and within the hour, in spite of the evening chill, he was sweating from head to foot. The doctor recognized the symptoms.

"Man dear, you're poisoned!" he said bluntly. "I've tried everything I've got, but I don't know what it is I'm fighting against. There's only one thing more I can do—pour all the whisky in camp into you and see if we can't drown it out of you."

"No!" said Rector through his teeth. "Cut the arm off at the shoulder—and for God's sake, do it quick!"

They did it; and because other means were not at hand, they seared the stump with fire, in the native fashion, to stop the bleeding. Through it all Rector sat, livid and steady, keeping himself in hand with that wonderful nerve of his that not even the agony of saw and flame could shake. He fainted when they were through with him, but the whisky that they gave him brought him around. All they could give him, however, never went to his head, and this in itself was a bad sign.

But they had not done their work quite soon enough. The poison spread, so swiftly that it was a thing to marvel at, until limbs and trunk were black and swollen out of all human semblance. Even then the man's nerve dominated them. He said—his voice controlled and coherent by what effort they could only guess:

"Boys, there's only one thing you can do for me. I can't stand this much longer—and it may last for hours; there's no knowing. You don't want to see me twisting and screaming here like a poisoned rat, do you? Then for God's sake put a bullet in me now, and let me go while I can die decently, won't you?"

In telling the story later, Rogers said:

"It wouldn't have seemed quite so horrible, somehow, if the poor chap himself hadn't been so steady. But the contrast between that quiet voice of his—as quiet, almost, as though he were offering you a cigar—and the sight of him—Lord, if I could ever forget it! I couldn't stand for it at first—it seemed so like shooting him down in cold blood; I believe I even said to wait a while; but the doctor, who knew better than I what was coming, took his revolver out of his belt and put it on the ground between us."

To the day of his death neither man will tell who fired the shot. They buried their comrade next morning, on the spot, because there was nothing else to do; and Rogers, half dead with fever, and beside himself with the horror of the night, and therefore never thinking of how far his words might prove adequate to the occasion, could only repeat over and over:

"And he never knew what bit him—he never even knew what bit him!"

Mr. Roosevelt has announced his intention of bringing back skins and skeletons for the collection he will give to the National Museum. As many other collectors have found to their sorrow, this is by no means an easy thing to accomplish. Even when skins are cured at once, in the most careful manner, there is constant danger that they will become spoiled, not only from the effect of the climate but from the ravages of insects—particularly the plague of white ants with which all Africa is infested. These ants, by the way, are one of the greatest pests the hunter has to encounter. So voracious are they that a coat or a pair of trousers left inadvertently overnight where they could reach it, has been found in the morning nearly riddled. They will eat everything that is not stone or metal; after a visitation of them, a place is stripped as bare as after a flight of locusts.

Throughout British East Africa and in Uganda one breaks through the same forests, suffers thirst and heat in the same desert land, wades through the same swamps, bags the same game. But though there may be monotony, there is never-failing variation as well; above all, there is ever the strange and subtle spell that only the Black Land has power to cast over those who have once known her thrall.

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"HONESTLY, 'RETTA, YOU LOOK BETTER AND BETTER TO ME EVERY YEAR."

THE POSTPONED ROMANCE

By GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

Illustrations by John Wolcott Adams

"HENRY," said Mrs. Parker shyly, after a long, courage-seeking silence, "do you know what day to-morrow is?"

Had Henry Parker looked up from his evening paper he might have noted that the shyness was not alone in her tone, for a faint trace of color had crept up over the clear white of her cheeks; and he might have seen that she was wearing her best gown. But he was deep in frowning disapproval of a tariff speech, and, moreover, he knew quite well what day to-morrow was to be.

"Tax day!" he growled. "It's an outrage the way taxes have crept up in this town since politics have been reformed."

"Isn't it?" she assented abstractedly.

Another long silence, then:

"Henry, to-morrow is our twenty-fourth wedding anniversary."

It was distinctly Mr. Parker's duty to lay down his paper and say something nice; a willing enough task, but one that required clumsy self-pumping.

"Well, I'll declare," said he, then again, "I'll declare!" A long pause, in which he cleared his throat twice. "Honestly, 'Retta, you look better and better to me every year."

"What nonsense!" she protested, but nevertheless she looked delighted and added, "I don't know what I'd have done all these years if you hadn't been so willing to please me."

"I'd be a mighty ungrateful man if I weren't willing," he declared very earnestly, and hitched a little nearer so he could clasp her hand where it lay upon the arm of her chair. "The only trouble is, I'm so forgetful about these things, and of course I haven't bought you a present. You ought to hint about it a couple of days beforehand."

"I never quite lose hope that maybe you'll really remember some time," she told him, smiling indulgently. "Besides," and here she halted a trifle guiltily, "when I don't remind you till breakfast what day it is, you always feel ashamed, I guess, and buy me something a lot nicer than you might have bought in the first place."

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His jaw dropped in amazement, and then he laughed. She laughed, too, but somewhat nervously, for really this bit of duplicity had weighed upon her conscience.

"If you ain't the smart one!" he admiringly exclaimed. "And now I suppose, since you've told me that, I'll have to go out and buy you a better one than ever. Do you think Albert or May or Stella could give me any hints?"

It had taken him years to learn that there were certain things his wife craved as presents, and that she always confided to the children what they were.

"Maybe I could give you a better hint myself this time," she began with quite sprightly boldness, which, however, scarcely lasted through what she had to say. "Do you know, Henry, we—we never had a—a—a wedding trip?"

"No," he confessed soberly, "I couldn't afford it. We came right from the preacher's to our little rented house, and I went to work the next morning at seven o'clock. But I've taken you on trips since."

She shook her head.

"Three times, Henry, but not one was anything like a wedding trip. They were always business trips on which you just let me go along. We always stopped at cheap hotels, and you tore away at your business, every time, just as hard as you could, so we could come home quicker, because staying away was expensive. Not that I didn't enjoy it," she hastily added. "But don't you see? It wasn't like a wedding trip, now was it?"

"Not much," he admitted, smiling.

Now that the great wish was out, she sat timidly smoothing the backs of her hands with the alternate palms, raising her downcast eyes just once for a brief glance of vast wistfulness.

"By jinks, 'Retta, you shall have your wedding trip!" he suddenly declared. "I'd have to go east inside of a month, anyhow, and we might just as well——"

"No, sir!" she declared with sudden desperate firmness. "This isn't to be a business trip at all. We're going to Niagara Falls, and Washington, and—and Atlantic City. You're not to have any business but just to 'tend to me, like you would if it was our real wedding trip and you could afford it, as you can now. One night, anyhow, I want you to take me to the theatre, in a cab! and that night I want a *big bouquet of American Beauty roses!*"

With this astounding climax she sat back, half scared and yet altogether firm. To her surprise he did not laugh at her.

THAT LONG, LONG PLANNED SUIT CASE WAS READY.

"Why, 'Retta," he said gently, "if I'd known you wanted anything so badly as that all these years, you should have had it long ago. You shall have your real wedding trip, and I'll spruce up all you want me to. I'll wear clean cuffs from the minute we start till we get back, and I'll shave every morning, and have my shoes shined twice a day!"

She smiled over these promises to prove his profound devotion, and yet her eyes were moist. He drew his chair quite close now, put his arms about her, and kissed her trembling lips; and for a moment she happily hid her eyes upon his shoulder.

"And when would you want to start?" he asked her presently.

"To-night," she unexpectedly replied.

"But, 'Retta," he objected, though quite gently, for at last he realized how much she had set her heart upon this thing, "we'd have to arrange for money first. It's ten o'clock now, and I don't know where I could get any this late. I have barely ten dollars in my pocket."

Laughing nervously, she fumbled in her

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drop skirt, and drew from its concealed pocket a large, flat package of bills, which she put in his hand.

"It is five hundred dollars," she said. "Ever since you had me open my own bank account I've been saving up, and to-day I drew this money out, thinking that maybe you might be willing to go, and that if you would, I'd—I'd *lend* this to you. There is a train starts at twenty minutes after twelve."

It was an evidence of the careful qualities which had made Henry Parker plod stubbornly ahead toward his present comfortable competence, that he immediately counted the five hundred dollars to see that it was all there, and promptly snapped it in his long red pocketbook—the one with the wide rubber band which hooked beneath a big button on his inside coat pocket.

"I suppose you're all packed up, too," he suggested, smiling.

"All but the suit case," she confessed. "I sent the trunk down to the depot this afternoon while all the children were out of the house, so they wouldn't suspect anything."

"So the children wouldn't suspect!" he repeated, puzzled. "You don't mean to say you figure on not letting them know?"

"Well, I was going to let them know in a way," she slowly said. "I wrote this note that I intended to leave on the dining-room table," and from the bottom of her work-basket she produced a folded paper.

With wonder he opened it.

"*I have gone away with Henry, and it will be useless to pursue us,*" he read.

"Well, I am stumped!" he exclaimed, and looked at her in amazement.

"Yes, I knew you'd think I was just about half out of my head," she admitted; "but, Henry, that's just the note I'd always planned I'd leave behind me when I was a girl." She paused and stammered as she saw how ridiculous she must seem—as she realized, or thought she realized, the utter futility of trying to explain the unsatisfied romance which had been in her heart all these years. "I—I always did want to elope," and she ended by blushing furiously.

He couldn't have been more astounded if she had confessed to a murder, as he cast back through his memory and recalled modest, even mouse-like Henrietta Talbot. It was perfectly incredible that the timid, shrinking, demure girl he remembered could have harbored such thoughts.

"Of course, I never said anything about it," she went on, "because, for one thing, I knew you couldn't afford it, and then for another I just couldn't tell. Sometimes before we were married I'd think for days and days that I'd hint it to you. Maybe, I'd think, you might be willing to drive over to Batesville with me some night, anyhow, and come back as soon as we were married. But when it just came right down to it, I couldn't say anything."

Henry Parker sat staring at his wife in speechless amazement for a long time, while she, her great and only secret out, sat nervously rubbing the backs of her hands again and looking down at her lap. It had been Henry Parker's firm belief that, while women as a class were incomprehensible, he knew at least one woman thoroughly—knew precisely what she thought and how she thought, and what she would think and do in any given set of circumstances; and now he had to give up even that idea. However, he was a man who could rise to any emergency. Presently he sprang up with sudden briskness and started for the door.

"How long will it take you to get that suit case packed?" he asked.

"Not more than half an hour," she told him.

"Where are the children?"

"Well, Stella and May are up-stairs in bed, and Albert is over calling on that nice Miller girl. He never gets home from there till after midnight. Where are you going, Henry?"

"Out to borrow a ladder," said he.

"A *ladder!*" she exclaimed.

"A ladder," he repeated calmly. "At half past eleven I'll have a cab right around the corner, and I'll whistle underneath your window. Then you will climb down."

"How silly!" she said, laughing; and yet her eyes were sparkling eagerly.

"Silly or not, that's the program, Henrietta Parker," he announced firmly, giving his waving gray hair a touch as he took his hat from the hall rack. "So long as we're going to have this elopement, we're going to have it right."

"I'll go right up-stairs and pack," she declared, coming after him; and before he went out of the door she slipped both her arms up and around his neck with what seemed a return of the old, shy gentleness of affection which had so charmed him in their younger days.

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IT REQUIRED A GREAT DEAL OF ENCOURAGEMENT FROM HENRY

Only for a moment did it seem a return, and then, with a pang, he remembered that this had never changed, but that it was he who, grown used to it as he became more and more absorbed in his business cares and ambitions, had failed to note it; and he himself came swiftly and contritely back to that former time, in spirit and in action. How proud he had been of her then—and how proud he was of her now, for that matter.

With what trembling emotions Henrietta Parker tiptoed up-stairs to pack, with what resurrection of all the dreaming romance that had lain dormant for years in her secret soul, no mere man may know. Quietly and yet methodically she slipped about the room, opening drawers and closing them with noiseless care, until that long, long planned suit case was ready. Last of all, she slipped into the room of the girls, where May and Stella lay sleeping soundly, and, stooping over, kissed each pink cheek as softly as the brush of down; then, returning to her own room, she donned her wrap and gloves and hat and sat by the window to wait.

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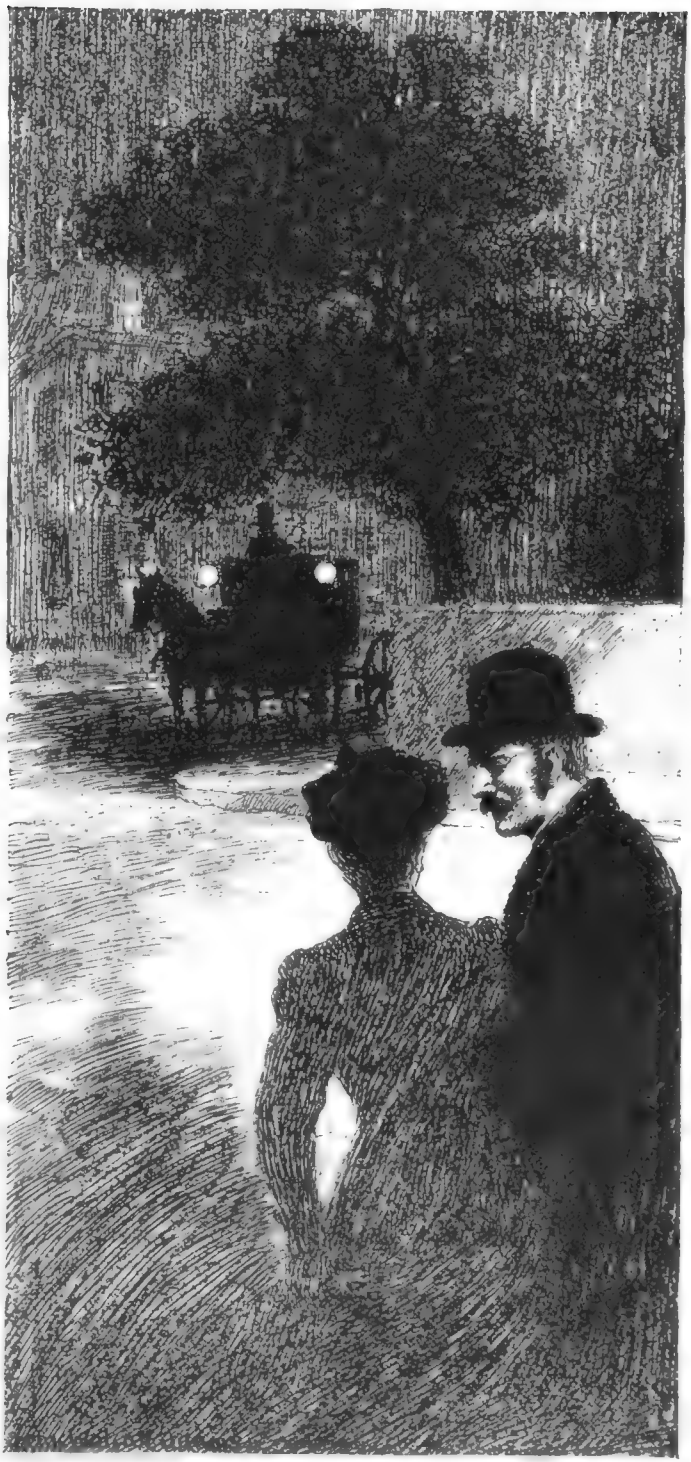
From the distant town clock the hour of eleven was just striking. It would be thirty minutes yet before Henry, busy with securing transportation and a surprise parlor compartment, would come, and she tried to throw herself back into that apprehension which would have been hers had she been waiting twenty-four years ago for him to come and get her with a ladder. Smiling to herself, she gave it up. Her imagination, vivid though it was, could not go quite so far; but there was plenty left for her musing thought in the peaceful, happy life which those twenty-four years had covered.

"My goodness, 'Retta, you are the soundest sleeper I ever saw!" chided Henry, bending over her half an hour later. "I tapped and tapped on that window as loud as I dared without waking the girls, and finally I had to let myself in at the front door and wake you up. The ladder's outside, waiting. Where's that suit case?" and as he spoke he threw open the window. "The—the ladder?" she repeated dazedly, and then she clutched his arm in sudden apprehension as she remembered. "What time is it?"

"Oceans of time," he reassured her as he crawled out of the window backward, with the suit case in his hand. "You just wait till I get down to the ground, and I'll hold the bottom of the ladder."

"I'm so scared," she confessed as she



"IT DON'T SEEM RIGHT TO LEAVE THOSE CHILDREN ALONE," SHE FALTERED.

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leaned out of the window and looked down.

A stepladder she knew. But such ladders as this she had always seen from the bottom upward, and they had never seemed of such dizzy length and so frail as when looked at from above; but, nevertheless, after he had admonished her in hoarse whispers several times from the ground, she made the attempt. She had never conceived that it could be such an awkward thing to crawl backward out of a second-story window and step downward to a ladder. She could not see how Henry had done it so easily, and with so little trepidation. It became necessary for her to place a chair inside the window to rest her hands upon while she slowly put first one knee and then the other upon the sill, and when she stood thus upon hands and knees, surrounded by such vast, empty, unsupporting space and with so much uncertainty of finding a solid foundation for her feet, she crawled back in again. Three trials she made before she had at last ceased to speculate on how handy it would be if a person's kneejoint bent both backward and forward, and found herself standing distrustfully upon the wobbling third rung from the top; and it required a great deal of encouragement from Henry before she finally gained confidence enough to let go of the window sill and trust her hands to the side rods of the ladder. After that it was much easier, and she accomplished the descent in safety, delighted to feel the touch of those strong arms about her.

"Now," said Henry, looking at his watch by the light of a match which he struck for the purpose, "we have nice, comfortable time to make the depot without hurrying. The cab's right around the corner. Come on."

But she stood still, looking up at that open window.

"Henry," she declared, "I simply can not do it. I can't go away and leave that window unfastened. Let me have your key a minute."

"I don't know but you're right," said he thoughtfully, and gave her the key.

She let herself into the house and quietly stole up-stairs. Before she closed the window she put her head out and called to him:

"You'll have time to take the ladder back if you hurry. It's Joneses', isn't it?"

"Yes," he replied. "But I didn't know but what you'd want to use it again."

"Indeed not," she hastily assured him. "I climbed down it once and that's all they ever do. Take it away," and, closing the window, she fastened it securely, while Henry ran back across the lot and slid the ladder over the Joneses' fence.

Now they had not so much time to waste, and as soon as she had joined him they started off briskly. At the end of their lot, she turned and looked wistfully back at the house.

"I didn't peep in at the girls' room," she worried. "Suppose they heard some of all that noise we made and thought maybe it was burglars, and are lying wide awake now, too scared to move or cry out?"

"They would have heard Stella clear over to the police-station long before this," he asserted with conviction. "If we're going to make that twelve-twenty train we haven't any time to lose."

They had just turned the corner, where the cab was in sight, drawn up to the curb under the deep shade of the trees, when once more she hung back.

"It don't seem right, after all, to leave those children alone," she faltered.

"It wouldn't be the first time," he reminded her. "Albert is twenty-two, May nineteen, Stella sixteen; and you know what good, steady, reliable children they are. We have left them alone for two weeks at a time before this, and they got along all right."

Still unconvinced, she stood looking back toward the house, when a cheerful whistling sounded far down the street; and in the glare of an arc-light they saw a tall, square-shouldered young man coming toward them.

"Good gracious, it's Albert!" she whispered excitedly, and, clutching his arm, she dragged her husband hastily toward the cab. The driver opened the door and she popped in: Henry did not move quite fast enough for her, and she grasped his sleeve to pull him in beside her.

"To the depot," directed Henry as the cabman closed the door; "and hurry. We must catch that twelve-twenty."

The driver swung the suit case up to the seat beside him, then he whipped up his horses. Half-way down the block they drove past the tall young man, who, still whistling, strode on toward the corner without a glance to the right or to the left; and his mother, and also his father—it must be confessed—sank back in their seats with a sigh of relief. In the meantime, the cabman, smiling yet wondering, inspected the suit case beside him. Its adornment was inconspicuous enough, but still it was there—a tiny bow of white ribbon tied to the handle!

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AS TO OURSELVES

By WILLIAM HANNA THOMSON, M.D., LL.D.

Author of "Brain and Personality," "What Is Physical Life?" etc.

Physician to the Roosevelt Hospital; Consulting Physician to New York State Manhattan Hospital for the Insane; formerly Professor of the Practice of Medicine and Diseases of the Nervous System, New York University Medical College; Ex-President of the New York Academy of Medicine, etc.

WITH man as the subject of her investigation, Science can adopt only her own methods, and not those of metaphysics, philosophy, or theology. She must, therefore, begin with objective facts and then follow their lead as closely as possible. Such being the case, without mistake man's bodily sense organs present the objective facts. It is by them that he comes into relations with his physical world, because they afford the only means by which at first he can do so. He is an inner centric self, with the whole world outside of him; and so that world would remain, but for these special sense organs. These, as in the case of the eye, we can thoroughly examine with scalpel and microscope, as we would anything else physical.

But at this point we seem to be suddenly arrested. The physical part of any sense organ is only at the surface. Its other and inner end is anything but physical, because it is wholly psychical. In other words, it is man himself who is there. It is he and not the eye which sees, though without the eye he would not see at all.

Science, however, will not recoil from investigating the psychical if only she can keep to facts, and, better than any other guidance, we can accept her decision that the best place to find out the most about man is just where the impression of each bodily sense reaches him. There we will get more information about him than either metaphysics or philosophy ever can supply.

Beginning with the sense of taste, the lowest of human senses, since its chief function is to serve bodily nutrition, we find illustrated, even here, that generic dissatisfaction of man with narrow limitations. For though the ass knoweth its master's crib and is satisfied with its healthy but monotonous diet, at a man's banquet, where his range of taste is illustrated, the air above, the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth are all called upon to furnish things for that table. The commerce of the world draws largely upon the products of every clime and region of the globe to supply what men like to taste. He would be well versed in geography who could tell where every article comes from on the table of one of our ordinary mechanics. But the creature at the crib has quite a sufficient reason for being content with his unvarying food, namely, because he is an ass!

But we encounter at the very outset of our examination a fact of far-reaching significance, which is that whereas man has just the same sense organs which other animals have, these organs are wholly sufficient in their case to meet all their needs, but not so at all with man. He finds his sense organs to be such poor instruments for him that he has to supplement the most important of them with devices of his own making.

This is particularly well illustrated in the case of the eye. We may here appropriately quote the remarks of its most distinguished scientific investigator, Hermann von Helmholtz, who says*: "Of all our members the eye has always been held as the choicest gift of nature—the most marvelous product of her plastic force. Poets and orators have celebrated its praises; philosophers have extolled it as a crowning instance of perfection in an organism, and opticians have tried to imitate it as an unsurpassed model." But after commenting upon the many features of its mechanism, with their explanations, he proceeds†: "Now it is not too much to say

*P. 201, Popular Lectures on Scientific Subjects. Appleton & Co., N. Y., 1873.
†Ibid. P. 219.

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that if an optician wanted to sell me an instrument which had all these defects, I should think myself quite justified in blaming his carelessness in the strongest terms and giving him back his instrument. Of course I shall not do this with my eyes and shall be glad to keep them as long as I can—defects and all. Still the fact that, however bad they may be, I can get no other, does not at all diminish their defects."

OUR DECEPTIVE EYES

Helmholtz is here speaking of the eye only as an optical instrument used for the ordinary purposes of life, and for these he finds it abounding in deficiencies. He does not allude at all to its utter inadequacy as a help for us to go beyond our customary world. But ordinarily no one's eye recognizes anything clearly within eight, and in the case of many, within ten, inches of the eyeball. What is there to see within that distance? Not until a microscope was made could any one tell. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that this artificial supplement to the eye ever magnifies anything. When we cross a street in order to read a sign, we have not magnified its letters by doing so. We have simply brought our eyes nearer to them. And that is all that a microscope does. A three-inch glass brings our eyes to that distance from the object we are looking at. An inch-and-a-half glass brings us so much nearer, and if then, with a direct illumination, we look at the center of a common verbena flower, strings upon strings of more gorgeously colored pearls than any jeweler can display appear to our admiring gaze.

All this shows that the eyes we brought with us at birth do not see a tithe of the beauties of Nature. But with a microscope not much better than this, Leuwenhoek, in 1675, frightened the world by saying that more animals lived in the human mouth than there were people in Holland! With object glasses of higher power we are said to see things magnified 200, 500, 1,000, or 2,000 diameters, which only means that different objectives, as they are called, bring our eyes within one fourth, or one eighth, or one twelfth, or one fifteenth, or one twenty-fifth of an inch of the object.

And what have these mechanical devices of ours for helping our eyes to see, not done for the human world? So important to all life is that living world about which our native eyes would never have given us the least information, that it is evident no physical instrument can suffice for man, because he is so much greater than anything physical. All eyes made of protoplasm, including the eyes of the anthropoid apes, belong only to low origins and levels; but this human-fashioned mineral microscope belongs to the Andean heights of mind.

However, we have still other reasons for dissatisfaction with our eyes. They see the star Capella as no larger than a bright jewel in a lady's necklace, though we know that because that star has no proper motion, as astronomers say, and yet shines so splendidly, in reality it must be at least a hundred thousand times larger and a hundred thousand times brighter than our own sun. But our poor eye can now answer, You know that I do not *report the whole truth to you about anything*. You should not trust me so, because, owing to radical defects in my make-up, I tell you that a man six feet high is only six inches high when he is a mile off. And as to the stars, you have had to make a telescope to help me out; but even with it the fixed stars remain beyond me, for I then see them merely as shining points. It is not by me, but by that greater power than mine *in you*, your reason, that you learn not only how large Capella is, but also, through another of your contrivances, that Capella abounds in earthly materials.

EAR MORE TRUTHFUL THAN EYE

The most important fact of all to note here, however, is that it is not the *faculty* of sight itself which is imperfect in us, but solely the *instrument* of that faculty which is so. If the faculty itself were deficient, we could not, ourselves, help it with anything, whether telescope or microscope, any more than we could help a man who had never learned to read by giving him a pair of spectacles. The faculty belongs to us and not to our eyes—nor to our brains, either, as we shall find farther on.

The ear is worse off than the eye in the narrowness of the range of the medium through which it catches sounds. While the eye responds to the vibrations of light which travel 188,000 miles a second, the vibrations of sound travel only 1,100 feet a second. Sounds, therefore, soon die away in the distance, nor can a thousand voices sing-

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ing together go much farther than one voice does, just as, if, instead of singing, the crowd were throwing stones, only a few of them would go beyond the average distance of the rest. Nevertheless, the ear possesses certain intrinsic advantages over the eye. Instead of the constantly mistaken information which the eye gives, the ear is always accurate and truthful. Hence it was a great advance in medicine to enlist its aid in auscultation. It fails in our species only in its report of the direction of sounds, since for that purpose we have no movable external ears, such as those of rabbits and the equines.

EARS AND EMOTIONS

Unlike the eye, which chiefly informs the mind, the ear stirs the emotions. We can see a fish writhing in its death agony without pity, but no one can so listen to an animal's shrieks of pain. This is as it should be; for however wrong the head, the heart should keep right. The ear also is intensely personal. It makes no mistakes about whose voice we hear. Once on the deck of a Glasgow steamer I parted from a student friend, and we did not meet again for thirty-three years. I could never have known him then by sight—for time sadly spoils eye memories—but his voice told me who he was the moment he spoke. All such facts reveal why through the ear the profoundest depths of being are revealed; for some persons, indeed, music, instead of being only sounds proceeding from tongue, lips, or instruments, is the speech itself of the inmost soul. Beethoven composed some of his finest symphonies after he had become stone deaf.

Nor has that great being who is behind each sense organ failed to remedy the deficiencies of the ear more wondrously than those of the eye. I was once told that a gentleman wished to speak to me by long-distance telephone, and on my asking what he wanted his voice trembled as he said that his child had pneumonia. He and his own physician, who was with him, then spoke alternately; and though they were hundreds of miles away, I could distinguish their different voices as readily as if we were actually together. It was by means of an electrified wire that the ear heard personal voice and tone transmitted a thousand times farther and faster than waves of air could vibrate. But what is that marvel compared with wireless telephony? Here is man bidding that mysterious ether which pervades the entire universe to become a human voice speaking to a human ear!

But far and away the queen of our senses, and higher in rank than eye or ear, is our sense of touch, because it is the only one of our senses which endows us with entirely new capacities. Yet this is so only in the human being, because it is he alone whom it can raise to the rank of a true creator, or one who gives origin to things which would not exist but for his intelligent purpose and design. With these new capacities we can do what we please with anything physical on this physical earth. Thus, a large audience may be spellbound by a famous violinist who seems to make his instrument sweetly talk. It all looks so easy. He has no more fingers than I have; but if I should take that instrument in hand, it would utter nothing but lamentable squeaks.

Civilization, however, is out with her greatest shows on this occasion. The women there are simply indescribable for what they display in dress and ornament; and yet not an item of either would be procurable but for skilled handicraft. So the great hall itself and everything in it, whether for use or for embellishment, has been made by skilled handicraft. But what is skilled handicraft? It is that which produces work according to a special training in each case of the sense of touch. The eye cannot make a microscope nor the ear a trumpet. Practically, it is the insensate hand made intelligent and guided by a human personality which suffices for everything. With a human personality the sense of touch can take the place of the seeing of the eye and of the hearing of the ear, when these can no longer serve. Helen Keller lost in infancy every seeing and hearing brain cell, but by the sense of touch she has become a highly educated woman, versed in the literature of ancient and modern languages, and an accomplished authoress as well.

TOUCH, THE MAGICIAN

Yet the sense of touch itself does not count, since a number of animals have a more sensitive touch than we have. But this delicate feeling in them falls so far short of reaching a human consciousness that, were all animals to unite in the attempt, they would still fail to make one ordinary pin. Without the human mind no handicraft.

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It is this bodily sense actuating the hand which most reveals what man is and what he can do, for, as the ancients said, feeling reaches the heart of being. In comparison, matter now sinks to insignificance. Like all other senses, touch ascends to the brain by its afferent nerves and reaches there that Great Reality which, by its efferent nerves, tells the human hand to turn and deal with the properties and the forces of matter as it wills. Thus, one can now take passage from the New York Central station and in twenty minutes pass through seven miles of subway which run under the streets of two cities and under a river on which great steamers ply. Matter enough had to be handled ere the way was finished, but the designer decreed beforehand how every shovelful was to be removed. Also, the marvelous bridge which spans the river overhead existed down to its last wire and bolt in the mind of the great engineer who planned it, before any part of it existed on earth. But we need not go on, for the whole earth is filled with the glory of man by his handiwork.

But, as science rates other animals according both to their bodily structure and their degree of intelligence, so she should scientifically account for the whole of man, for his mind no less than for his body. She might as well limit her observations to his skin as to neglect explaining how, on her principles, his mind naturally fits into her scheme of the development of life on earth. The fact that he has an exceptional mind does not absolve Science from a scientific explanation of that fact.

THE GREAT GAP

In the rest of her ascending series of animals, Science has no trouble with any member, not excepting the chimpanzee. In him she finds that mind or intelligence corresponds to brain, and *vice versa*. But between him and the next primate, man, an immeasurable gap occurs, not between their bodies nor their brains—for in both these respects the two are similar—but between their minds there is a gap for which there is no measure.

Years ago I was once officially engaged in counting the assets of a great bank, in the course of which I held in my hand a piece of printed paper with which, if I myself owned it, I could buy the cattle on a thousand hills. But had it been offered to any chimpanzee that has ever lived, to choose between that piece of paper and a cocoanut, the cocoanut beyond a doubt would have been reached for every time, owing to the fact that the nut and the paper belong to two distinct and separate worlds of things, infinitely apart.

So far, we have been following man as he has been content to keep company with his physical senses, and, when they grew weak, to supply them with divers inventions of his own to help them keep up with him. But now he proposes to leave them all behind! His reason for this is that they have been only like a convenient cab which carries him to the railroad station. They cannot also be to him like the express train which is to transport him to some far-off destination in the great continent of knowledge. In time he will part with the imagination, also, because it is too weak a faculty, since it can make its pictures only out of materials which the bodily senses furnish.

THE FACT OF FACTS—MIND

A surer and more powerful agency than either the senses or the imagination is henceforth to carry him on, namely, his understanding, that oldest and best name for the human reason. The scientist walks by reason and not by sight. If he be a chemist he busies himself only with molecules, atoms, and ions—each one of these things being much larger than the next-mentioned. I heard a professor of organic chemistry enthusiastically remark that he had met with such a huge molecule among the sugars that if he only could multiply it twenty-five times, he could then see it with a microscope! But no one has yet seen, or detected by any bodily sense whatever, a single molecule, still less an atom, and far less an ion, which is a hundred thousand times smaller than the atom.

In the realm of pure physics all these things are also talked about, until we finally hear about little else than the ether, that wonderful something which not even the most vivid imagination can connect with a bodily sense. Then, when further progress in this direction slackens, the motor of mathematics is attached. Helmholtz regretted that Faraday, not being a mathematician like Clerk Maxwell, may have failed on that account to achieve still greater triumphs in physics than those which have under his name become immortal. But where do we find ourselves

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now? Science can give only the same answer with philosophy—we are in the realm of pure mind. Back of anything physical and greater than anything physical, is the fact of facts, mind! And is not mind to be found elsewhere in the universe than on this little earth?

This last question suggests another, which is not easy to answer: and that is, why men naturally disbelieve in the existence of anything if it be not testified to directly by their bodily senses. Despite all evidences of the imperfections, if not of the untrustworthiness, of these senses, most people will promptly reject whatever is not certified to by them, as if they constituted the sole foundations of belief. Reason may then protest, but she protests in vain.

All this is well illustrated by the history of one great word, which, like many similar words, we owe to that remarkable race which once appeared, like a human sport, as biologists would say, in the small country of Greece. Such sports in Nature arise no one knows why or how, and certainly it is not easy to account for the wonderful variety of intellectual gifts which the ancient Greeks possessed. Our English language testifies to the lusty vigor of our ancestors, for when we would speak or write strongly we use plain, short Anglo-Saxon words. But so soon as we wish to think clearly or scientifically, we have to ask the old Greeks, as the Romans did wholesale before us, to lend us their words: philosophy, theology, metaphysics, logic, theory, hypothesis, analysis, synthesis, music, and harmony, or physics, mathematics, arithmetic, circle, diameter, periphery, parallel, astronomy, geometry, geography, biology, physiology, and all other ologies, anatomy, botany, chemistry, molecule, atom, ion, etc., etc. In fact, our philosophy and our science would both come to a standstill if they had to speak only in English.

SKEPTIC—A LOST WORD

Now, one splendid old Greek word, for whose irreparable loss the later Greeks were themselves to blame, was the word "skepticism." The original Greek noun, a skeptic, meant a thoughtful, reflecting man, an inquirer after facts or reasons, from the verb meaning to look carefully around and consider. Socrates claimed to be a skeptic, because he held his judgment in suspense until he could decide according to reasons. But in the course of barely three centuries this fine stock of men died out and was succeeded by what our Western cattle growers would call a breed of runts. Instead of the like of Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, there arose a set called Pyrrhonists, who made skepticism synonymous with its wretched counterfeit, incredulity; and it has retained this ignoble meaning ever since, leaving the word in its original sense as dead and gone as the brainy race of men who first made it. It was reserved for a man of another people, when writing to Greeks, thus to define the duty of a true skeptic: Prove all things—and then—hold fast to that which is good.

THE GNAT AND THE CAMEL

Now the contrasts between true skepticism and incredulity are these: Skepticism is deliberate, distrustful of appearances, grave, and candid. Incredulity needs no thought, but is peremptory and scornful, and, not being reasonable, it cannot be reasoned with. The one is a high, strong mental virtue, because it acknowledges no authority but that of reason. The other is a sign of mental debility, since the supposed verdict of the bodily senses is its all-sufficient authority. Because intrinsically they are of the same nature, both credulity and incredulity may be found in the same persons. There are those who contemptuously brush aside the greatest achievements of medical science as they would a gnat, and then readily swallow a whole line of camels laden with the cures of so-called Christian Science.

Incredulity was illustrated by a king of Siam who angrily ordered a traveler out of his presence because he said that in his country the water became so hard in winter that elephants could walk on it. So, when I stated to some Arabs that the earth revolved on its axis, they sneered as they pointed to the sea and asked if it would not all be spilled when the earth turned over. Once while talking to a roomful of the naturally bright people of a town in Mt. Hermon about the achievements of Western civilization, I happened to tell a toothless old man present that in our country we had skilled persons who could make for him an entire new set of teeth. Glancing around the room, I noticed some listeners stroking their beards in a fashion that I knew meant they thought I was telling a preposterous yarn. Fortunately I had with me an elderly Scotch friend who had a set of false upper teeth, and when I explained the

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situation to him, he forthwith opened his mouth and pulled the whole set out. The Arabs jumped to their feet in fright, not sure but he might start to unscrew his head next, for had any of their venerated ancestors ever seen such an uncanny performance with teeth? They afterward solemnly said that never would they have believed this if they had not seen it.

There is the essence of incredulity the world over, for a common English saying is "Seeing is believing"; in other words, we are to believe implicitly in the reports of that sense which is more uniformly mistaken than any other!

HOW WE FORM OUR OPINIONS

But the despotism of incredulity is most strikingly shown by the attitude of multitudes on the subject of the existence of mind. If only they could *see* mind, then they would be sure of its real existence. Every other evidence of mind, from an imposing cathedral to the equipments of a great university, leaves them still in doubt as to what mind is, including what their own minds are. May it not be simply an attribute of matter which we can see and touch, such, for example, as brain matter?

But modern medical science has deprived them of even this last visible and tangible mental stuff, as it proves that the brain no more itself thinks than the hand does, but, like the hand, is nothing else than the instrument of the invisible thinker. But as this subject is discussed at length in the writer's book, "Brain and Personality," it need not, therefore, be further detailed here.

In conclusion, we may say that it is quite natural for many persons to be perplexed at the conflicting deductions of scientific men on the subject of the origin and nature of physical life. Some scientific authorities strongly, if not contemptuously, maintain that life is a purely chemico-physical phenomenon, which some day will be so demonstrated. The conception that it is not so, but is a thing *sui generis* they regard as a lingering superstitious myth. Others as firmly believe that nothing physico-chemical can possibly account for life, and that there is no real evidence for such a supposition.

Now let no one imagine that this divergence of opinion can be removed by evidence, because men are not constituted that way. Not by science are men born again, for, however scientific they may be, they remain the same as the rest of us in that their opinions are settled for them, not by evidence, but by *preference*, wherever preference has anything to do with the question.

Some may regard this statement as a humiliating arraignment of human reason, but whether humiliating or not, it is true. Opinions the world over have little connection with evidence; many of them instead have geographical boundaries. This of itself is enough to prove our point, for reason as such has no more connection with geography than with meteorology. Opinions, on the other hand, come usually from the interest engendered by circumstances, such as birthplace, inheritance, historical influences, party, or sect. One would not expect that a native of New England and a native of China would have many beliefs in common. And so the great conflicts of history have not been decided by reasoning. One such conflict lately occurred in America, in which two branches of the same race, the one as well equipped with reasoning power as the other, entertained such opposite opinions, according to the side of Mason and Dixon's geographical line, on which they happened to be born, that finally their dispute was settled not by arguments but only by powder and ball.

EVOLUTION'S VIEW OF US

Now, it happens that on no subject in the world will opinions be found to be so largely determined ultimately by preference as on this subject of the nature of physical life. Here likes and dislikes, and not evidence, influence everything both in investigation and in discussion. The overpowering sway here of motive will be made plain by the following considerations:

As we have seen, the problem of the origin of physical life finally ends with the question, What are we ourselves? If only it ended before we became involved in it, there would be as little dispute as there is on questions about botany. But as it is, a now familiar answer to this question is this, namely—that we virtually are *things* which have come into existence by evolution. What this means was explained by Huxley, and in short it is as follows: The doctrine of evolution assumes that in the primal nebula from which this planet was evolved, everything potentially existed which in time would visibly belong to it. As by its own original properties it

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would ultimately give origin to seas and continents, so by them alone it would give origin to life, whose various forms would be evolved by the interaction of its own physical laws and forces. As evolution knows of no break or intervention, therefore we ourselves are its products also. Poets, philosophers, scientists, and all other human beings are samples of *things* which have thus come to be.

WHAT MAKES US PERSONS

When the Darwinian theory was first promulgated, great was the enthusiasm of its advocates because it seemed to give an account of the process of evolution fully in keeping with the fundamental postulates of the doctrine itself. The astronomer, Sir Robert Ball, was enraptured with it on that account. We may remark, however, in passing, that the public has had recent illustrations of the fact that astronomers as such are the last persons who can speak intelligently about life, because they deal with nothing living, but only with very distant physical bodies, most of which are furiously burning. To speak at all about physical life, they first should walk on this earth like other people. But all such schools of thought, whether of astronomers, physicists, or biologists, have this bond of union between them, namely, the doctrine that we ourselves are things which have come into existence in essentially the same way as other things do.

No contradiction could be greater than that between this doctrine and the greatest truth which underlies this human world, as it can be expressed in these few words:

Things are not responsible, but persons are. Every person, however insignificant he seems to be, entails responsibility in one way or another. Thousands of poor immigrants are daily landed on our shores, every one of whom then looks insignificant enough. And so they are quite forgotten until we find that they have become voters and count just the same as ourselves, so that we pay heavily in taxes and misgovernment for our neglect of their education and the failure to give them due consideration. No person could have appeared more insignificant than the negro, Dred Scott, when he came before the Supreme Court of the United States. But when that court ruled that he should be rated only as a thing or salable commodity, and not as a person, the most stable government in the world, whose money market felt no jar when either of three of its beloved presidents was murdered—that same government was shaken to its very foundations. History knows that the Dred Scott decision had more immediate effect in bringing on the terrible civil war which followed it than did any other one event.

But men instinctively feel that responsibility always circumscribes, if it does not rob them of, their personal independence. Every one wishes to be responsible to himself alone. It is only for the sake of his own convenience that he acknowledges the external authority of earthly governments or police, or will consider the opinion of his fellows. But *within* he will be free and think as he likes and so act when possible. All this is befitting, for if a man is to be called to give a final account, that account should be of himself alone and of no one else. But most men prefer above all else the assurance that no such account is to be given. That assurance would be strong if it only could be demonstrated that men are nothing but things, or even machines which go as they are made to go. To make the relief complete, however, it should be demonstrated that there is nothing in the universe *but things.*

ARE *YOU* A THING?

There is no use, therefore, to continue this discussion, because it will be of no avail when preference is so supremely dominant. But that does not prevent us from stating our own preference, though from want of space we can refer to but a few out of many reasons for that preference. In the first place, it looks to us incongruous to behold the advocate of this "thing" doctrine clad in the ermine of Science and, as Lord Chancellor, taking the seat of judgment. For he will lose both title and place with his first test case, which is that of one who thinks of a person as a thing of molecules, atoms, and ions only so long as what he is thinking about is the *other fellow;* but so soon as the same question is turned inward and put to his own self, the conscious personality within answers with an emphatic "No!" Let any one really try this on himself and he will see that he himself is thinking, and not molecules, and that the consciousness of his own personal existence is his certainty of certainties, which remains unshaken through all the din of warring theorists outside.

Equally, as to his own being, he recognizes

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that if he is to exist on this earth at all, he should have a physical body to correspond. It is difficult to imagine how it could be otherwise. If he must eat, he should have a stomach like other eaters; and likewise all his bodily organs should be in keeping with those of the earthly animals of his class. And so we find it, particularly in the case of that bodily organ, the brain, for man's brain and the chimpanzee's are so much alike that it takes a trained anatomist to tell the difference. But the same conscious personality within then says, "I know that I am a real animal, but I also know that I am infinitely more than an animal, and there is the end of it."

Turning next to the subject of evolution to find what it really means, we perceive at once that, instead of being an efficient cause, from the very nature of the case it is no cause at all. The running of a stream downhill is not the cause of its running, for that is the earth's attraction of gravitation. And just so the long stream of the evolution of physical life is not caused by evolution. Science, therefore, is quite right in seeking for the cause of evolution, and despite frequent failures hitherto she should keep on in this quest, for the longer she does so the less we shall hear of physical life being *caused* by evolution.

MAN'S BELIEF IN THE INVISIBLE

But in the course of this investigation, Science will encounter a fact which is as much a fact as any other. And that is, that the human race, apparently because it is human—for no other species shows a trace of it—has always had a firm belief in the existence of a world unseen by human eye. This we meet not here and there, but everywhere. Incredulity is powerless against this belief. The lowest savage holds it so strongly that he believes the most inanimate of objects has a living spirit behind it. But we have already mentioned a truth about sight which may indicate that this fancy of the savage has a physiological basis. The eye by its imperfections as an instrument has too often deceived him for him to believe that it sees all. We know that he is right in that, however mistaken he be as to the objects which it does not see, because the eye in us falls so far short of our faculty of sight itself that we have to make up its deficiencies in all directions. And so with the other senses. In man there is no correspondence between faculty and instrument.

Something more, and again more, is the persistent demand of the personality within when comparing the boundless range of faculty with the vexatious littleness of range in the bodily senses. Nothing of the kind is found in other animals, for they are as content with their sense organs as the ass is with an ass's diet. They never think of going beyond their bodily senses. But in man such an equipment of faculties, with such poor provision for their exercise, is like finding on a canal boat engines which originally must have been meant for a steamer which should traverse the widest oceans.

THE FUTURE RULE OF REASON

What wonder, then, that this truth, coupled with the consideration of the little speck of time allowed on this earth for the use of any faculty, should always have suggested another life than this to men? In that wider life who knows but that Reason's present subordinate relations to Will, so that she cannot act except as Will allows, will be reversed and Will act only as Reason prompts? But even now, instead of asking the weak, earthborn imagination, let us ask Reason herself to tell us what the change inevitably would be if we entered another world with our faculties still the same that we have here, but with no limitations in their use. With sight, the farthest constellations would be seen, as no earthly eye is made to see them, just as they are in all their glory. Likewise the lineaments of every face could be discerned, though in an assembly of the whole human race, for distance would make no difference there as it does here. Again, the ear could then hear, as no earthly ear can hear, the personal voice of every one there, whether in speech or song. And above all, the heart could then feel and move to purpose and design as it never did before.

These words have a familiar sound to us, because Paul used them on this same subject; but they will be lost upon him whose reasoning powers are paralyzed by imbecile Incredulity and perverse Inclination.

We count ourselves fortunate in having been privileged to publish the above from the concluding chapter in Dr. Thomson's new book, "What is Physical Life?" shortly to be issued as a companion-work to the author's notable volume, "Brain and Personality."—*The Editors.*

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THE NEED OF CHANGE

By JULIAN STREET

Illustrations by Horace Taylor

IT was in a little pink inn, sticking tenaciously to a Tyrolese mountainside, that we first met the Denbeighs. They sat facing us at table—an extremely British couple in everything save a disposition to be friendly. On our second day they met us with a pleasant "Good morning," and that evening, as Janet and I were sipping coffee on the terrace, Mr. Denbeigh offered me his cigar case, saying with rapid crisp inflection a word that sounded like "Smilk?"

I accepted a cigar, and Janet asked Mrs. Denbeigh to show her her crocheting. So we became acquainted.

They were a tall raw-boned couple, suggesting—as human beings often do suggest other animals—upstanding Irish hunters. Their clothing was invariably black; Mrs. Denbeigh wearing a short serge skirt that hinted at home amputation, and her husband the reversed collar and notched coat that proclaim the clergyman. Temperature and altitude made no difference. Even on our mountain jaunts their costume was the same. If, in its natural urban environment, the uniform ecclesiastical whispers a scanty purse, among the mountain tops it fairly bellows one. That the Denbeighs were in very modest circumstances we considered evident, and we liked them the more for the lightness with which they accepted their condition.

But, much as we enjoyed the Tyrol and our new-found friends, Janet and I could not forget that we had never been abroad before and might never come again. Europe is a long way from Auburn City, Ohio. We had only one month left, and a month is none too much time in which to see Venice, Florence, Switzerland, and France—unless one is a tourist. When the day of parting came, our regret was mitigated by a cordial invitation from the Denbeighs to visit them at their home in Eastherst, an hour's journey out of London. As we were to sail from England, we accepted eagerly. Not only did we wish to see our friends again, but we felt that a visit to a simple little English household would prove interesting.

On reaching London we wrote to them, announcing our arrival, and early the next morning received a telegraphic invitation to "come to them" for the "week end."

Saturday afternoon found us on the train bound for Eastherst. A guidebook which we had purchased at the station helped us to enjoy the brief journey by reading of the places that we passed. The name of the book is "Picturesque Kent," and its author is the Rev. Adelbert G. deP. Crocks, M.A., F.R.H.S., Rector of Biddlington-on-Blye. We had barely reached Mr. Crocks's description of the charms of Eastherst, when the train stopped there, and we alighted. Carrying our two bags, and followed by Janet with a hatbox, I moved toward the station, wondering if I should find a hack. The only soul in sight was a little footman, very trim in maroon livery and cockaded hat, who came running toward us.

"Mr. and Mrs. Wooley, sir?" he asked, touching his hat with the air of a fiction footman.

I admitted it.

"Thank you, sir. This way, if you please, sir." He seized our three pieces of baggage and waddled off rapidly.

Following up the station steps, we came upon a 'bus and a snappy pair of sixteen-hand grays. The coachman touched his hat so nicely that, before I thought what I was doing, I touched mine. I could have kicked myself! Having put us in, slammed the door, and set our bags upon the top, the footman leaped to his seat as we clattered smartly off up the road.

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"This *can't* be the Denbeighs' carriage?" speculated Janet.

"Of course not. It undoubtedly belongs to one of Denbeigh's rich parishioners," I suggested. "They're sometimes very good to clergymen in England."

We were whirling along a sweet lane. To the right were rows of thatched cottages, to the left was a high stone wall, above which rose a row of fine old elms. After some distance we turned through a gateway in the wall, passed a stone lodge, the keeper of which saluted, and proceeded along a winding drive bordered with splendid trees. To one side lay a broad reach of turf. In the foreground a flock of sheep grazed; in the distance men were playing cricket.

"It's a park," I said. "Let's look it up in the book."

Janet ran over the pages. "Oh, yes; Eastherst Park . . . Eastherst Hall:

"There is an air of feudal magnificence and solitary grandeur about the castle which neither the ravages of time nor the spoiling hand of man has been able to destroy. Its walls, richly tinted by the tender hand of nature, thrown into relief by magnificent ivy, its beautiful Elizabethan gardens, its imposing façade, its——"

"The Denbeighs probably thought we'd enjoy driving through the place on our way," I interrupted.

"Yes," Janet agreed. "I wonder if we'll see the castle?"

"Does anybody live in it?" I asked, craning my neck in search of walls richly tinted by the tender hand of nature, but seeing only trees—for we had left the lawn behind, crossed a stone bridge, and were now winding through thick woods. During this progress Janet had hardly looked up; she was reading busily.

"There it is!" I exclaimed as we emerged suddenly, from the trees.

Without so much as a glance at the splendid building, she leaned toward me, marking a place with her finger.

"Look!"

"But *you* look!" I exclaimed. "The dickens with the *book!* There's the *castle!*"

"Yes!" cried Janet, still pointing to the print, "and *there's* the name of the *people!*"

Her voice startled me. I looked——

". . . seat of the eighth and last Earl of Vibart (d. 1884) . . . occupied by his widow until death without issue (1899) . . . title became extinct . . . estates reverted to Lady Vibart's niece, Miss Probyn, . . . married (1901) . . ."

"Go on!" cried Janet, who was watching me eagerly.

". . . married (1901) the Reverend John Arthur Frederick Denbeigh, second son of the Right Honorable Sir Richard Denbeigh, G.C.M.G., M.P., of Denbeigh Court, Stoke-Wetherington, Haversham, Herts."

I had a quick impulse to leap from the carriage and make a run for it—never mind my baggage. But there was Janet—I couldn't leave her to face it out alone.

"Joseph!"

"What?"

"*Did you bring evening clothes?*" Her voice was electric.

"Yes! Did you bring——?"

"My-light-blue-Empire-and-"

The carriage was stopping before the "imposing façade." The footman had already leaped to earth and was in the act of opening the door. I had the sensation of a rat about to be shaken from a wire trap.

The Reverend Mr. Crocks gives nine paragraphs to the principal entrance to Eastherst Hall, "a great, Gothic arch, crowned by the Vibart wolf dog carved in stone. . . ." I shall not quote him further. Read his book. You will find that a stone bridge—replacing the drawbridge of earlier times—crosses the old moat, now a sunken garden. Great doors have, likewise, superseded the portcullis. One of these doors swung open as we alighted from the carriage, and two retainers made a rush at us. One took our bags, the other bowed us through the portal. I hoped he did not notice that my legs were shaking. Janet said *she* did.

The hall inside was cool and half dark. I got a vague impression of great space; of huge portraits, massive furnishings. Then, just as a fat butler came to meet us, I tripped upon a rug, lost my footing, and fell into his paunch. The impact knocked his wind out. He gasped, coughed, and presently recovered.

"The Rector and Mrs. Denbeigh's compliments, please, and tea will be served in the blue drawing room at five o'clock, sir." Then, turning to a footman: "Tate, you will show Mr. and Mrs. Wooley to their apartments." The proclamation was delivered with a fine solemnity, despite the jar I had contributed. Had we not been in an English country house I should have apologized to the butler, but something told me that no well-bred Englishman would do so. With-

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out a word, we followed Tate. At the head of the stair two maids awaited us. They escorted us along the corridor and to our rooms.

First we came to Janet's sleeping chamber. It was blue and white throughout—blue satin paneled walls, white furniture and woodwork. In size it was enormous; a tennis court could have been laid out in one corner. Passing through our two dressing rooms —cosy chambers, each covering about an acre —we reached my bedroom. If Janet's was large, what, oh what, was mine! Its area was that of a parade ground. A dark green tapestry hung from the ceiling, to the top of a high wainscot of French walnut. The furniture was of the same wood, heavily carved. The bed was an elaborate four-poster, massive and uninviting.

JOSEPH! *DID YOU BRING EVENING CLOTHES?*

While the servants remained, Janet and I attempted to wear an air of being barely satisfied with our accommodations. When they departed Janet locked the door. Crossing the room, she stood for a moment gazing into my eyes, her hands at her sides, her face a study in expressions compared with which the Mona Lisa would have looked a primer. Then suddenly we fell into each other's arms and indulged in mild hysterics.

"A castle!" cried Janet. "A castle! Oh, these bedrooms! Mine was made for a French marquise with millions and millions of lovers, and yours is a room for a king to die in, surrounded by weeping courtiers and a regiment or two of cavalry!" She pointed at my bed. "You'll never be able to sleep —never! It looks like a safe-deposit vault!

"Think of walking right into a castle without having your cane and parasol seized and checked by a uniformed attendant!" She went on. "Think of wandering about floors without the narrow strips of canvas on them!"

"For my part," I said, "I rather prefer strips of canvas on the floors—they save one from tripping." I was quite serious, but Janet laughed at this until the tears ran down her cheeks..

"We had better be unpacking," I suggested, opening my bag.

"Yes," said Janet, moving toward her room, "and I feel like unwinding a thread as I go, so that I can find my way back again."

My bag was almost empty when there was a rapping at the hall door. Outside was a manservant, with a long, equine face, solemn as the grave, and short cropped hair, sprinkled with gray. He stood as though expecting to come in. "I am to valet you, sir." He pronounced it val'-et, not val-ay'.

"Do you wish to—ah —do it now?"

"May I unpack you, sir?"

Ah! So he wished to unpack me. I was unpacked already, but I knew, at once, it wouldn't do to let him find me out.

"You might come back in a few minutes," I said, glibly.

"Thank you, sir. Very good, sir." He closed the door. I locked it. There was something austere about him that I didn't like. I was glad he hadn't caught me napping.

I repacked hurriedly, and had just locked my bag when he knocked again. This time I let him enter.

Remembering the fragment of some story in which the hero "tossed his keys lightly to the valet," I wished to toss this valet mine, but something in his solemn face forbade it. I compromised by handing him the keys with a careless gesture. But it was too careless. The keys fell to the floor. We both stooped to pick them up and bumped our heads together.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said. But I knew *he* knew I should have left the picking up to him. It was stupid of me. I felt angry; angry with myself, angry with the valet, angry with the Denbeighs for letting us be-

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lieve them simple people like ourselves. What right had they to dress the way they did? It was deceitful in them. And Denbeigh a minister!

While the valet attacked my bag, I strolled about the room whistling and acting as though I did not notice him. But I watched him from the corners of my eyes, for I was anxious to profit by the chance to see a valet in the act of valeting.

He took out my dress suit, smoothed it, put it on a hanger, and took it to the closet. As he opened the door, a sudden horror gripped me. There, hanging limp upon a hook, was my own bath robe! He took it down. Despite my consternation, my brain worked rapidly. If I said it was not mine, he would take it. If I said it was, he would see that I had soiled my lily hands with the menial labor of unpacking and—worse yet—packing up again. I decided on the former course.

"There's a bath gown here, sir."

I looked at it and shook my head indifferently. "Some one must have left it."

"I failed to find your bath gown in your bag, sir," he remarked.

"H-m!" I said. "That's odd—very odd!"

He examined the robe.

"This is not Lord Wolfendale's bath gown, sir," he declared. "That I know. His lordship occupied these quarters last week, sir. I recall that his lordship's bath gown was brocaded."

"He probably had two," I suggested, looking out of the window.

"This bath gown has the name of an American maker in it, sir," he continued with polite tenacity. "There has been no other American gentleman in Eastherst Hall since I've been here, sir." It may have been my conscience, but I distinctly fancied that his tone implied: "The old place is going to the dogs."

"Let's see it." I gave up.

He handed me the robe. I turned it over, thoughtfully.

"Well, by Jove!" I exclaimed. "It *is* mine, after all. It's an old one I'd forgotten. Well, well! How in the world do you suppose it got there?"

Though this was intended merely as an ejaculation, the valet chose to take it as a question.

"Really, sir, I can't say, sir." His tone seemed to add: "I think I could tell if I wished to!"

In a last effort to pass the matter off, I mumbled something—I don't know just what—about "Mrs. Wooley" and "neuralgia." I meant to end the matter, then and there, by leaving everything in vagueness. The valet, however, had a disconcerting way of attaching undue importance to every word I uttered, by standing at attention when I spoke. This made my final hesitating soliloquy sound positively idiotic. After waiting to make sure that my maunderings had ceased, he said: "Yes, sir. Thank you, sir," and, picking up my shoes, moved toward the door.

"What time shall I return, sir?"

I wondered what he meant. He talked of coming before he'd even gone.

"What time should *you* say?" I ventured, as a feeler.

"Four, sir?"

"Yes, four—yes, that's a good idea; four. Of course. Four will do very nicely."

"Very good, sir. Thank you, sir. Four."

"Four; yes."

He went out and closed the four—the door, I mean. I locked it. One soon acquires the habit of locking doors on valets. I was extremely nervous. By way of working off my agitation I danced a little, singing in a low voice:

"The door at four;
At four, the door."

In the midst of this performance Janet entered. She was alarmed at first, but I explained. She had been maided—so to speak—while I was being valeted, but had not found the service trying. Women never do. They take to ladies' maids more readily than men do—I mean more readily than men take to *valets*. No able-bodied, self-respecting man can get used to a valet in a single generation. There must be a hereditary taint. But despite the inconvenience, it is the duty of the self-made millionaire to have a valet, consoling himself, meantime, with the thought that by doing so he is building up a family—leaving his sons and grandsons not alone mere money but the nucleus of that taste for laziness and luxury which is recognized as the hall-mark of caste. The son will like a valet; the grandson will positively need one. His nurse will give him over to his governess, his governess to his tutor, his tutor to his valet, who will remain in charge until succeeded by a keeper. You see I'm bitter on the subject. *Why* was my

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valet coming back at four? And was it four P.M. or four A.M.? I asked Janet.

"You mean what four and what for?" she asked.

"Yes, dear. I'll be awfully obliged for any help you can give me."

"He's coming back at four this afternoon to dress you for tea," replied my oracle. Having been to an expensive finishing school in the East, Janet understands these things.

"How will he do it? Where do I stop and where does he begin? Am I to lie upon the bed and let him tuck me into my things, or can I help a little by raising an arm or a leg?"

"I don't know, exactly," she replied. "We didn't learn about valets at Miss Spink's. Think of stories and plays. Didn't the valet in 'The Earl of Pawtucket' tie his master's necktie, and turn up his trousers, and——?"

"But I don't want my trousers turned up! If he tries to turn them up, I'll kick him!"

"Well, I have to dress," she said, indifferently, and left me to my fate.

Feeling that it would be awkward to have the valet wash me, I repaired at once to the dressing room, and went through my ablutions. For that, at least, he'd be too late. I was clean, dry, and partially arrayed when, at four o'clock, precisely, I heard his knock.

Donning the disputed bath robe, I let him in. He bore my shoes and a tall pitcher of hot water. I had understood that the English never use hot water; perhaps he had understood that Americans never use cold.

"I brought your hot water, sir," he said.

"Thanks, I don't use it," I lied, wishing to show him that, although an alien, I was not unlike the British.

"Thank you, sir. Very good, sir," he returned, seizing the shirt which I had cast aside. After removing the buttons, he placed them in a fresh garment, extracted from the pitifully small supply my bureau drawer contained. Meantime I strolled about, humming and scrutinizing him cautiously. He brushed the suit I had been wearing, and laid it, ready, on a chair. This told me that I was not to wear my frock coat down to tea.

"Will you dress, sir?" he asked, taking up the shirt and coming at me.

I didn't move, merely replying: "Oh, yes."

He advanced and, stepping back of me, took hold of the collar of the bath robe. I stood limp and let him slip the garment off. He then raised the shirt and passed it over my head. At this point I helped him by lifting my arms and fumbling for the sleeves. The shirt on, we buttoned it together. I had not meant to help him with the buttons, but, having raised my own arms, I fell into the swing of habit. Our hands bumped and interfered most awkwardly.

JUST AS A FAT BUTLER CAME TO MEET US, I TRIPPED UPON A RUG.

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"Too many cooks spoil the broth," I said, wishing to pass the matter off in jest.

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir." He thanked me for everything—and nothing. It was maddening.

Selecting a fresh collar, he attached it to the button at the back, and again we struggled jointly at fastening the front. Having begun, I did not like to drop my hands as though acknowledging my error.

Now came the crucial test. Going to the chair, he took up my trousers and came toward me. As he approached, I eyed him as one might eye a hungry tiger. Was I to sit down and be pushed into the pantaloons? Was I to jump and alight in them as he held them open to receive me?

He handed me the garments by the top and, stooping, held the legs just off the floor. Ah! That was it! I slipped in handily; as my feet came through, he dropped the ends. This accomplished, he passed the suspenders over my shoulders and made them fast. I was congratulating myself on this success when: "Which scarf, sir?" he inquired.

I selected one. He passed it through the loop upon my shirt. I waited, but he did not make a move to tie it. The valet in "The Earl of Pawtucket" tied his master's scarf—that shows how much faith may be put in plays and stories; they aren't like real life at all! Going to the mirror, I made the knot. Meanwhile the man stood by in frozen silence, holding my waistcoat ready. This gave me a disagreeable sense of being hurried; I tied the scarf abominably. Though I wished to do it over, I could not bring myself to keep him waiting longer. Limply I let him put me into my coat and waistcoat.

I was now dressed, so far as I could see. Why was he going to the closet? He reappeared with my dress suit across his arm.

"I don't find your pumps, sir. I wish to polish them for this evening, sir."

I don't wear pumps except to dance in, but I couldn't say so. Trying to look surprised, I exclaimed: "Not there?"

"No, sir."

"Strange—very strange," I murmured in a thoughtful tone, wondering if Bluebeard's closet caused him as much trouble as mine made me. "I must have forgotten them. I guess I'll have to wear my patent leather shoes."

"I don't think there's a pair of patent shoes either, sir."

I had said "guess," he said "think"; I had said "patent," he said "paytent," and added "eyther" for good measure. While I was brooding over this, he returned to the closet ("clothespress") and presently emerged with the shoes I had referred to.

"Here's a pair of paytent *boots*, sir." He held them up.

"They're the ones I meant," I explained. "You call them boots in England, don't you? In America we call them shoes."

"But these are boots, sir." He held them up in proof. Something in his tone seemed to add: "Call them what you like in America, but what they really *are* is boots—*boots!*" Though he had spoken in his usual impassive voice, I had a strange sense of having been shouted down. The American eagle in me gave a cluck of protest.

"I understand perfectly," I said, "that over here you call them boots—it had merely slipped my memory. But in America we call the things that come way up here—to the knees, you know, or higher—boots." I felt my voice growing shrill and tremulous.

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. *Top* boots. But I don't think your top boots are here either, sir."

"No, no!" I cried hysterically. "I didn't bring top boots! I didn't mean that! I was only explaining that *we* just say plain *boots!*"

He was silent; for a moment I fancied that he had grasped my thought. Then: "Very good, sir. Thank you, sir. You'll dress at seven, sir?"

I gave up. "Yes, at seven," I repeated, as one consenting to a tryst.

"Thank you, sir," and he left the room carrying with him my dress suit, my *boots*, and the major portion of my self-respect.

"Boots are boots!" said Janet, later. "There's England in a nutshell."

Together Janet and I descended the broad hall stair, and were guided by a footman down a long corridor, at the end of which was situated the blue drawing room. It was with little pleasure that I now anticipated meeting our friends the Denbeighs. Having been obliged to readjust, entirely, my impression of their "class," I found myself questioning my first judgment of them generally. Had they really been warm and genial? I was not sure. I felt that I should appear strained before them. Janet would not, thank heaven! Janet is always at her ease. The one bright spot on my horizon was her graceful figure there beside me, in a

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cream lace gown. Janet is tall and lithe—a trifle taller (and more lithe, perhaps) than I am. I can't describe her better than by saying that she is the acknowledged belle of Auburn City, and looks like an illustration from a magazine. At least I had no fears for *her*, as we entered the blue drawing room.

My speculations on our host and hostess were ended when I saw them. It was as though they had not changed their clothes since we last met, but had, rather, worn them hard. Denbeigh was delightfully baggy, and Mrs. Denbeigh was a cordial, black-clad ironing board. They seemed to leave the trimness to the servants, I thought, as I watched a footman serving tea. During the light repast we revived memories of the funny people of the Tyrolese inn. Later we strolled about the gardens near the house. By the time we parted, to dress for dinner, I was beginning to feel quite at home in Eastherst Hall—castle though it was. But my happiness was short lived. The valet was already in my room. He had my dress shirt in his hands—and presently had me.

Why rehearse again the trials of being dressed? It is enough to say that they were many, and that when Janet knocked, to ask if I was ready to go down to dinner, I informed her that I was. This was true so far as mere clothing was concerned; for the rest, I was hot, nervous, embarrassed and helpless.

I was startled, on entering the drawing room, to find it filled with people. Near the door, Denbeigh was talking with a plump old lady in a white lace cap and a black silk evening gown, décolleté, which set off, rather startlingly, a mass of handsome jewels, a pair of short thick arms, and, in lieu of neck, a bust.

IF I SAID IT WAS NOT MINE, HE WOULD TAKE IT.

I was vaguely conscious of being led about the room in Janet's train (and once *upon* it) amid a silence unbroken save for the squeaking of my boots and a battery of names—large alarming names. The names bowed and smiled and said things, and I bowed and smiled, but didn't speak. Even the slight comfort of repeating the names was forbidden by the names themselves. "My cousin, General the Honorable Sir Penge Cricklewood"—it struck my senses like a sand bag. I should have liked to call him something, but didn't know which part of it to choose. One after another the names were hurled at me—Lady Swaffield, Lady Cricklewood (a pearl-draped Juno)—Lord Beaufoy (called "Bowfee," pear-shaped head, blond mustache, and high pink cheekbones)—Mr. and *the Honorable Mrs.* Gerald Poole-Saville (invidious distinction, somewhat counterbalanced by a monocle).

Almost at once, General the Honorable Sir Penge Cricklewood presented his arm to

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Janet, saying that he believed he was to have the honor of going out to dinner with her. At the same moment Denbeigh came over to me and said: "Will you take out Lady Cricklewood?"

Searching out the blonde Juno, I offered her my arm, saying, as I had heard her husband say to Janet: "I believe I am to have the honor," etc.

Momentarily she seemed doubtful; then took my arm without a word. It was not until we had fallen in line that I discovered the reason for her hesitation. I had presented her my left arm. It was a natural error—for I am ambidextrous—but none the less embarrassing. As the ranks began to move toward the dining room, a happy inspiration came. Giving a humorous little leap over the lady's trailing gown, I made the old railroad joke about "changing to the other side of the train." At first she did not see the point, but after I explained it she said she thought it amusing and original.

Dinner went fairly well. Lady Cricklewood told me some humorous Scotch stories, the points of which I did not catch, owing partially to the difficulties of the dialect, and partially to inattention, for I felt it necessary to listen to the general table talk in the hope of finding out the proper methods of addressing titles.

In this I was disappointed. They seemed to call the Honorable Mrs. Gerald Poole-Saville "Belle"; Lady Swaffield was "Aunt" to the Denbeighs, while General the Honorable Sir Penge Cricklewood was "Cricky." The four footmen who served said "Your Lordship" to Lord Beaufoy and "Your Ladyship" to Lady Cricklewood and Lady Swaffield, and in a story that was told it developed that Lady Swaffield was otherwise the Countess of Swaffield, and that her husband was the Earl of the same. This was all that I gleaned. It didn't help a bit.

After dinner we withdrew to the music room, where the Honorable Mrs. Gerald Poole-Saville and Lady Cricklewood sang songs in French and German, which everybody seemed to understand. I was glad of the chance to sit down quietly and merely applaud and smile at intervals; gladder still when the butler announced Lady Swaffield's motor at the door, on which the company broke up.

Janet had taken positive delight in it all. I wished to talk the situation over with her, but as her maid was waiting, I felt obliged to leave her at her bedroom door. I was rather shocked to find the maid up at so late an hour. The servants ought to be in bed. I hoped my valet was. The thought of being put to bed by him was horrible. I opened the door, and was overjoyed not to find him. As I removed my collar I heard a soft step in the hall; then, at my door, the familiar, dreaded: "Rap, rap, rap!"

I waited in silence, hoping he would go away.

After a moment he knocked again, this time a little louder. It was a compelling knock that could not be ignored.

"Who is it?"

"Herne, sir," came the familiar voice.

"You needn't trouble about me to-night," I said, unlocking the door and looking at him as kindly as I could. "I'm sorry you sat up. I can manage very nicely."

"Thank you, sir. Very good, sir. But I have some water for you, sir." He made as if to come in.

I placed my foot against the door. Once inside, he would not leave until he had undressed me, heard my prayers, and tucked me in.

"Just give me the water," I said, reaching through the narrow opening.

He placed the carafe in my hand reluctantly, I thought, and with a "Good night, sir," closed the door.

Donning the bath robe of my shame, I made the lengthy pilgrimage to Janet's room, intent on talking matters over, only to find her fast asleep. I returned to my kingly suite in gloom. After some silent moments devoted to moody contemplation of the appalling bed I was to occupy, I shut off the electric light and clambered in. It was comfortable—more so than my own reflections.

My dreams were not agreeable. I ran, climbed, jumped, pursued by countless body servants who wished to put me through an exaggerated toilet. Like the familiar figure in the moving pictures, I fled on through woods, across rivers, up hills and down, through great houses where I rushed from room to room, slamming the doors behind me. It was in my own vast chamber that they cornered me at last. I piled the furniture against the door. Outside they yelped and pounded. The door began to give—give. As I rushed for the closet, they burst in upon me. They seized me and—I awoke.

The shriek of terror which I uttered, as

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they caught me, was ringing in my ears. I did not open my eyes, but lay there, shivering and thankful. After all, it had been only a nightmare.

This comforting reflection was broken, suddenly, by a sound of stealthy footsteps in my room. A flash of the dream-horror shot through me. I opened my eyes.

By the dresser, motionless, his back turned toward me, stood the living figure of the tyrant of my dreams. If he had heard the cry I gave at the termination of the nightmare, he believed that I still slept. He was gazing at something, something soft, which he held aloft derisively in his two hands. I recognized the something instantly. It was my underwear—the nether part of a single suit which I had bought in Paris—pink, with red stripes running round and round. Alas! where it had once seemed merely giddy, in the valet's hands it achieved an appearance positively shocking—vulgar, ribald, indecent.

Putting the garment down, the man fumbled the contents of the open drawer before him. Then, with a cynical shake of the head, he drew forth a plain Balbriggan undershirt and, placing it beside the other garment, surveyed the ghastly combination.

The horrid truth now burst upon me. The whole pink suit would have been bad enough, but this was worse: I had brought only a half-portion of it! The uncanny mixture I had to wear! The man was gloating over it! He would stand by in grim, insulting silence and make me put it on!

Contemplation of this fresh catastrophe plunged me into panic more acute than I had suffered in my dreams. Closing my eyes in simulated sleep, I strove to rally the scattered forces of my intellect. Breath came heavily; I wished to gasp, but feared to draw my servitor's attention. Peeping through my lashes, I saw him bear the depraved garments to the dressing room and drape them gracefully across a chair. Emerging, he went toward the hall door. This roused a sudden hope. If he went out, I would spring up and turn the key. Why, oh why, had I failed in that precaution ere retiring? The door had been unlocked all night. No doubt he had come in from time to time, to listen, vampire-like, to the frightened babblings of my dreams.

DENBEIGH WAS DELIGHTFULLY BAGGY.

My back was toward the door, and though eager to see if he had left the room, I did not dare turn over. Listening intently, I heard a rumbling tinny sound; then my tormentor reentered my narrow range of vision, trundling a large tin bathtub. After placing it in the dressing room, he went again to the hall. Again I waited, praying that the door might close; again he reappeared, this time with two great metal pitchers. As the water splashed into the tub, a new vista of dismay was opened for me. Would he bathe me? Thoughts of resistance galloped through my mind. I would refuse, point-blank, to rise. I would defy him! But even as I planned, I knew I had not courage to oppose his orders; orders which the formal drapery of servile language seemed but to make the more imperative.

Emerging from the dressing room, he gazed at me for a long moment, during which I ceased to peep between my lashes. I do not think he penetrated my 'possum-like defense, for he now ceased to tread quietly and, walking to the door, knocked several times. My time was come! I turned over, rubbed my eyes, and looked at him.

"Good morning," I let fall in an apathetic voice. "What sort of a day is it?"

"Good morning, sir. Bright and fine. Your bath is ready, sir."

I must trick him into leaving.

"Is my shaving water here?"

"It is, sir." That hope took flight.

"Please give me a glass of water."

Going to the table, he poured a glass from a fresh carafe.

I drank it very slowly, racking my brains for something which he had not already brought. Then, looking at the ceiling as I handed him the empty glass, "Herne," I

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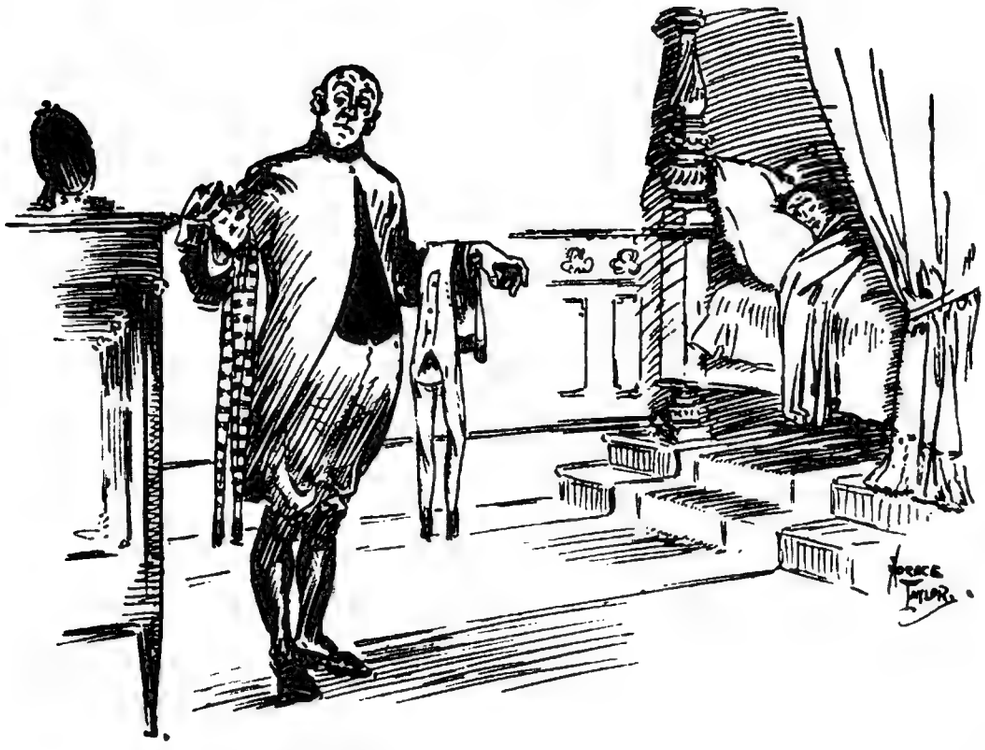

HE WOULD STAND BY IN GRIM, INSULTING SILENCE AND MAKE ME PUT IT ON!

said, "I'm very fond of flowers. Could you get me a few for that bowl?"

In the brief pause which followed I knew I had defeated him.

"Very good, sir," and he moved from the room.

The door had hardly closed when I turned the key. Then, slipping out of my pyjamas as I went, I made for the dressing room. My plan was settled. By clothing myself hurriedly and foregoing my bath, I would cheat my persecutor of the chance to see me in the shameful underwear. I snatched the revolting garments from the chair. But no! The clear bath water caught my eye. It would betray me. Time was short, but I must soil the water. Testing the temperature with my foot, I was shocked at the glacial touch. I abominate cold baths, but —ah! a thought. Catching up soap and washcloth, I rinsed them violently in the tub. The result was a gratifying gray. Ceasing only long enough to slip into my undergarments, I repeated the operation. The water now took on a hue so murky that I began to fear that, by discoloring it too much, I had opened a new field for the valet's speculations on my habits. As a final touch of realism, I spattered water on the mat and towels. This accomplished, I resumed my dressing, conducting it with such dispatch that the detested "Rap, rap, rap!" found me safe in shirt and trousers.

I fancied that I detected a fleeting look of disappointment in the equine eyes as they took in the progress I had made. After placing the bowl of roses on the table, Herne assisted me, silently, with the remainder of my toilet. During this, I paused occasionally to make excursions to the bowl of flowers, gazing and smelling at them like an impassioned horticulturist. When, at last, there was absolutely nothing more to do, Herne left the room—reluctantly, I thought.

Sinking into a chair to review the situation, I was now struck by a new thunderbolt of apprehension. I rose quickly and, after taking the usual precaution, hastened to the dresser. My worst fears were confirmed by a brief investigation of its contents. There was not another undergarment there.

Bad as was the last dilemma, this one was infinitely worse. The thought of wearing a suit of underwear a second time while staying in a castle was incongruous, but that of being valeted into my present ill-assorted suit again upon the morrow, was insupportable. Aside from its outrageous coloring, it would lack even the pitiful excuse of freshness. What was to be done? Time would go on in its inexorable flight. To-morrow's sun must rise, and so must I. There was but one course open. I decided to pursue it.

When Janet entered, ready to go down to breakfast, I was laying plans.

"Good morning, dear."

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"Good morning," I replied, rather peevishly, I fear. "You ought to knock before coming in, Janet. You startled me; I thought it was the valet."

"I see you have indigestion again," she remarked, I thought irrelevantly.

"Nothing of the kind!" I had meant to tell her all, but the conversation had not opened propitiously.

"Oh, yes, you have. I know your symptoms. What is it, if it isn't indigestion?"

Should I make a clean breast of it? I hesitated. . . .

"I need a sea voyage, or something," I began.

"You'll have one next week."

"I need it now, though. Right away. This place doesn't agree with me."

"Take this instead," she said, handing me a digestive tablet.

Of course I like to see Janet gay and happy, even in a castle. But her air of levity pricked me a trifle at the moment. Besides, she liked Eastherst Hall, and fitted it: it would be unkind to include her in my project. I must act, and act alone.

I took the tablet gloomily.

"Now come down to breakfast."

It proved to be one of those fine old English breakfasts, comprising eggs and bacon, scones, marmalade, and steaming coffee with rich cream. Just the breakfast that I like. But Janet's statement that I had a bad attack of indigestion wanted bearing out. What I had was tea and toast. I don't like tea and toast.

"I know all about this Sunday morning indigestion," smiled Mrs. Denbeigh from behind the coffee urn. "You may stay home from church, Mr. Wooley. That will cure it."

"Oh, no, indeed," I said. "I *want* to go to church. I don't wish to miss Mr. Denbeigh's sermon."

"What is the sermon to be about?" asked Janet.

"Your husband's namesake, Joseph, and his coat of many colors," he returned.

I felt the warm blood mount to the roots of my hair. Of course mine wasn't a *coat*, but it was certainly the next thing to it.

"Why, Joseph!" cried Janet. "You have a *face* of many colors now. What is it?"

"I'm a little feverish, I think."

At this Mrs. Denbeigh said it was settled that I should not go to church.

"Herne will stay at home and see to you," she added. "He's excellent in a sick room."

"No, no!" I cried. "I wouldn't think of breaking in on the poor fellow's Sunday—not for worlds! I'm not really ill; only indisposed. Perhaps I *had* better stay here, but *he* mustn't—no indeed!" I feared for the moment that I had been too vehement. Would they suspect me, later, when—? I said no more. The question was allowed to drop, on the understanding, I took it, that I should stay and Herne should not.

My scant meal over, I retired, hungry, to my room and cast myself into a chair. Even the prospect of escape was powerless to cheer me. Life looked a gloomy thing at best. I remained in the depths of the chair until I heard the carriage wheels upon the drive and knew that the rest had gone.

My time for action was at hand. Rising, I hastily collected my belongings and placed them in my bag. Then, after consulting a time table, I scrawled a hasty note to Janet.

"Going to London. Tell them I was sick. Don't worry. Am all right. Will explain later. Expect you on train arriving Victoria Station about noon to-morrow.

"With love,

"JOSEPH.

"P. S.—Be sure to tip all servants well."

Sealing the envelope, I placed it on Janet's dresser. Then I opened the hall door and listened. The house was silent.

Taking up my bag, I tiptoed to the stairs and peered into the hall below. Deserted. I descended stealthily, step by step, and was making for the outer door when another portal opened suddenly, and I found myself face to face with—Herne!

In looking back on this occasion, I am astonished at the coolness I displayed.

"I thought you were in church, Herne."

"No, sir, I——"

"Herne," I interrupted, "I've been taken ill quite suddenly and am going up to London to consult a specialist."

Herne looked alarmed. "Very sorry, sir. Might I ask the nature of the ailment, sir?"

"Appendicitis," I fired at random, suiting the word with what I conceived as a grimace of pain, and a twisting of the body.

"In that case," said Herne, "I'm glad to say, sir, that Sir Frederick Bownes has the next place to Eastherst Park. He's one of our great surgeons, sir. Indeed, he makes a specialty of appendicitis, sir."

This would not do.

"The trouble is," I enlarged, "that I'm

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not certain it's appendicitis. It may be lungs. In fact I was just thinking that the pains came rather high up, and—" (here I coughed violently)—"you see I cough."

"Yes, sir. But Sir Frederick could——"

"You see," I interrupted, resuming my way toward the main doorway, "it would be very unfortunate if Sir Frederick operated on me for appendicitis, and then, after having cut me all up, discovered that it was my lungs, after all. Wouldn't it?"

"Indeed it would, sir. But Sir Frederick——"

"So that's why I've decided to go to London and see my regular specialist."

"Thank you, sir. Of course you know best, sir, but Sir Frederick——"

"No, no!" I cried in alarm. "You mustn't think of it! It won't do at all! I must go alone. I'm perfectly well, except for occasional slight pain, but I'm very nervous—it makes me nervous to have people near! Besides, it may be something infectious. You'd catch it! No indeed, you mustn't come!"

"It would be as much as my place is worth to let you leave alone and ill, sir," he said determinedly. "Mrs. Denbeigh's express orders were that I should watch after you, sir."

Open resistance was clearly useless. I must resort to cunning.

"I'm sure it's very good in you," I said, submissively. "The fact is, I'm feeling much better now. Perhaps I won't have to go after all. I'll just walk about the rose garden and see how I feel. Then if I decide to go, perhaps you *had* better——"

I WAS ON IF NOT IN THE TRAIN.

"Now I must hurry," I announced.

"I'll send for a cart, and will be ready directly, sir." So saying, he calmly dispossessed me of my bag.

"Oh, don't send for a cart!" I protested. "I'll walk. It will do me good."

"They'd have the cart out in a moment, sir."

"I need the walk," I insisted.

"Very good, sir. As you wish. I'll come along with the bag, sir, after procuring my hat and coat."

"But why? I can take the bag. It's light."

"Of course, sir, I shall accompany you to London."

"Thank you, sir. Very good, sir. In the meantime I'll fetch my hat and coat, so I shall be ready, sir, at all events."

He started for the door, but, with his hand upon the knob, hesitated. Then he turned back and, taking up my bag, remarked:

"I had best keep your bag by me, sir. Most of the other servants are at church, and strangers have a way of prowling about the park, or even entering the hall itself, sir."

I lost no time in gaining the open air. Not a soul was in sight. The drive stretched

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out before me like an invitation. Along that line lay freedom. Ah, if I had my bag! Yet have not hundreds of men made long and perilous journeys without bags? And after all, what did mine contain? Merely a few articles of toilet, a little clothing, and—I flushed—some underwear that had been worn.

I looked at my watch. A scant twenty minutes lay between me and the train. Herne was by this time in the servants' quarters, at a remote corner of the castle. It was now or never!

I started down the drive at a brisk pace, and was soon in the cover of the woods. With the mad feeling of an escaping convict, I quickened my pace to a trot.

On emerging at the other side of the little forest, I slowed to a rapid walk, fearing that I might be noticed. Another glance at my watch sufficed to make me oblivious of appearances. Twelve minutes! Again I trotted on, only stopping to walk as I passed the lodge. The gate keeper surveyed me critically, but saluted as I hurried by.

In the village street I could not run without becoming too conspicuous. I walked rapidly—very rapidly. Presently I recognized the thatched cottages I had seen as we arrived. How long ago it seemed! What sweet little homes they were! What deliciously untrammeled lives their tenants led; the mothers without maids, the children without nurses, the fathers without valets.

I was in sight of the station when the shrill whistle of a locomotive spurred me on. That train must be caught. If not, *I* should be! I fancied Herne making me captive, dragging me back to Eastherst Hall, stripping me at once of freedom and fantastic undergarments, putting me to bed, summoning the famous British surgeon and robbing me of my appendix—all before the family returned from church. The vision of death was hardly less repulsive than that of a long convalescence, with Herne forever playing nurse. I ran frantically.

The train and I approached the station simultaneously. It had stopped ere I bounded down the steps. As I attained the platform, the carriage doors were slamming shut; the cars began to move.

I heard a shout behind me. A man upon the platform made wild gestures with an umbrella and called to me to stop. I rushed on. The train gathered speed. A red-faced guard, in uniform, snatched at my sleeve, but with maniacal strength I shook him off. The last car was passing. There was an open window and I jumped for it. My hands gripped the sash; my feet found the footboard. I was on, if not in, the train!

Looking through the window, I met the astonished gaze of an old gentleman. He had white side whiskers, and a pleasant face.

"Hello, hello, hello!" he remarked. "You'd best come in out of that!"

He extended his hand, and with its aid I scrambled head first through the window.

He gazed at the receding station, then:

"Hello, hello, hello!" he said. "Friend of yours?"

I looked back. There, upon the platform, stood Herne. My bag lay at his feet. Even at that distance it was plain that he was a very different Herne from the one I had left at Eastherst Hall. His face had lost its stolid, equine expression. It was red and full of wrath. His collar was undone; it stood out jauntily at one side, like a wing. He was pointing after the receding train and saying something—something vehement, I judged, from the faint bellowings that reached me, above the rumble of the cars. He seemed to be addressing the world in general, and the guard who had not stopped me, in particular. Was he telling of my underwear . . . ?

Janet telegraphed that she would come to London on the four o'clock train. She did so, bringing my bag and her own opinions.

As we drove across the city, I tried to make an explanation. It was difficult. I had feared it would be.

"But what on earth possessed you to run away like that?" she scolded.

She did not know that certain invisible red stripes were helping her to grill me.

"I simply *had* to have a change," I said.

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THE WOMAN'S INVASION

By WILLIAM HARD; RHETA CHILDE DORR, Collaborator

V

Photographs by Lee Hamilton Keller

Humanizing Industry

"And round her happy footsteps blow
The authentic airs of Paradise."

IF industrial labor ever becomes thoroughly what it might be, temperate in daily duration, wholesome in physical reaction, not unworthy (for body and for spirit) of the briskest, finest daylight hours of human lives, we shall owe this our completed humanization to many causes; but among them will be the industrial presence of woman, of her along whose path, wherever she may move, some imperfect recollections of Paradise, for the perpetual preservation of mankind, must come following.

We have a choice between two things.
First: Debar women from Industry.
Second: Make Industry fit for women.
At present we do neither.

If you will take a big green Wentworth Avenue car from the Loop District in Chicago, you will finally reach a factory in which a young woman is affixing wooden handles to metal shanks, thereby composing screw-drivers.

Her machine, resting on a bench, terminates, downward, beneath the bench, in a curved leg at the end of which is a foot-form. She places her right foot on the foot-form and pushes forward (till her left heel rises from the floor) five times in order to get one screw-driver assembled. It is really more a kick than a push. It brings the operative nearly, if not quite, to the posture of a football player whose toe, in the starting of a drop-kick, is just reaching the ball.

The gait of the work is 200 screw-drivers an hour. So say the records of the plant. For allowance on behalf of breakdowns and other troubles, let that gait be slowed to make an average of 150. That means 750 kicks on the foot-form each hour! That means 7,500 kicks on the foot-form each day!

No medical experts are here needed. Here is a case in which women, indubitably, should be debarred from Industry.

But legislation covering all such cases would mean little because, *because* (and on this fact all the subsequent argument of this article will be erected) such cases are rare. It is seldom, extremely seldom, that women are employed at such hideously severe, de-sexing physical toil. There are few, extremely few, "jobs" held by American working-women which are in themselves inherently unsuitable and injurious to a feminine physique.

The unfortunate circumstances surrounding woman's work in America to-day are almost always incidental, not essential. They can be stripped away and leave the "job" itself intact and harmless.

But there is much stripping to be done.

The flax plant, its blue flowers left behind, its dark brown seeds rejected, its woody core expelled, itself reduced to twisty, dusty fiber, reaches at last, in its journey toward human use, in certain New England mills, a trough of hot water, through which passing, it appears, wet and dripping, on a spinning frame, where it is elongated into a continuous fine strand.

A woman stands before that spinning frame. Her feet are bare. Over an old waist and petticoat she wears a big burlap apron, which is tied up under her arms. A belt encircles her, in which there sticks a knife for cutting flax tangles. The water thrown off by the whirling "flyers" of the spinning frame sprays against her breast. The water that drips from the wet flax inside the spinning frame crawls along the floor

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about her bare feet and would run away but that it is gathered into the depressions of the floor and collects about her in little pools. She cannot wear shoes. She cannot wear decent clothes. The thermometer in the room stands often at eighty. All day she is drenched. When night comes, she changes into her street clothes, none too dry, since they have been hanging all day on the walls of the humid spinning room, and goes clammy out into the night air. She does her changing in the presence of men who are working in the spinning room, for there are no dressing apartments.

So women have worked for many decades both in Great Britain and in this country, with what loss of physical stamina medical science may tell, with what loss of instinctive delicacy common sense may surmise.

But those losses, neither of them, are necessary. Neither of them will ever more be suffered in Great Britain.

On February 26, 1906, the English Secretary of State, in virtue of the power conferred on him by Parliament in respect of trades certified to be dangerous, issued an order directing that "effective splash-guards shall be maintained on all wet spinning frames of 2¾ inches pitch and over, and on all other wet spinning frames unless waterproof skirts and bibs of suitable material are provided by the manufacturer and worn by the workers." He also directed that "suitable accommodations shall be provided in which to keep the clothing taken off before starting work."

In this country, without legislation, certain firms already have made their plants habitable. They have dressing rooms. They have splash-guards. They have tile floors which carry the water from the spinning frames along grooves and not over the bare feet of women. In such plants there is no reason at all why wet-spinning should in any degree blunt the instincts, or impair the physical functions, of any woman whatsoever.

But there are many firms which, without legislation, will never take a forward step. Their women employees continue, and, without legislation, will forever continue, to endure conditions which are a profanation of woman's name and calling.

The fact is that Industry, because of the sex which dominates it, is still, in the main, temperamentally a bachelor, with energetic, exhausting, short-sighted, irresponsible bachelor ways. The very quarters occupied by Industry are, as it were, bachelor quarters, not well suited to feminine occupancy and not profoundly affected, so far, by the temporarily industrial women who flit through them in the short term of their working youth. If those women ever come to stay their lives out, if Industry ever really marries and settles down, we shall see some housekeeping. Even now a little cleaning and tidying and ordering has been accomplished, much of which has taken its start from the fact of woman's presence and woman's needs. But much more is ahead, because much more is necessary.

A woman, essaying work in certain rooms in certain cordage factories, has, for initiation, an attack of "mill fever." It is a cold, a temperature, a loss of voice, a lassitude. It keeps the patient to her house for a few days. Passing off, it yields in time to a hoarseness, an asthmatic habit, enfeebling, chronic, in many cases.

These facts, long familiar to older countries, were substantiated for this country in 1905 through an extraordinarily painstaking investigation conducted by Miss Mabel Parton on behalf of the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston and the Federation of Women's Clubs of Massachusetts. Eleven of sixteen doctors elaborately interviewed by Miss Parton stated, from wide experience among cordage factory operatives, that chronic asthma, chronic catarrh, and chronic bronchitis were unduly prevalent among them.

This is certainly bad. But is it because of something inherent, something irremovable, in the making of cords, ropes, twines? Not precisely. Precisely, it is because of dust, extremely removable dust.

On page 384 are presented two photographs of dust, secured by means of apparatus devised by Mr. C. E. A. Winslow, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. They tell more than words can. Evidently in this case the remedy is not, necessarily, the exclusion of women. It is, conceivably, the installation of suction fans.

Why not apply to the case of women the same reasoning that we apply to the case of men?

When we see men metal-polishers dying by the hundred of throat and lung diseases, because of the dust which rises into their nostrils when they press metal objects against whirling wheels of emery, corundum, carborundum, we do not say: "Industry is bad

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for men." We say: "Dust is bad for men." So, sometimes, we put hoods over the whirling wheels and attach pipes to the hoods and place suction fans in the pipes.

On top of one of the buildings of a big manufacturing company in Chicago there is a pipe through which, thick as cinders from a smokestack, come hurled, swirled, scattering, pattering, fine metal particles, drawn up from the rooms beneath, sifted to rifted drifts all over the roof by the wind, lying there a heavy, hell-hued snowstorm of lead, iron, brass. It was all of it in the air of the rooms beneath, breathed by the men, two years ago.

A suction fan can carry metal. It can carry flax fiber. Neither men *nor women* really need breathe a harmful quantity of any kind of dust, metallic or vegetable.

Excessive dust, excessive moisture, foul air, and the like, are bad for men and women both. Perhaps women succumb to them more readily than men. But since they are preventable for both men and women, the physical difference between the sexes is not, in such matters, for present purposes, important.

In certain other matters, however, it is extremely important; and, to begin with, in a matter so simple, so unspectacular, that the cursory observer might easily overlook it altogether. Yet there is a whole book about it (an English one), and it deserves a book. The title is "The Standing Evil."

To require a man to stand all day at his work may not be to inflict on him any very great hardship, although the inquiring person who cannot quite believe that mere standing is work may easily satisfy himself on the point by standing on a corner, waiting for a car, from seven in the morning till twelve and then, after an hour's rest, from one in the afternoon till six.

If women could be regarded simply as delicate men, the argument for providing them with seats would be convincing enough. But women differ from men not only, usually, in muscular strength, but also, always and unalterably, in the fact of being women. It is the wife and the mother in a woman that make continuous standing for her not only trying but dangerous.

It is for this reason that when any woman, worker or non-worker, wants to make out that she has had really a hard day, she will say: "I've just been on my feet every minute." And it is for this reason that among workingwomen no complaint about dust, dampness, or bad ventilation, no complaint about overdriving and overspeeding, no complaint about low wages, is heard with one tenth the frequency of the complaint about lack of seats.

This lack is particularly noticeable in department stores. Sometimes, indeed, it is not exactly a lack. The seats are there, in formal compliance with city ordinances or state laws, but the girl who makes use of them is reprimanded. It is considered commercially necessary that customers should see saleswomen erect and alert.

The medical testimony about the physiological consequences of continuous standing is copious and irrefutable. An enormous, unanswerable mass of it was collected by the Select Committee of the British House of Commons, appointed to consider the Shops Early Closing Bill, in 1895. Among the witnesses was Dr. W. Chapman Grigg, outpatient physician for the diseases of women at the Westminster Hospital and senior physician at the Queen Charlotte Lying-in Hospital. He summarized the feelings of the physicians who had enjoyed the widest opportunities for observation when, speaking of the prolonged shop workday, the only real physical hardship of which is continuous standing, he said:

"It has a very grave effect upon the generative organs of women, entailing a great deal of suffering and also injuring a large body of them permanently. . . . I have had a great many sad cases come before me of women who were permanent invalids in consequence. If the matter could be gone into carefully, I think the committee would be perfectly surprised to find what a large number of these women are rendered sterile. I have seen many cases in families where certain members who have pursued the calling of shopgirls have been sterile while other members of the family have borne children. I know of one case where four members of a family who were shopgirls were sterile and two other girls in the family, not shopgirls, have borne children. And I have known other cases in which this has occurred. . . . I have patients coming to me from all parts of London. It appears to be a most common condition."

If Industry is to avail itself of the services of women, it must certainly return those women to society as women, not as neuters. A law debarring women from industrial establish-

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ments in which seats were not provided and in which the use of them was not freely permitted, would be a wise law. But it would not result in the exclusion of the women. It would result in the installation and use of the seats. This is the point in which the adaptation of Industry to the needs of women is not exactly insuperably difficult.

We come now, however, to a point in which the difficulties are genuine.

What are those little clocks doing, scattered along the wall of the sewing room of this glove factory? "For the girls to sew by." To sew by? Well, you will make further inquiries later.

Meanwhile the sewing machines interest you. It's amusing to try to make one of them take just one stitch and no more. You press the delicate treadle with your foot. The machine takes twenty or thirty stitches, starting off like a released homing pigeon, before you can take your foot off. By and by you get it down to six stitches, or five. But the girl in the next chair to you will make her machine drop its needle into the glove, lift it out of the glove, and stop dead; like that!

Admirable nicety! No muscle! All nerves!

She is a "closer." Well, she also does "backing and thumbing." But it's part of the same job. Oh? Yes, the glove comes to her twice. First, she takes five or six leather pieces and sews them together into the rough semblance of a glove. That's "backing and thumbing." Then, after much wandering about the room, the glove comes back to her, and she runs her needle up and down the finger-sides. That's "closing."

But why isn't "backing and thumbing" one job, and "closing" another? Why shouldn't one girl "back and thumb" all the time and another girl "close" all the time? Wouldn't that be faster? Your friend half turns and looks at you slantingly. "Yes; that's what the firm wants; and we'd make more money, too; but not for us!"

Curious! Certainly not businesslike!

But after a few months of watching and listening you begin to understand.

The piece rate on "closing," for a certain style of glove, is fifteen cents per dozen pairs. You have made up your mind that you will close a dozen pairs an hour. You want to earn fifteen cents an hour. Not an unreasonable, not an overvaulting, ambition! Down starts your needle from the top of the first finger, racing, flashing, just a dazzle of steel; till it suddenly slows, responsive to your foot, and begins to step, stitch by stitch, solemnly, like a long-legged crane, around the turn at the hollow between the first finger and the second finger; and then up it departs on its way to the top of that next finger-side, whirring, twinkling, just a sputter of steel!

You have to watch it to make it go like that. *It's mechanical but not automatic.* Mark the distinction.

You began at seven thirty. Now you've finished your first pair. And you take a quick glance at the clock opposite you. That's what those clocks are for! They aren't provided by the firm. They belong to the girls.

The clock opposite you says "Seven thirty-six." Your schedule was a dozen pairs an hour. That means one pair every five minutes. "Seven thirty-six!" You're a minute behind.

Down starts your needle again from the top of the first finger, racing, flashing, just a——

Another glove done. Clock says "Seven forty." On time! Breathe easier!

Down starts your needle again——

Third glove done. Clock says——

Ah, that clock! Symbol of the Age of Nerves! Sister of the quick, delicate-treadled, subtle machine! First-cousin-once-removed of the piece-work system!

Your neighbor's machine hesitates, flounders. "Gee! I was thinking!" you hear her laugh. And down starts her needle again, dazzling, sputtering——

And she thinks no more except about the needle, glove, clock.

Needle, glove, clock! That's what you must keep your mind on. Your mind follows them till it's no longer an organ of thought, but simply the directive center of a nervous system bent on the management of a certain continuous physical act. It's just like any kind of speed.

It's like—here's something near home. Lay out fifty letters on your table and set yourself to folding, sealing, and stamping them. You find you can do it in five minutes, at top speed. Well, imagine now that your piece rate is cut down twenty per cent. In order to earn the same amount of money now you must fold, seal, and stamp those letters in four minutes. Do it in four minutes. Try to do it in four minutes. And notice what you think of, outside of stamps and stationery.

You begin finally now to understand why

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that first girl friend of yours didn't want to do only "closing," why she also wanted to do "thumbing and backing." "Thumbing and backing" is a kind of rest, almost fun, after two or three hours of "closing."

The piece rate for "thumbing and backing" is twenty cents a dozen. The firm will make it twenty-two if you won't stop to change over to "closing" every now and then. And the firm will raise the rate for "closing" from fifteen cents to seventeen if you won't stop every now and then to change over to "thumbing and backing." "Let each girl have one job," says the firm. And the firm is going logically with the current of industrial development.

But you refuse. You shrink from doing either kind of work by itself, nine hours a day. You cling to the variety (your last hold on change, contrast, interest), the mental luxury of, first, finger-sides and, then, five separate leather pieces, for relaxation, to play with! *Here* is a luxury to fight for! And you are fighting for it to-day in certain glove factories. Against your own occasional, immediate impulses, too, at times, when you think you'd make any sacrifice for a little more money.

But then you look at the girls who were once the fastest workers in the shop but who now "used to could." They can no longer. You look at them and you decide to stick it out still against further specialization, further monotonization, further intensification of your work.

It's the last flicker, in your trade, of craftsmanship against division of labor, of the mental and physical advantages of human interest against the financial advantages of the piece-work system. It will die out into ashes some day and the clocks on the wall, like the tapping, wainscot-hidden beetles of the old superstition, will serve for its death-ticks, counting out the minutes and seconds consumed by each new specialized worker for each unit of her new specialized, monotonized, intensified task.

When excessive dust, excessive moisture, foul air, and the like, have been prevented, when seats have been provided, when the physical environment of the woman worker has been made, in every respect, decent and healthful, there still remains to be considered the question of monotony, intensity, speed, strain, constituting a *nervous* environment, even more important.

This nervous environment, in most of its features, has come to stay. Machinery, the division of labor, the pay-by-the-piece idea cannot be abolished. Instead of getting abolished, they will, in fact, get developed and expanded.

The *physical* environment of the woman worker will become steadily better. Her *nervous* environment is likely to become steadily worse.

For physical environment the answer was simple. Sanitary science! For nervous environment there is no corresponding science, unless, possibly, some day, Professor Münsterberg, or some other psychologist, descends upon the industrial world from his laboratory with a machine which will register the nerve force of the worker and the number of units of energy she can safely expend per hour, and will grade her for speed and strain just as steam boilers are now graded for pressure, with a fixed safety-point beyond which there may be an explosion. Undoubtedly psychological instruments will some day have an industrial application. But their use, at present, for the matters in hand, is only a phantasy.

Nerve strain cannot be regulated. It is a Gordian knot that cannot be untied. The only thing to do to it is to cut it. The only solution of it is a shortened workday. This is true for men as well as for women, but, in all probability, not to the same degree. Nerve strain, in this respect, differs from the two other main divisions into which we have thrown the environing features of modern work.

Nerve strain affects men, certainly, and it demands, even in their case, a progressively shortened workday as an alternative to a progressively shortened worklife. But with women the case becomes infinitely more urgent, infinitely more tragic, in exact proportion as woman's nervous system is more unstable than man's and more easily shaken from its equilibrium.

This fact of the relative instability of woman's nervous system needs no medical testimony to confirm it. It lies within the everyday observation of everybody. And the intimate, immediate physical reactions of ordinary, everyday nervous upsets in the body of a woman, reactions which extend even for the comic artist all the way from uncontrollable crying to absolutely not being able to eat a thing for dinner but a green salad and a dish of ice cream, likewise need no special physiological knowledge of women for their substantiation.

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TELEPHONE WORK IS MORE STRENUOUS AND HARDER ON THE MENTAL SYSTEM THAN TEACHING.

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The serious nerve-upsetting character of certain kinds of industrial work, however, is not so well understood and should be proved by competent evidence:

Year before last the telephone company in Toronto had a strike. The Dominion Government sent a special commission to Toronto to study it. There was then secured the one authoritative document now in existence with regard to nerve strain in telephone work on this side of the Atlantic. It was the testimony of twenty-six of the most competent and the most experienced doctors in the city.

The girls made no complaint about physical surroundings. The whole question was one of strain and of hours.

Almost without exception, the medical witnesses strongly condemned the system then in vogue at the Toronto exchanges. That system was a five-hour, continuous high-pressure shift, with occasional overtime.

It does not *sound* excessive. For a non-medical man to call a five-hour day in any trade excessive would be unwise, because he would not be believed. Wherefore the testimony, condensed, of some of the doctors is appended.

Dr. William Britton, in practice for thirty-one years, University of Toronto, Medical Council: "Many telephone girls suffer from nervous debility, occasioned by the strain of the work. Five hours, in the conditions stated, is a great deal too much, and, where there is delay in giving necessary relief, is exceedingly dangerous. In a number of cases of young ladies I have known as the physician of the family, they were apparently healthy before they entered the service of the telephone company, but after a length of service I have had to prescribe for them for various types of nervous debility."

Dr. William Oldright, in practice for forty

GIRLS WHOSE WORK AT THE MACHINES IN A BINDERY EXTENDS INTO THE NIGHT.

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A NIGHT-RUNNING HOSIERY MILL NEAR NEW YORK CITY.

years, Professor of Hygiene in Toronto University: "School teachers are not supposed to teach more than five hours a day in the city, and telephone work is more strenuous and harder on the mental system than teaching."

Dr. Charles R. Clark, Medical Superintendent of the Toronto Asylum: "Five hours a day is a pretty severe day, even if divided (as in this case it is not) into two parts by a good rest of an hour. The nervous strain of the present service is intense, and would react on the physical health in a marked way after three years' service and might pass on to the next generation in a still more striking way."

Dr. James M. Anderson, in practice for twenty years: "I have treated a number of telephone girls, mostly for eye troubles, headache, and nervous strain. After a service of three or four years I would expect to find an exhausted womanhood."

Dr. Robert Dwyer, in practice in Toronto since 1891, Associate Professor of Clinical Medicine in the University of Toronto: "This thing has very far-reaching effects. The telephone company does not see the final result. After these girls have served the company for four or five years and have got married and left the service, they turn out badly in their domestic relations. They break down nervously and have nervous children, and it is a loss to the community. I think it is the duty of the State to legislate in matters of this kind. It is this sort of thing that is laying the foundations of the asylums."

And all the rest of the testimony is in closely the same tenor.

After all, it is the doctors who must prove the case. And if doctors, as a class, applied themselves as zealously to the preservation of *social* health as they do to the restoration of *personal* health, they could, by knowledge and passion, in ten years force a shortened workday for workingwomen all over the world.

This is not to say that no doctors take a social view of the function of their profession. There are many, very many, who take that view to the full. And among them is that very great doctor, Dr. Abraham Jacobi, of New York

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RUN ALONG AND WORK TILL TWELVE O'CLOCK
ANY NIGHT YOU REALLY WOULD
ENJOY IT!

In the midst of accumulating professional duties and worldly honors, presidencies of numerous learned societies, and doctorates from the greatest and most ancient universities, Dr. Jacobi still cherishes unabated that passion for social justice which, back in 1851 and 1853, brought him to detention in Berlin and in Cologne for "high treason." Venerable and revered man, wise with the medical and sociological observations of half a century, he addressed a mass meeting in New York year before last on "The Physical Cost of Women's Work." That address ought to be reprinted here in full. But perhaps one extract from it will serve for conviction.

"What I say," said Dr. Jacobi, "is not theoretical. It ought to interest you to know what to a practitioner of medicine is of daily occurrence. That is why I wish you to follow me into my office where, amongst others, I see a goodly number of young girls who work at tobacco —mostly in shops, many at home. The latter are worse off than the former, for to them there are no regular hours at all. To them their cramped living and sleeping quarters are also their shops, filled day and night with tobacco dust and odor.

"All of these patients are anaemic, sallow, thin, underweight. They are poorly paid, poorly nourished, early risers, for they begin their work at

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THE CONSTITUTION OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK RESERVES TO WORKINGWOMEN THE "RIGHT TO WORK WHEN AND WHERE THEY PLEASE WITHOUT REFERENCE TO THE HANDS ON THE DIAL OF THE CLOCK."

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seven, without appetite. Their breakfast consists generally of what they call a cup of coffee, a roll, or a piece of bread. They take their luncheon in the half hour or hour of recess—a sandwich, perhaps in cheap seasons an egg. Almost every one suffers from catarrh of the throat and catarrh of the bronchial tubes, and the inhalation of tobacco dust, which results often in solidification and pigmentation of the lungs."

"Their sedentary occupation causes obstruction of the abdominal and pelvic organs, frequently causing irritation of the kidneys. Bright's disease is becoming more common, partly from that cause. The stomach and digestion suffer invariably, partly from the same causes, partly from the insufficient muscular action of the stomach and the bad air inhaled.

"All of these causes cooperate to affect the nervous system. Depression, migraine, hysteria are the results. During the constant sitting, the chest does not expand, is flattened, compresses the heart, and prevents the lungs from developing. Tuberculosis of the lungs is very frequent among these young tobacco workers, who are carried off in great numbers between the fifteenth and twenty-fifth year."

Dr. Jacobi's young tobacco patients suffer from insanitary conditions as well as from prolonged hours. But even if those conditions were reformed to the point of perfection, the hours in themselves would still produce invalids, while, with conditions remaining what they are, their piteous consequences are accentuated, in a kind of geometrical progression of cumulative strain, by each passing hour toward the end of a long day. One can recuperate from almost anything if given enough leisure each day to do it in. It is the last few hours of excessive work that destroy the recuperative power.

WOMEN MACHINE-WORKERS IN A SHIRT-WAIST FACTORY.

Astonishing evidence on this point was presented in 1906 by the British Chief Inspector of Factories and Workshops in a special report on the tobacco industry:

"In six of the largest tobacco factories visited a very complete system of medical examination was found to be carried out by doctors especially appointed by the firms.

"Our attention was drawn to a very interesting and important point by two of the

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doctors; their experience (which in one case has been tabulated) has led them to form the opinion that overtime has a very marked bearing on the normal health of the workers.

"*They had noted an increase, during and just after periods of overtime work, of from one third to one half in the number of workers coming to them for treatment.* The matters complained of were not anything special, but simply an increase in the usual form of ailment, such as indigestion, anaemia, heavy colds in winter, gastric disorders in summer. When one considers that overtime here means only ten and ten-and-a-half hours a day, one feels that a similar record in one of the industries in which overtime is allowed to the extent of twelve hours a day would produce even more noticeable statistics of the results of overfatigue. *The conclusion seems to us clear that eight and a half to nine hours' work a day cannot be exceeded by women and girls without overstrain and fatigue resulting in a lower standard of health.*"

Eight and a half to nine hours a day! In Chicago last December there were factory girls, sixteen-year-old girls, working thirteen hours a day! Because of the Supreme Court of Illinois.

An Illinois law there once was which attempted to prevent factory women from working, in any one day, more than eight hours. It would have benefited them immensely in their physical constitution, but it would have injured them irreparably in their legal constitution.

That eight-hour law, in the eyes of the court, "assumed to dictate to what extent the capacity to labor may be exercised by the employee." It took away the "right of private judgment as to the amount and duration of the labor to be put forth in a specified period." It deprived the workingwoman of "the right to determine for herself how many hours she can and may work during each day." This stunning super-workingwoman (fit mate for Nietzsche's super-man), who determines for herself how many hours a day the factories of Illinois shall be operated, need fear no diminution of her powers. For when "the legislature undertakes to impose an unreasonable burden upon any class of citizens," the Supreme Court of Illinois will step in and rescue those citizens from their legislative oppressors.*

Equally chivalrous are the courts of New York.

On the evening of the thirty-first of January, 1906, Katie Mead was "gathering" sheets of paper in a bindery managed by David L. Williams at 437 Eleventh Avenue in the city of New York.

Many New York binderies were then doing overtime four days in the week, starting work at eight in the morning and ending up at eleven or twelve at night, with two half-hours off for food. In the bindery in which Katie Mead was working it had just come to be twenty minutes past ten. Entered just then a deputy factory inspector; and the affair was transferred to the courts, there being a law in New York forbidding factory women to work at night after nine o'clock.

That law exists no longer. The Court of Special Sessions, seconded by the Court of Appeals, has rescued the women of the state from it. Olmsted, J, delivered the opinion of the Court of Special Sessions, Deuel and McKean, JJ, sitting with him.

It is a decision vibrating with emotional intensity.† It starts off with the bold claim that "it must be assumed that the woman (Katie Mead) was a willing worker for a willing employer." (What does this mean, though? That Katie wasn't dragged into the room by her hair and attached to a post by a chain? If it means more than that, it is a manifest untruth, because it would imply that all the workers in the United States are willing workers, whereas it is obvious that hundreds of thousands of them are extremely discontented and continue to hold their jobs only because they have the eating habit.)

The decision proceeds, approaching closer to a specific explanation of Katie Mead's willingness and freedom. The constitution of the state of New York, it appears, reserves forever to the workingwomen of the state of New York the "right to work when and where they please without reference to the position of the hands on the dial of the clock." There's sturdy language for you! (Roars of approval from super-workingwomen gathered in court to listen to the emancipator. Why not?)

The constitution of the state of New York confers the above-mentioned clockless right on the women of the state of New York in its Article One, Section Six, wherein it provides that "no *person* shall be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law." Labor is property. The right to sell labor is liberty. The anti-nightwork law is a

* Ritchie v. the People; 155 Ill. 88; March 14, 1895

† People v. Williams; 100 N. Y. Supp. 337; August, 1906.

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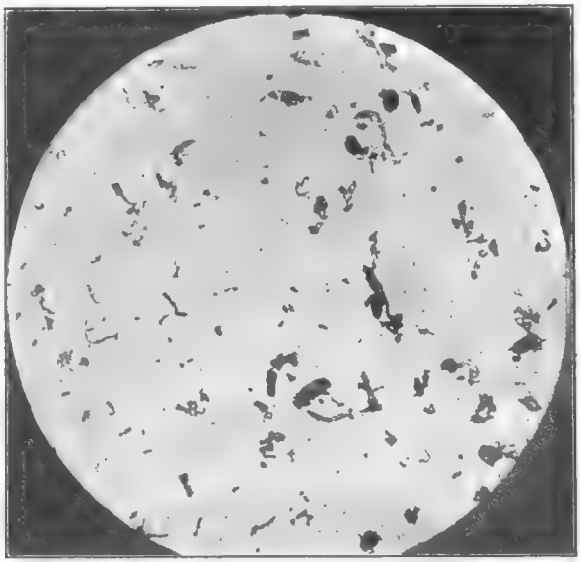
law which isn't due process of law. And woman is fully a *person*. Therefore——

(What a noble sport law is! A thoroughly amateur sport, too. No connection with working life!)



AMOUNT OF DUST BREATHED PER HALF MINUTE BESIDE A PICKER IN A FLAX FACTORY WHERE THERE IS AN EFFICIENT SUCTION FAN.

But let the decision proceed some more. The anti-nightwork law, thinks Olmsted, J, is *not a health statute*. "There is nothing which indicates that its object is to promote the health or the public welfare." (Well, that *is* going it rather strong, even in a good cause. What could have been the idea in the minds of the reformers, including large numbers of women, who agitated in favor of the law? Ah, here it is!)

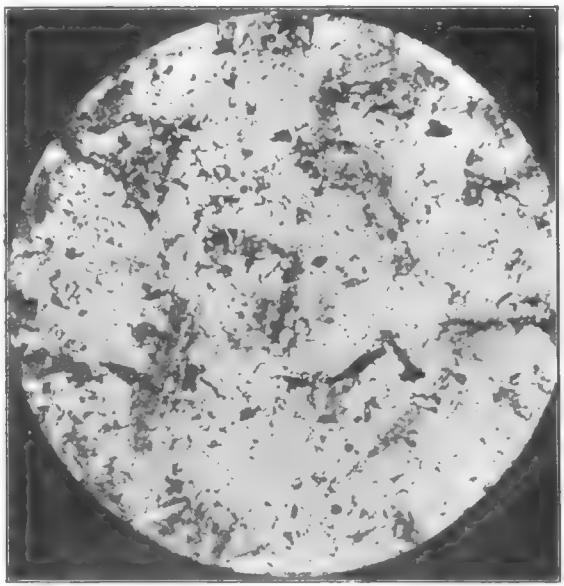
This law is designed to degrade the mental character of women. It is "an attempt to relegate women to their old position of dependent state wards." Women are to be enslaved once more. (But courage, ladies! Olmsted, J, won't allow it. Hold the fort, patients of Dr. Jacobi! Olmsted, J, is coming, flanked by Deuel and McKean, JJ.) The law is "an unreasonable and unwarranted infringement of the constitutional rights of the individual." So it's void! Nothing to it at all! Run along and work till twelve o'clock any night you feel you really would enjoy it, Katie Mead! The anti-nightwork law is dead!

(Olmsted, Deuel, and McKean, JJ, escorted to their homes by throngs of super-workingwomen, scattering confetti. Great craze for little tintypes of Olmsted, J, to be worn in lockets.)

In the very next month after this decision, on the continent of Europe, in the absence of Olmsted, Deuel, and McKean, JJ, fourteen modern nations made a concerted attempt to "relegate women to their old position as dependent state wards."

On the twenty-sixth day of September, in the year 1906, at Berne, in Switzerland, a preliminary convention, regulating, and in large part abolishing, nightwork for factory women was signed by Great Britain, France, Austria, Hungary, Italy, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Luxemburg, and Germany.

The fact is that the industrial woman was born destined (among other beneficent prospects) to assist in delivering the modern world from that eighteenth-century, dead-hand-adjusted, brain-cramp-



AMOUNT OF DUST BREATHED PER HALF MINUTE AT A SPREAD BOARD IN A FLAX FACTORY WHERE THERE IS NO SUCTION FAN.

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ing headband, the theory that the labor contract should be left to employer and employee alone irrespective of the consequences to society.

In 1874 Massachusetts, first among American states, restricted the hours of certain industrial women. The impetus traveled. Today, with variations and limitations too tedious to detail, there is American legislation which, in seventeen states, restricts women's work hours; in twelve states prohibits their employment in mines; in five states regulates their handling of dangerous machinery; in six states indicates the amount of time they must be allowed for their midday meal; in thirty-one states purports (usually ineffectively) to compel employers to provide them with seats; and in twelve states requires decent toilet facilities.

Legislation restricting the work hours of women has been declared *constitutional* in Massachusetts, in Pennsylvania, in Nebraska, in Washington, and in Oregon. And finally when the Oregon law, restricting the work of women in factories and in laundries to ten hours a day, was transferred on appeal to the jurisdiction of federal constitutional law, the Supreme Court of the United States, just last year, reversing the reasoning certainly of the Illinois Supreme Court in the Ritchie case, and possibly the reasoning of the New York courts in the Williams case (both above mentioned), decided that while women are *persons* they differ from male persons in the fact that they are female, thereby rendering it possible that their constitutional rights may be constitutionally abridged.*

The Oregon ten-hour law stands. And women and men *differ*. This difference, for some time a physiological fact, is now a legal fact in the United States. The constitutional route to the protection of women has been durably paved. And in that protection men must necessarily, sometimes directly, oftener indirectly, share.

The very first law restricting the hours of women, the law of 1844, in England, restricted equally the hours of men. In textile mills, because of the interlocking character of the machinery, built as a unit for the whole plant, it was unprofitable, after the women had stopped, not to stop the plant itself. Whereupon, workless, the men stopped, too.

In many industries the men workers cannot be profitably kept at work after the women workers have gone home. And in all industries, whether the machinery interlocks or not, legislative concern for women leads unavoidably to legislative concern for men.

Massachusetts, in 1874, restricts the hours of factory women. In 1877 it proceeds to regulate dangerous machinery for both sexes.

New York, in 1887, decides that toilet facilities shall be clean and decent for women. In 1889 it thinks that both men and women should have cleanliness in that respect.

Louisiana, in 1900, compels retail stores in which women are employed to allow them thirty minutes for lunch. In 1904 it compels all stores in the larger cities of the state, whether employing women or not, to make for all employees a lunch allowance which is now extended to an hour.

But these casual chronological correspondences constitute only a surface bubble. The yeast works down beneath, emerging in apparent action only at intervals.

We shall see, in time, not only the thorough sanitation of industry but the establishment of five-hour shifts, four-hour shifts, three-hour shifts, making possible, for the industrial growth of society and for the continuous expansion of its power of production, the employment of all persons of both sexes without the injury of any person of either sex.

We cannot debar women from Industry. We must make Industry fit for women. And when it is fit for them not many years will pass before it will become fit for men.

Industry, the bachelor, needs in his bachelor quarters the touch, the effect, of feminine occupancy before he can really cease to be but masculine, before he can really become completely human.

And only when he becomes completely human, only when, called Industry by the economist, called Brute by the poet, he is beneficent to his weakest thrall, only then——

"Then, perhaps, at the last day,
They will whistle him away,
Lay a hand upon his muzzle in the face of God and say:
'Honor, Lord, the Thing we tamed;
Let him not be scourged or blamed;
Even through his wrath and fierceness was thy fierce wroth world reclaimed!
Honor now thy servants' servant; let thy justice now be shown!'
Then the Lord will heed their saying and the Brute come to his own,
'Twixt the Lion and the Eagle, by the armpost of the Throne."

* Muller v. Oregon; 208 U. S. 412; Feb. 24, 1908.

The concluding instalment of **The Woman's Invasion** will appear in the April number.

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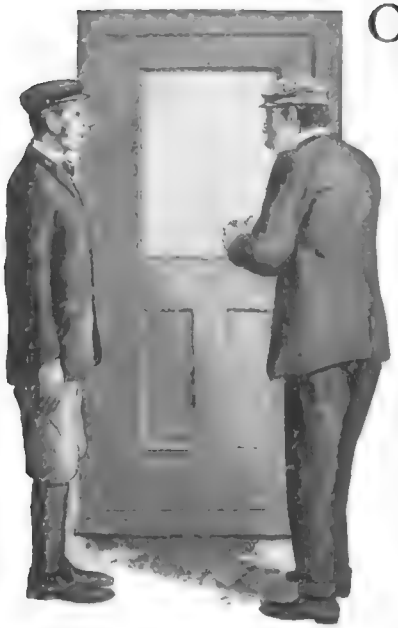

OCTOPODOUSA FEROX

By ROWLAND THOMAS

Illustrations by Peter Newell

To while away a drizzly afternoon a few travelers, gathered in the smoking-room of the Overland, had agreed each to relate the most gruesome experience in which he himself had had some part. The tales climbed on from climax to climax of horror, till finally the word came to a person of middle age and sober dress, who sat half facing a window. His quiet, detached manner, his keen yet delicate features, his clear eye, and the warm brown of his cheek, all marked him as one of those happy gentlemen who spend a perpetually busy leisure in the half-scholarly, half-active, and thoroughly wholesome pursuits of country life. His speech was remarkable for a tone of grave authority which lent weight to every word, a characteristic I must beg you to remember as you read my transcription of his narrative, for he spoke of uncommon, almost incredible things.

It is five years now since Roberts gave up business and settled down in Oncoast once for all. He came in what is still remembered as the Hessian-bug year, and the sprightly pests were a stinger to his dreams of an agricultural old age. His place lies next to ours, and on June evenings Roberts and I used to meet at the boundary with our pipes, and compare notes. He was a thorough believer in Paris green, while I inclined to arsenate of lead, and many a hot argument we had. But the bugs took my leaded deutzias and Roberts's be-arsenicked beans on the same day. Corn, melons, peaches, plums, peas, cherries, spinach, carrots, beets, potatoes, tomatoes—all came in their way; and when mid-July saw the last of them, Roberts and I condoled over acres of skeleton leaves and drooping trees and shrubbery.

Roberts recovered his courage first. "Hang it all!" he said. "There *must* be some way of fooling 'em, if you can't *kill* 'em. I didn't sell out the shops for twice as many bonds as they were worth to come down here and die young to please a lot of little striped bugs. The trouble with you professional country gentlemen is that you've lost your initiative. You wait to see what the bugs will do next. Now I'm going to find a way to get them *worried*. It may not be according to Hoyle, but it'll be a *way*."

He attacked the problem with characteristic energy, and long before we had gathered our mutilated harvest his plan was mature. "I've got 'em," he said to me as we sat in a ducking-stand under a September moon, waiting for the tide. "Bet you a hundred shells the Hessians don't get one decent feed out of me next summer."

"How are you going to kill 'em?" I asked.

"Kill 'em!" he snorted. "Who's thinking of killing them? I'm simply going to fool 'em. Drop the market under 'em like a lame elevator. They're sold short now, and when they try to cover——"

"Talk English. You know you can't fool 'em," I objected. "You can't catch 'em; they'll eat anything; they get fat on arsenate——"

"Eat anything?" Roberts repeated scornfully. "How many of the Brassicaceæ did *you* ever see 'em eating?"

"Brassicaceæ!" I echoed, for I had never heard Roberts speak botanists' Latin before.

"Cabbages!" he interrupted impatiently. "Ever see 'em getting very busy with the Cucurbitaceæ?"

"Cucurbit——"

"Squashes," he explained briefly. "Seen 'em crowding up to buy Allium preferred? That's onions. And there's where I put the squeeze on little Mr. Hessian-bug. Not a beastly thing in the whole garden that he'll eat."

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"But you'll get awfully tired of eating nothing but cabbages and squashes and——"

"Hoyle again!" he retorted. "How many kinds of cabbages do you think there are, anyway?" He did not wait for an answer. "There's cabbage and broccoli and Brussels sprouts and cauliflower, and kale, and sea kale and—I'd plant skunk cabbage, only that's Symplocarpus—and kohl-rabi and—turnips! Didn't know turnips were cabbages, did you? Well, they *are*. And squashes are squashes, and so are pumpkins and crooknecks and cucumbers and watermelons and marrows and muskmelons and gourds. And onions—there's onion sets and onion seeds, and chives, and shallots—Lady of Shallot—and leeks——"

"Did you ever eat a leek?" I asked. "Or ever know any one that had?"

"And leeks and garlic and——"

"Mrs. Roberts wouldn't have garlic in the house——"

"Well, I can *raise* it," he shouted, and just then the 'coys called outside and we closed our mouths and opened the peepholes.

The next spring Roberts's garden was a novel sight. Long rows of all the various cabbages and squashes and onions he could discover stretched away as flat and peaceful and monotonous as a Dutch landscape. A few of his choicest trees were ghostly in tents of muslin, and he looked with serene pity on my doomed plats "according to Hoyle." And then—it turned out to be a cutworm year.

Morning after morning I saw Roberts standing in impotent rage above his prostrate plants. His trim rows of onion sets grew ragged, his January-sown cauliflower fell before the unseen destroyer, his blossoming squashes and melons wilted in an hour. And evening after evening I listened to him with sympathy.

"They're the larvæ of some Lepidoptera," he said. "One species at least is known to climb trees and gnaw off young fruit for the fun of hearing it drop. And all of them are specially partial to cabbages, squashes, and melons. Good Lord! And there ain't a Hessian in sight."

"The books say——"

"Yes," Roberts broke in scornfully, "one book says they'll all commit suicide if you sow pills of bran and arsenic. Huh! Even a June-bug would know more than *that*. And another book wants me to put little paper collars round all the plants. I'd like to have the joker who wrote that for my gardener. No, I'm all in. The bugs are playing me for a sucker going and coming, and realizing every trip. I'm through. It's a knockabout for me, and vegetables down from the city—though where the market-gardeners get any is a mystery to me."

"It's a bad year," I began. "Don't get discouraged——"

"It's always a bad year," said Roberts glumly. "I'm done. I'm not afraid to take a reasonable chance. I'm game for a flyer in copper prospects or cotton futures or anything *tangible* any time, but when it comes to gambling on weather and bugs—I take off my hat to the hardy farmer. That's all."

But it wasn't all. Roberts's active brain could not be diverted long by the mild excitement of yachting in the bay. He came over to me in August, full of a new idea. "Bank on a farmer to tackle any problem the wrong way to every time," he began with characteristic abruptness.

"Meaning?" I asked.

"Meaning bugs," said Roberts, and laughed good-naturedly. He set his feet wide apart, rolled his cigar into the corner of his mouth, and gradually, as he warmed to his theme, took on what I called his prospectus manner. "Bugs," said he, "are the greatest problem of the ages. Where does the food of man and every useful beast come from?" he asked oratorically. "Primarily from the fields, the cultivated fields. The fabled home of aboriginal man was a garden, and every unspoiled heart burns to pass its old age next the soil, so strong is the voice of Nature still. And why should not the whole world be once again a garden of Eden? Because of bugs. Bugs alone. For fifty centuries man has gone on earning his bread in the sweat of his face, because for every mouthful he raises for himself he raises three for the bugs. Eliminate bugs and you quadruple the food supply of the world, and vastly lessen the labor.

"And what have we done in all these thousands of years?" Rhetoric had him in its grip. "Nothing. Nothing at all. *Absolut nichts*. Worse than nothing. Even our simian relatives are wiser than we, for they at least consume plant and bug together. But we have gone on perversely improving, inventing new plants, new and choicer food for bugs, and against the real evil we have devised only two miserable subterfuges that couldn't deceive an intelligent bug for a

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I SAW THAT LEATHERY THROAT GAPE WIDER AND WIDER AS THE BEAKER APPROACHED.

minute. We either try to poison the bug, or we set one bug to catch another, in either case expecting the victim to step aside from the plain path of natural eating to invite his fate. The abnormal bug, the over-curious and flighty bug, may step aside and perish, but the great normal bug! And all the time Nature has held the solution before our eyes!"

Under the turgid current of Roberts's words I began to see a rock bottom of truth, one of those ideas so great—and so simple—that we call the men who first perceive them geniuses. "I see," said I. "You would——"

"I would set the plant to catch the bug and feed on him," said Roberts simply. "De-

velop the latent protective powers of the plant, add new ones to it by breeding. Nature has our material ready. I've been reading about them for a week. In the swamps of Carolina grows a plant, Venus's flytrap, which captures insects and feeds on them. Dozens of plants move very perceptibly—Sicyos, Echinocystis, and the rest. Desmodium gyrans of the Indies waggles its leaves impatiently all day long. The tendrils of the grape and other vines have enormous prehensile strength. Combine these powers, develop them to the utmost, give them meaning, graft such a plant on each and every useful vegetable, and you have what? A self-pro-

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tected garden which is self-nourishing as well. No more spraying, no more fertilizing, no more grubbing——"

"Roberts, I congratulate you!" I cried, as I dug a fat white grub from the roots of a drooping strawberry. "The greatest opportunity of history lies before you. Think of the fame, and the wealth——"

"Think of the good," said the good-hearted fellow quietly, but his eyes shone. A procession of heavily-loaded wagons swung into his drive at that moment. "Greenhouses," he explained. "The old ones were too small. And I go to the agricultural college to-day to study the latest methods of propagation. When I do a thing, I *do* it. Wish me luck, old fellow."

"I *do* wish you luck," I assured him. "And I know you will succeed."

Roberts gripped my hand and swung down the Oak Path with his vigorous strides, and that was the last I saw of my old friend and neighbor for many months. He did not visit me nor write, and I kept away, for I knew he was busy heart and soul. Alchemist seeking touchstone could go no deeper in a quest than Roberts went. But along in the spring, four years ago, his old gardener, Higgins, brought me a note.

"Can you come over?" it read. "I've been waiting till I could report progress. It has been a long hunt, but I believe I'm on the way to results. Come and see for yourself."

"Let me get a cap, Higgins," I cried joyfully. "I knew Mr. Roberts would succeed."

"Call it success if you like, sir," said Higgins so dolefully that I looked at him in surprise. His face was pale and drawn, his eyes were furtive. As I inspected him, the breeze whipped the corner of a curtain softly against his sleeve, and he leaped forward jerkily, with all the horror of a victim of delirium trémens in his face. He caught my eye, and stared sullenly at the floor. "Beg your pardon, sir," he muttered. "I'm a bit nervous."

"What's wrong, Higgins?" I asked.

"Nowt, perhaps," he grunted. Then suddenly he broke into speech. "I make bold to beg you not to go, sir. Let them as pries into devils' secrets go their gait alone. There's un-Christian doings yon, sir, that make an honest body's flesh creep. Have no part in 'em, sir."

"Nonsense," I said sharply, but I was far from calm. Higgins's manner was disquieting in its semblance to madness, and for the first time certain unpleasant possibilities occurred to me. We went down by the Oak Path in silence, and up to a great range of glass houses. Higgins stopped at the door. "There's them that has business inside, I suppose," he said stolidly. "I bide in God's air."

I was greeted by a lean, bespectacled young man, who was clad in white linen, and who had the impassive bearing and noiseless movements common to men bred in hospitals and laboratories. The matter-of-fact scientist was stamped on every line of him, and yet his first words gave me a shock of surprise. "We shall find Mr. Roberts in the diet-kitchen," he said. His tone was so grave that I hid the smile his phrase provoked, and he led me away to a high, white-tiled room.

Roberts was bent over a test tube that bubbled on a table, so intent on its contents that he did not note our arrival, and I had a moment to note the changes in him. His figure, once burly, had lost its erectness and its rotundity, and his motions were catlike in their delicacy. But when he turned I saw a greater alteration. His ruddy cheeks were smooth and pallid, his eyes grave and searching, and his whole face bore the mask of passionless alertness which I had noted in my conductor and in another young man who had joined us in the corridor.

His voice, too, had lost its boisterous heartiness; but he greeted me warmly nevertheless, and after we had chatted a moment the strangeness wore off, and I began to see the humor of the situation.

"And so this is the 'diet-kitchen,'" I said with a laugh. "Even plants eat nowadays?"

Roberts looked at me gravely. "Plants have always eaten," he said, and the lean assistants smiled a trifle superciliously. I laughed again. "But not all have been fortunate enough to get cooked food," I said.

"You forget that we are dealing with carnivorous plants," said Roberts, still without the shadow of a smile. My amusement faded, as once more an unpleasant sense of the possibilities of his experiments came to me. I believe that even then I had a dim foreboding of the evil that was to come.

But the long aisles of the growing houses into which we passed were commonplace enough. By the variations in heat and moisture I could tell that the plants which crowded about me had been gathered from many climates, but otherwise there was nothing out of the ordinary in what I saw.

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Nothing, certainly, to justify Higgins's preference for "God's air."

At last we stepped into a little internal court, where stood a small house with roof and walls of whitened glass. As we approached it, the assistants dropped their low-toned chatter, and an additional shade of solemnity came into Roberts's face. He lowered his voice as he opened the door. "You have seen what we had to work with," he said. "Now see the result."

My first sensation was one of disappointment, my next of pity for my friend. Ranged along a bench on the western wall stood perhaps a dozen stout, fleshy plants, much resembling the common century plant with the central cone of leaves removed. Trailing along the opposite wall and festooned to the roof were some uncommonly heavy creepers. And that was all. But as I stood and strove for some unmeaning word to break the embarrassing silence, I became aware of a gentle murmur, a soft rustling of leaves, and looking closer I saw that all was in motion about me. The thick stems of the creepers swayed slowly with a writhing motion, their leaves fanned gently in the still, hot air, the fleshy bayonets of the century plants slowly coiled and uncoiled their finger-like tips. "Good heavens!" I cried. "They're alive!"

"All plants are alive," said Roberts dryly, and again his assistants' lips curled. "But these are alive enough to strike even the careless eye," he went on. "Dr. Judd, suppose you give Saprogens a drink."

The lean assistant filled a small beaker with some reddish liquid, and set it beside one of the century plants. For some time there was no change, and we all grew impatient. "*He doesn't smell it!*" muttered Roberts suddenly, and sprinkled a drop or two of the liquid on the plant. Instantly a leaf contracted violently. Then slowly it bent outward and downward, and the fleshy finger at its tip closed firmly about the beaker. "Come closer," cried Roberts eagerly. Reluctantly I approached and—believe it who can—the center of that plant, where the spike of leaf buds should have been, was a hole, lined with some dull leathery substance, which palpitated as I watched. Fascinated by the very repulsiveness of the thing, I saw that leathery throat gape wider and wider as the beaker approached, and then I started back with a nervous shudder. For all along the bench other plants were tossing and writhing their fat arms with helpless appetite!

"It is unpleasant," said Roberts kindly. "I feel it myself, and Saprogens will never be my pet. But it is indispensable for our work. Its carnivorous instincts are very highly developed."

He showed me the other products of his toil: the huge creepers armed with the modified and strengthened clamps of the Venus's flytrap at every tip; the Convolvulus agilis, as he called it, a tiny plant which shot out its little tendrils at passing insects with the speed and precision of a lasso; and, most curious of all, a wonderful grubbing thing which sent its roots burrowing under ground, each one armed with the deadly trap, and engulfed a worm from the surface as we watched it. As I saw these marvels at work, my horror was forgotten and my enthusiasm returned. Standing with my back to Saprogens, I congratulated Roberts warmly, and in response to my words the old boyish sparkle came into his eyes. "I feel I shall succeed," he said. "All my material is ready at last. Give me another year of solitude, and then—a plant with the rapid growth and wonderful strength of those climbers, with the agility of Agilis, the root action of that Panicum, the digestive powers and unquenchable appetite of Saprogens! Think of it! Plant one a sentinel every thirty feet, and——"

I cried out with uncontrollable horror. A cool firm touch had fallen on my neck. Jerking my head about, I saw the armed end of a second creeper swinging toward me through the air. I had learned the secret of Higgins's nervousness, and I shrank away.

"There was a ladybug on your coat," Roberts explained. "It startled you? One gets used to it soon."

But the quiet, murmuring room had become unbearable to me, and I took my leave of it and Roberts as soon as possible. "Give me a year more," were his last words, "and then we'll have time for the boating and shooting again. I'm going to win."

He waved me a cheery farewell, but I hurried away with the foreboding of evil things to come strong upon me. I could not forget the hungry, writhing leaves of Saprogens, nor the devilish precision of Agilis. Above all I could not forget those words of Roberts's, "*He doesn't smell it!*" It was all very well for him to say that all plants are alive, but he treated these as sentient animals. He was meddling with the boundaries of Nature.

For a long time I was nervous and troubled, and after the least excitement would have

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A LASHING ARM STRUCK THE GRATING JUST BEFORE MY FACE.

dreams of cold, green, writhing, gripping, hungry things; but long before a year was up Roberts and his world ceased to play any active part in my life.

Coming back from the South this last spring, however, I remembered that the period set by Roberts was long over, and soon after reaching Oncoast I went across to visit him. Dr. Judd met me in the lobby of the glass houses, and I fancied I saw a shade of embarrassment in his greeting. "Mr. Roberts is out of town for a day or two," he said.

"Away!" I cried. "That means that he's succeeded. Roberts is not the man for jaunting when his work is waiting. He *has* succeeded?"

A slight film seemed to cross Dr. Judd's eyes. "Yes," he said hesitatingly, "I may say—that the experiments—have been successful. More successful, in a way, than we had hoped or perhaps wis—successful beyond all expectation," he amended. "Come in and see the result. I am sure Mr. Roberts would wish it. The fact is, he's away."

Puzzled by the distrait manner of young Dr. Judd, I followed him without a word, and presently we emerged into the little central court. The walls and roof of the small house had been covered with a heavy lattice-

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work of iron rods, and the door was secured with a heavy padlock. To my surprise, also, a freshly painted placard announced in large letters,

"DANGEROUS. KEEP OUT."

Unheeding this warning, young Dr. Judd unlocked and opened the door, with no sign of emotion beyond a certain doggedness of look and movement, and after a moment of hesitation I followed him within. The room was almost dark, and the air was hot and close and heavy with an acrid, pungent odor which I did not recognize at once. The light from the open door penetrated but a few feet, enabling me to see only a heavy screen of woven wire.

"Don't be alarmed," said Dr. Judd in a whisper. "I will close the door and your eyes will adjust themselves in a moment. It is supersensitive to-day, and we've darkened the house to calm it."

The weird suggestion of his words was lost on me, for in the gloom beyond the screen the reality was beginning to take shape. The interior of the house had been stripped of benches and plants, and in its center, on a mound of grayish earth, squatted a huge Saprogens. A Saprogens, and yet unlike any others I had seen, for from the circle of fleshy leaves rose a crown of creepers—I suppose I must call them that—of round corded arms thick as a man's wrist, incredibly long, and armed at the ends with huge traps; and the gray dust about the—plant—rose in little clouds as the roots wormed about beneath. Wormed about—for all the deadly thing was quivering with life, its broad leaves writhing and coiling and licking the air greedily with their fleshy fingers, its arms drawing in and lashing out with aimless fury, its traps opening and shutting with lightning rapidity, and all in silence. No, silence would not have been so horrible. There was the soft thud of the falling dust, and a thin, whistling murmur, crescendo and decrescendo in regular gradations. When the meaning of that sound burst on me my heart seemed to stand still.

"My God, man," I cried, "it is alive! It —breathes!"

At the sound of my voice a convulsion seized the thing. Writhing and lashing, it seemed struggling to tear itself from the ground, and the quivering roots creaked with the strain, while Dr. Judd's voice whispered: "All plants breathe. In Octopodousa ferox, as might be expected, the transpirational processes are exaggerated and accelerated till they become perceptible. It is very——"

A lashing arm struck the grating just before my face and my nerves gave way. I flung open the door and fled to the court, followed by the remainder of Dr. Judd's sentence, "—interesting in its present excitability. I must call Mr. Roberts at once."

"Call Roberts," I echoed, as Dr. Judd came out. "Then he's here?"

Dr. Judd flushed slightly. "I regret the deception," he said. "I indulged in it only because a layman is apt to overemphasize the risks which are the concomitants of all research. Mr. Roberts is in his room, slightly injured."

"By—by *That?*"

"By Octopodousa," said the doctor. "He incautiously ventured too close while it was feeding, it lashed out with a tendril, and his arm was torn by the modified leaves."

"The infernal thing must be killed at once," I cried.

Dr. Judd smiled slightly. "Mr. Roberts would hardly consent," he said, "for it is the only adult male plant of the sort in existence. Any botanist would gladly be torn in pieces by it. Besides," he added thoughtfully, "it's rather doubtful if it could be killed by any means we know."

To my surprise Roberts, when I saw him a day or two later, seemed to share Dr. Judd's feeling and made light of my disgust and terror. "My dear fellow," he said, "the plant was in a hyperirritated state, and I simply paid the penalty of carelessness. To bring it to the reproductive stage we planted it in ground bone and fed it with —with blood, and those two substances, furnishing almost all the elements which make up animal flesh, developed its carnivorous instincts to their utmost degree. By simply regulating its diet we can hold it at any degree of ferocity which seems desirable."

"How do you know that?" I demanded.

"By analogy," said Roberts.

"And you'll trust to analogy and sow Oncoast with those devilish things," I cried. "You should be locked up."

A gleam of the old business keenness shot across his face. "Thank you for reminding me," he said. "We have enough young plants to protect an acre, and they must be set out at once. Don't be alarmed; all the

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insects in the county could hardly rouse them to real activity. We shall have to stimulate by feeding."

To be brief, Roberts did actually set a garden of two acres with sentinels of Octopodousa ferox, as he had named it, and for several months the results were all that could be desired. It was a year of abundant insects, and the plants kept the vegetables free from their attacks. The only difficulty arose with the gardeners. Higgins quit at the very start, and his successor, one Patrick Mulvaney, left just at the beginning of July. "Get ye a man that don't drink at ahl," he advised. "I do be havin' bad dreams at night. An' weedin's the sorry work annyway, with them plants clinging round yer legs, an' runnin' their fingers down yer neck, an' stickin' their greasy hands in yer paw-wkets."

You smile, gentlemen. So did I at the time, for I was lulled in a sense of false security. But now— To get on, Roberts and Dr. Judd took care of the garden between them, and the vegetables throve, and Roberts throve as well. With success the shroud of detachment which his search had wrapped around him fell away, his figure regained its stoutness, his cheeks their red, his voice became hearty once more, and his humor had the old boisterousness. I used often to stroll over of a morning to watch the Octopodousæ at work, and many an evening we whiled away smoking and talking of the future and watching them catch browntail moths.

"Show me the Hessian that can outwit that!" Roberts would say. "It's too good to be true. Only wait, now, till we decide on the way to turn this over to the Department of Agriculture, and we'll go away and fish in comfort."

"Then you will give it——"

"Yes, it's my contribution to the world," he said. "It's a lot of easy money to throw away," he murmured wistfully, "but—here's where your Uncle Robert gets even with the lambs he's fleeced." And he smiled kindly at his busy plants.

All might have gone well, I still believe, but for a coincidence which no man could foresee. I refer to the coming of the seventeen-year locusts. Early in August the advance swarms arrived, and the Octopodousæ showed the effect of their increased nutriment at once. On the morning of the third, while Roberts and I stood beside the fields, a long arm suddenly shot up and grasped a robin which was flying over. "Strange!" Roberts muttered. "That tendril must have developed over night."

Before our eyes the field was stirred to a feverish activity, and the ruddiness left Roberts's cheek as he gazed. Suddenly a faint call for help rose from the upper corner of the field. It was Dr. Judd, who had been grasped by two plants as he was hilling up potatoes, and was unable to free himself. With some difficulty Roberts and I reached him and released him, and we all three regained the edge of the field a trifle upset by this misadventure. "If this goes on," said Roberts, the scientific mask slipping back over his face, "we shall have to adopt repressive measures."

That afternoon the main body of the locusts descended on us, the largest cloud I have ever seen, and the Octopodousæ were very busy up to the time I went to bed. On the morning of the fourth I went over early, full of anxiety, but to my relief the situation seemed unchanged. The locusts poured in all that day.

On the morning of the fifth, Roberts was accompanied to the field by his Airedale bitch, Floss, and four puppies which were just beginning to run about. As they stood some twenty feet from the edge, three arms suddenly lashed out, seized the puppies, and whisked them into the growth of Octopodousa, which now overshadowed all else. Floss, with the silent gaminess of her breed, dashed to the rescue, but had hardly reached the edge when she gave one shriek of deadly terror. An enormous arm had seized her and swept her away. She was never seen again.

Roberts was sick, all of us were sick, with the shock of that, but worse was to come.

The field by this time was in a state of the wildest excitement, the breathing of the plants was distinctly audible, and their arms were lashing continually thirty feet in air. But on the evening of the ninth there was a temporary lull in their activity, and, deceived by that, the nurse of little Miss Maysie, Roberts's orphan niece, was tempted too close to the edge of the field with her charge, and all at once an arm caught both child and woman. Roberts and Judd, who were strolling near, fortunately heard their cries, and after a tremendous struggle released them. But the shock was too great for little Miss Maysie's nerves, and two nights later she died in convulsions of mortal terror.

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DR. JUDD HAD BEEN GRASPED BY TWO PLANTS AND WAS UNABLE TO FREE HIMSELF.

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I had been with Roberts from the time of her accident, and Dr. Judd and I now took him in charge, one of us being constantly with him, for his mental condition was alarming. He seemed to regard the field with a personal hatred, and once had been detected stealing toward it with an eight-bore gun, muttering incoherent threats. We watched him unobtrusively, striving to soothe him in every way, but his reason was too far gone, and at last——

I shall never forget that night of the fifteenth. Roberts had seemed far more rational than usual, and at ten I went to bed, leaving Judd with him. Suddenly I was roused by the sound of running feet on the roof of the veranda and a muffled cry from Judd. As quickly as possible we ran down and out through the orchard, calling loudly. But we got no answer, and when we reached the edge of the fatal fields all was silent. Only the Octopodousæ were awake, tossing and breathing with excitement and appetite, their glaucous arms glistening gray and snaky in the moonlight. That, I am sure, as I stood there beside the living grave of my friend who had suffered the bitterest of all fates, to be eaten by a plant he had himself created, was the most gruesome moment of my life.

The climax of the grave gentleman's tale held his audience in breathless silence for a moment. Then suddenly the porter, who had been an eager though unobtrusive listener, gave way to a mellow and irresistible chuckle. "Sold again!" ejaculated a person in a plaided waistcoat, and laughed somewhat sheepishly, and one by one the others joined him. But their mirth was quickly hushed.

"Not R. D. Roberts, sir?" said a young man brokenly, putting a trembling hand on the narrator's arm. "You don't mean HIM*?"*

"Robert Dale Roberts was the name of my unfortunate friend," said the grave gentleman. "You seem shocked. I hope——"

"He had offices in Broad Street," said the young man, controlling himself with difficulty; "he had a small wart on his nose."

For the first time the grave gentleman showed some excitement. "It is the same," he muttered with twitching lips. "Speak; he was your——"

"Good heavens, sir," cried the young man. "He was my——"

A cry of horror drowned his words. The porter's face was pallid, his eyeballs rolled up, his jaw hung loose, and his teeth chattered. "My Gawd, gen'l'm'n," he moaned. "Oh, my Gawd! AH DONE THOUGHT ALL DAT WAS DES A STORY!"

OUR DUST

By LYDIA SCHUYLER

THE winds of God took up the sand
And swept and harried it through the land,
Grinding it in their whirling mills,
Dashing it on the granite hills.
And when it dropped upon the beach,
Rasping its grains there each with each,
Dragging it whither it would not go,
The tides of God rolled to and fro.
His breakers with their heavy tread
Stamped ever upon its restless bed,
And then his blasts began once more
To scourge it up and down the shore.
Yet still the sand with hardihood
Cried upward to the throne of God:
Thou art thyself, Creator, and
We are ourselves, these grains of sand.

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THE TITLE MARKET

By EMILY POST

Author of "Woven in the Tapestry," "The Flight of a Moth," "Purple and Fine Linen," etc.

Illustrations by J. H. Gardner Soper

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENT: The story opens in the Prince Sansevero's Italian country house, with his confession to his American wife, Eleanor, that he has just lost money in an ill-advised investment. Her fortune has been so far exhausted by her husband's gambling that her income is insufficient to meet this fresh demand, and she has now no resource save the sale of her remaining jewels and the sacrifice of the usual winter in Rome. This latter becomes a serious matter when the princess gets word that her niece, Nina Randolph, a great American heiress, is coming to visit her. The prince, however, solves the problem to his own satisfaction by giving a famous Raphael, as security for a loan, to the Duke Scarpa, whom the princess deeply distrusts. The event proves that her feeling is just, for Scarpa secretly sells the picture to a dealer who is to send it out of Italy, thus making Sansevero an unconscious violator of the law against allowing art treasures to leave the country. Meantime, in her home in New York and at the steamer, Nina Randolph is saying good-by to her friends—chief among them John Derby, a typical straightforward young American who, it is hinted, may follow her to Italy, on business, before the winter is over.

CHAPTER V

IT was a few days after Nina's arrival in Italy; one of the glorious mornings when the famous Sansevero gardens were full of golden light, bringing into high relief the creamy marble of statues that had in other centuries been white. Against the deep waxy green of shrubs and hedges, the fountains seemed to be tossing liquid diamonds; and beyond the marble balustrades of the descending terraces, the hills rolled away in soft gray billows of young olive leaves and powdered slopes of blossoming orange branches. In contrast with this background of green and marble and roses and flowers and fountains stood Nina, enveloped in furs.

"What I can't understand," she was saying to her aunt, "is how the flowers are hypnotized into believing it warm weather. It is every bit as cold as New York; yet if we were to ask these same shrubs to live in our gardens, they would hang their heads and die at the mere suggestion."

She looked up at the irregular stone pile of the old castle, against which semi-tropical vines climbed so high as partially to cover even the great square tower; and involuntarily she exclaimed, "It is so beautiful, so beautiful—it almost hurts; oh, the color of the sunshine—the brilliancy, yet the softness—and then to be with you!" Enthusiastically she pressed her aunt's arm.

Just then there was the sound of tramping on the gravel walk. Nina turned, and the next instant her curiosity was aroused. Who in the world were all these people? As her aunt paid no attention, she repeated her question, and the princess casually glanced in their direction. It was probably a party of Cook's tourists. Yes, she recognized the conductor.

Nina watched the party with increasing interest. "Look how funny that little woman is. When the guide tells her anything, she follows his directions as though he had a string tied to her nose." Nina began to laugh, and the princess turned to see two of the tourists, who, like rodents, seemed to be judging a statue of Hermes entirely by the sense of smell. The party came nearer, and the princess turned away. But Nina, alert, exclaimed, "The guide is pointing you out to them."

"Very likely; one gets used to that. Come, let us go on; they will be all over here in a few minutes." The crowd craned after her as she went down the terrace, followed by Nina.

"Do you mean to say you give up your own home like this to strangers?" the girl asked. "It must be a perfect nuisance!"

"It is all a matter of custom," the princess answered. "Besides, the people don't annoy us. They go usually on the lower terraces; at most they come up to the old courtyard galleries, perhaps mount the tower to see the view, or go into the catacombs."

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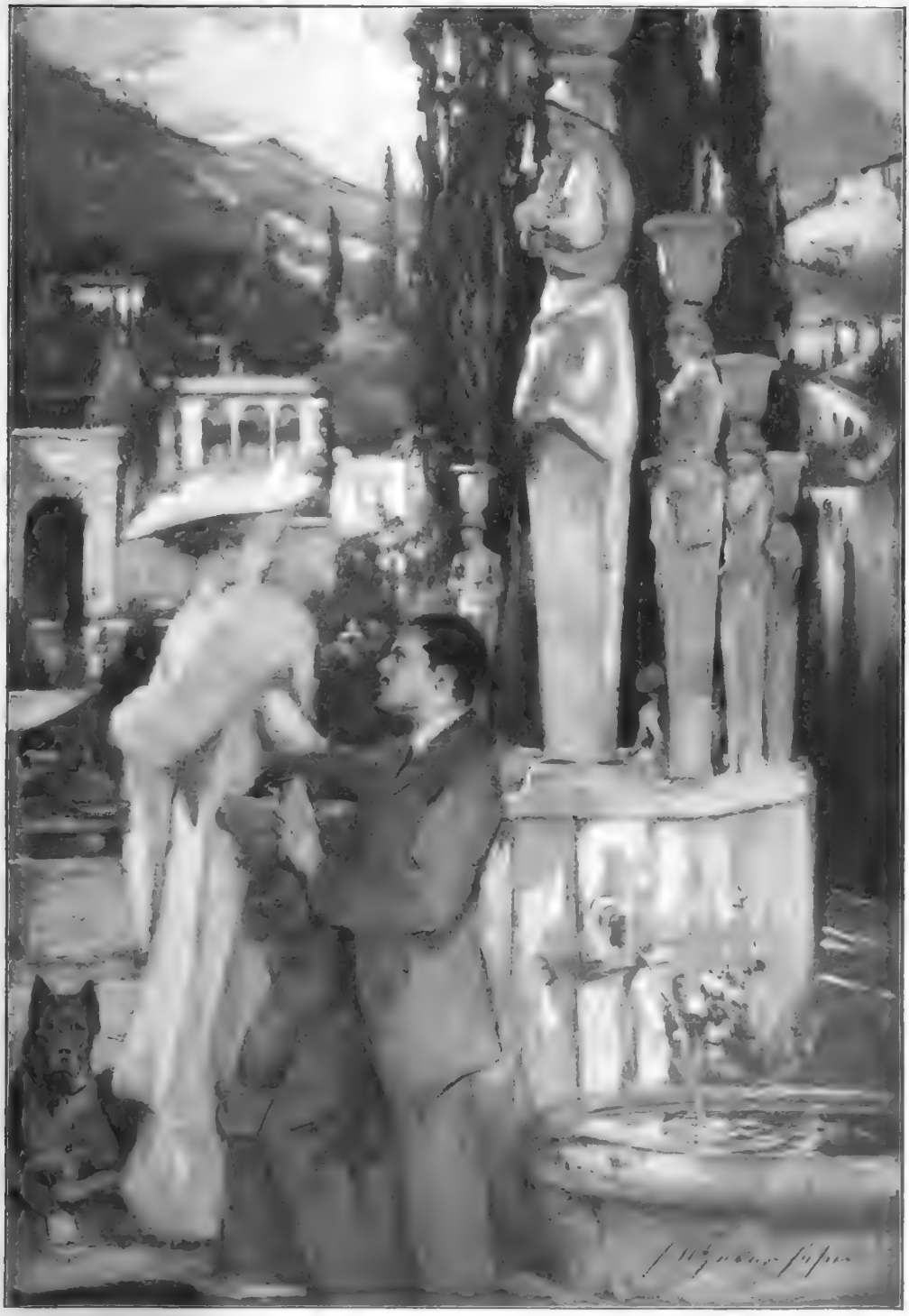

"WE OF ITALY," HE WAS SAYING, "LIVE, ENDURE, DIE, IF NEED BE,—ALWAYS FOR THE GOOD REASON—WOMAN AND LOVE!"

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At the bare mention of catacombs Nina was greatly excited and must go at once! "Oh, come! Do come!" She fairly dragged her aunt after the party to the steep dark entrance leading from an old stone dungeon that was falling in ruins. The tourists were descending in an awed silence in which nothing could be heard but the groping shuffle of cautious feet, broken by the hollow echo of the guide's voice reciting his singsong jargon of what he supposed to be English. He held a lantern that revealed a long alleyway of crumbling mud-colored stone. Nina tried to make out something of his glib discourse, but soon gave it up.

"What is he talking about?" she whispered.

The princess disentangled the tradition from the overburdening names and dates: those scratches he was pointing out on the walls were supposed to be a cryptic message from some refugees in need of provisions. It was not a very authentic story, though.

As the princess spoke in English, two tourists detached themselves from the huddled group around the guide and sidled up to her.

"Can you tell me," asked one, a wizened small person who, in the flickering light of the lantern, was strongly suggestive of a mouse, "are there many buried here? The guide has been explaining, and I am stupid, I know, but for the life of me I can't understand a word he says." Her voice was a little dejected, and altogether apologetic.

"We do not think there are any," the princess answered

The little tourist blinked, hesitated, and then asked, confidentially, "Did the guide say you were the princess of this castle? We couldn't make out."

By this time two others, inquisitive and gaping, joined the spokeswoman, who, as the princess assented, exclaimed, "My!"

That ended the conversation for the time being; and the party trooped on in silence. But after a little the small mousy one's curiosity overcame her diffidence. "Land, it'd be queer to live in a place like this! Do you come down here much, Your Highness?"

Nina nearly giggled, but the princess replied, "I have been down only once or twice. There is no use to which we can put these passageways nowadays."

"You know, Your Highness," returned the little tourist, now glibly at ease, "I think it'd be a good place for growing mushrooms."

The guide interrupted by mounting a pair of stairs and holding up his lantern with the order to "come this way." They all stumbled up the crumbling steps after him and suddenly found themselves behind the altar of a chapel that stood at the far end of the garden.

"For pity's sake!" cried the little tourist, her eyes again blinking—this time at the light. "I never was in such a wonderful place in all my life. My! It won't seem like anything at all to go down cellar at home after I get back! Is this the way you go to meeting? Oh, no—you said you hadn't been down often. Maybe this is the way to go when it rains! It don't rain much here, does it? My, but that's an idea—to go underground to church. I wonder how ever you get used to it." And then irrelevantly she added, "All these beautiful churches over here in Yurrup, not a pew in one of 'em."

"They bring out these kneeling chairs for service," the princess said, pointing to a number against one wall of the chapel.

Again all the tourist could say was her ever ready "My!"

"Would you like to see some of the castle?" the princess asked. "There is a picture gallery not usually opened to visitors, also some apartments with frescoes that are worth seeing." Then to the guide, "You may take them into the west wing." The tourists looked variously, according to their several dispositions; the little one beamed.

"Oh, that's real kind of Your Highness," she exclaimed, her small gray person fluttering, more than ever like a mouse. "I must say that's real kind. I just dote on pictures. Do you like crayons? Well, I like oils best myself, but there are some who have a taste for crayons. The photographer's son—out where I live—he is real talented. He did some beautiful portraits. Folks thought he ought to come over here right away and study art. But others thought there was just as good art right at home. Now, what'd you say?"

Her good intention quite won the princess, and her accent warmed her heart in a way that Nina would have been at a loss to understand.

They had reached the west door, and now proceeded through innumerable rooms, always to the distant droning singsong of the guide's explanations. Finally they came to the picture gallery. It was not a notable collection, with one or two exceptions; and one of these exceptions was strikingly absent. The guide left the group and approached the

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"SO THAT IS THE NEW AMERICAN HEIRESS," SAID THE DUCHESS.

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princess, exclaiming, "Excellency! The Raphael!"

"His Excellency has taken it to be repaired." Her hesitation was scarcely perceptible. "The background was sinking a little."

The man quite forgot himself and in his excitement dared a retort—"It was one of the best preserved Raphaels extant." But the expression in the princess' straight-gazing eyes held his further speech in check, and though she said no word the man cringed.

"Pardon, Excellency," he said, and went back to explain to the waiting group that the great painting of the Sansevero collection at that moment was being carefully examined, by experts, as to its preservation. Nevertheless, there was a look in his face that caused Nina to turn to her aunt with an apprehension, that gave rise to a vague suspicion that the princess, who was walking slowly, her head very high and her beautiful shoulders well back, was struggling to hide some strong emotion. She thought later that she might have been mistaken, for her aunt, with her usual composure, asked after a moment, "Have you a watch on? What time is it?"

Nina consulted the diamond and enamel trinket hanging on a chain around her neck. "It is ten minutes to one. Is it lunch time?"

"Nearly. Are you hungry? We are not having lunch to-day until half after. I have a surprise for you."

"For me? What is it to be?"

"My young brother-in-law, Giovanni, comes home to-day. I expect him on the twelve-thirty train. Your uncle has gone to the station to fetch him—they ought to arrive at any moment."

Nina's face looked brightly expectant. "Tell me something about him! Is he half as good-looking as his pictures?"

"Ah? So she has been examining his photographs!"

"Of course!" Nina laughed. "Oh, please tell me something about him! Does he speak English? French? Or shall I have to struggle in broken Italian? Is he like Uncle Sandro?"

"Wait until you see him."

"At least tell me does he speak English?"

"He speaks beautiful French."

"Which means, I suppose, that he speaks monkey English!"

But the princess vouchsafed no reply. The tourists were all filing out of the castle now, and as the porter locked the doors, the princess shook hands with the little American.

"Thank you, Your Highness," said the tourist, "you have been real kind. I never dreamed princesses were like you; and you talk beautiful English, too."

With a warm impulse the princess laid her left hand over the cotton-gloved one in her right.

"Ah, but I was an American myself," she said, "and it does me good to see a countrywoman."

They parted. Again the guide made a deep reverence to "Her Excellency," but to Nina the look in his eyes seemed both sly and suspicious.

In the meantime, the pony cart carrying the prince and his brother was jogging slowly up the hills from the station.

Don Giovanni Sansevero—by his own title the Marchese di Valdo—was still on the hither side of thirty, but if a reputation for being "irresistible to women" goes for anything, he must by this time have had some experience in their ways. He was as supple and as beautifully built as a panther, his bones were small and finely jointed, his features chiseled with classic regularity—later on his lips might grow coarse, but as yet they were merely full. The chief characteristic of his expression was its mobility, but it was the mobility of an actor who knows every emotion that the muscles of a face can command. Sansevero's face, also changeable as an April day, was the spontaneous expression of unconscious mood. Giovanni was of a type to smile sweetly when most angry, or to assume an air of sulkiness when at heart he might be well content. Just now, with an assumption of extreme indifference, he turned to his brother:

"What is she like, this heiress of yours whom you are so anxious to have me marry?" he asked. "Plain, stupid, a nonentity?—So much the better—those make the easy wives to manage. Give me a woman with little real success—I mean, one who has seen only the imitation fire that is lighted when man pursues with reason and not with feeling. The American men make it easy for the rest of us—they are what you call curtain raisers in the play of love. They keep the gallery busy until the entrance of the hero. I hope she is not a beauty."

"*Per Bacco*, how you do talk!" interrupted the prince. "I have no chance to answer. Miss Randolph is not a beauty; but she is *simpatica;* she has an air, a *chic.*"

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"So much the better, so long as the *chic* is one of appearance and not of personality. I don't want my wife to be a siren." Suddenly he laughed and hit his brother's knee. "But what nonsense! Imagine a cold American miss having the power to make a man's pulses leap! Oh, don't make a face like that—I am not speaking of my honored sister-in-law; she is indeed of the true type of our mother." Mechanically both men indicated the sign of the cross at the word "mother." "Even I might be respectable if a woman such as she loved me as she loves you. But," he grew flippant again, "to marry one of those nose-in-the-air, soulless, school-teacher prudes—I am not so sure I want to marry your heiress. I am very well as I am!" He shrugged his shoulders. A moment later, though, he put a question. "What is her first name?—I have forgotten."

"Nina."

"Nina! Really a charming name, that! One that can be said without breaking consonants against the teeth. There was a girl once, very pretty, but she was called—I can never pronounce it—E-d-i-t-h—those are the letters. But Ni-na! It has a delicious sound." He let it slip over his tongue. Then he put his head on one side and asked quizzically, "How much has she?"

Sansevero looked up quickly; he hesitated a moment, then answered stiffly: "She has a great fortune, but she is also my niece."

Giovanni raised his eyebrows, and then burst into shouts of laughter.

"What has come over you! It was you who suggested the match! You know as well as I that my debts don't disturb me in the least. It is quite easy always to—borrow, if one must pay."

CHAPTER VI

Don Giovanni arrived on Tuesday, and Saturday found him out on the terrace leaning over the balustrade beside Nina. His expression was unusually animated, for he was making the most of his first chance to talk to her without the presence of a third person. Not that they were alone—the Princess Sansevero was too much of an Italian to leave a young girl for a moment unchaperoned. But she was walking about with the head gardener, discussing the possibilities of saving a grove of cypress trees that showed signs of dying; and though she kept the young people well in sight, she could not overhear their conversation. Giovanni's big dog, St. Anthony, was lying outstretched in the sunshine.

In the full light, Nina had ample opportunity for observing that her companion was quite as good-looking in detail as in general effect; and the rhythmic inflection of his voice —he spoke in French— she thought truly attuned to his surroundings. He was one of those who, like Italy itself, give to strangers only the suggestion of their meaning, and he interested Nina chiefly as a new unsolved problem.

Gradually the habitual sleepy expression had returned to his eyes, and his voice grew dreamy. "We of Italy," he was saying, "live, endure, die, if need be—always for the same reason—woman and love! Your men in America"—his teeth glittered as he smiled —"tell me, Mademoiselle, do you believe they know what it is to love? Do they hide it, perhaps, from us Europeans?"

"I should think," answered Nina sagely, "that love means more to our men than to you." (A remark that John Derby had made came into her mind as she spoke: "You will find your own countrymen go in for the real thing, where the foreigner spends all his time talking about it.")

Don Giovanni was too thoroughly a European to become argumentative. "You see, I speak only from hearsay," he continued, with that air of agreeing with her which only the Latin possesses. "I have always been led to suppose that love plays a very small part in the lives of your countrymen." He held the thread of the conversation, but his manner said plainly that he only waited humbly to be enlightened. "I should have said," he went on, "an illustration of love in my country as contrasted with yours is shown in the gardens—just as our gardens bloom all the year, so love blooms always in our hearts; flowers and love, they go together; nowhere in the world are they so perfect as in Italy."

"So cultivated?" asked Nina.

He took no notice of the quip. "If to cultivate is to think of and to nurture, to strive always for greater perfection, then, yes, let us say cultivated."

There was a challenge; there was also a look of pity that annoyed her. It was this that she resented. She felt that she was being enmeshed in an invisible web, and she sought for a means of escape. Seeing none she might be sure of, she dropped the figurative speech and took refuge in platitudes.

"In America we admire a man for what he

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does—over here you do nothing. Each day for you is the same. You spend your time as a woman might, unless you go into the army, the church, or diplomacy. For instance, you, yourself, what is your ambition? Is there anything you are trying to do?"

Indolently he shrugged his shoulders, and with a half-lazy arrogance he answered, "Why should I try to create a personal and trivial future, when I can, without striving, merely survive from a far more glorious past? Listen, Mademoiselle, do you think as much can be accomplished by one short generation as by many? For instance, could a garden such as this be produced in the lifetime of one man?" He waved his arm in a circular motion. "It is not alone its plan and its fountains and its green shrubbery that make it what it is, but the history of human lives that is planted in its every turn and corner. The gardens of America are but newly born from the minds of your landscape architects; in most of them the trees are but newly planted. This garden was already stately with ilex and cypress when the first white men of North America were sowing a little corn. How can you feel romance in a garden where there is no tradition save of the hours a few laborers have spent in digging?"

Suddenly a look of real ardor came into his face, an animation into his expression that gave a new charm to his words. "On this terrace where we now stand, leaning upon the marble of this very railing, countless men who were heroes, poets, philosophers, and fair women who were their sweethearts, have looked, as we do, over the hills of olive and lemon and orange and fig blossoms. Up that path yonder to the monastery have gone pilgrims, sinners, martyrs, and many lovers to have their vows blessed, or to find a haven for broken hearts. In the *allée* of cypress trees have walked many of the great lovers of Italy's romance. From this terrace end Beatrice herself is said to have thrown a rose of that very bush's parent stem to her immortal lover. Every corner of the garden holds its story of meetings that made of it a paradise, of partings that made of it an inferno. What is paradise, but love? Inferno, but the sorrow of love? Down before us, and even up here on this terrace, scenes have been enacted in feud and in peace, horrible scenes of bloodshed and cruelty, and again scenes of splendor—gatherings of church, ceremonials of state, but chiefly scenes of love—some beautiful and happy, others no less beautiful because they were tragic. Shall I tell you some of the stories?"

Nina nodded an eager assent; Giovanni's manner held her completely.

"Almost where you are standing, Cecilia Sansevero was stabbed by Guido Corlone before he killed himself, so that they might be together in the next world. Out of that window, the third from the end, another daughter of our house descended by a silk ladder. They—she and her lover—took the path directly below here; the guards saw them. This happened just beside the statue yonder. He drew his sword and stood before her, but the guards were too many, and he was killed. She had poison in a locket that she wore, and almost before they could drag her arms from about her lover's neck, she also was dead."

"Horrible!" cried Nina. Her face, mobile as Giovanni's own, had unconsciously reflected, in changing expressions, the progress of his narrative. "To think that in such a place as this such things really happened." She shuddered, then added, "But, Don Giovanni, are there no pleasant stories? Please think of some."

"Oh, any number. Once there was a small house in the valley—a lodge, it would be called now. A very pretty girl lived there. This time it was the son of our house, a young, hot-headed fellow like all of us." Giovanni let just enough fire gleam in his eyes to give Nina a glimpse of another phase of him. "Well, this son—whose name was the same as mine, Giovanni, a Prince Sansevero—he was mad about this girl. He would marry her or he would take his life. She was the star of his destiny, the crown of his life, and all the rest of it. They were going to send her away—she was to go into a cloister; he was locked up in the castle. But the old custodian, who adored the boy, let him escape by the underground passage. He came out in the church. She had gone there to pray, knowing nothing of the underground way—it was kept a profound secret in those days. As the girl knelt, Giovanni appeared suddenly beside the altar. Her duenna thought him an apparition, and the two fled up to the monastery—that one you see from here."

"And then—?" said Nina breathlessly.

"The Father Abbot relented and married them."

Nina tried to discern the path to the monastery; in her imagination she saw them hurrying along on the night of their escape.

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"And then? In the end what became of them?"

"She bore him fifteen children; thirteen of them were girls."

Giovanni's manner was so casual as he said this that Nina laughed long and deliciously. He swung himself lightly over the balustrade and gathered her a long-stemmed rose from the bush whose early branches were supposed to have known the touch of Beatrice. Perhaps the legend was untrue, but his action, like the afternoon, held much that was alluring. Something of this allure lay in Giovanni's having the same name as the people he told about. Something, too, in the carelessness, and yet the pride, of his telling, made his tales enchanting, and seemed in some way to include his own personality in the chain of romance as its final link. The garden was spread before her. The underground passage she knew, and it wound directly beneath her feet. The chapel, the statue, the ruins of the little temple, the monastery encircling like a low crown the summit of the distant mountain, all were before her; and beside her was a son of the same race, of the same blood. She wondered vaguely why it was so much more apparent in Don Giovanni than in her uncle the prince. Prince Sansevero seemed quite modern; the Marchese di Valdo, though more modern actually than his brother, still seemed to keep his touch on the age that was past.

"Do these old legends please you, Mademoiselle? Or are you too restless? Too progressive? Americans, like the horse Pegasus, leap into the air without any need of foundation to stand on. We, over here, build, like the coral reefs, slowly perhaps, but always from the foundation up."

"I think," said Nina slowly, "it is the mystery of the past that makes it so wonderful. We never can know quite enough about it. All legends are like pictures seen through a fog; it lifts and shows a glimpse, then as quickly closes in again. I always want to know what happened next."

As she said this, she realized that she was more or less making an allegorical description of Giovanni himself. He was like his country and its traditions, revealing himself only in glimpses. He attracted her immensely through his subtle impersonality underlying all that was seemingly personal. She could not fathom his depth, nor determine his shallowness—she did not even guess which it might be. She was irresistibly drawn to him; yet she was on her guard, as one who, looking down from a great height, in fear of vertigo clings to the parapet over which he leans. The parapet she clung to was her own good American common sense. Yet she feared she did not know what. A little gleam in Giovanni's dark eyes, a curious, deliberate, intentionally produced expression of his smiling lips, swept over her sensibilities with a feeling that was as terrifying as it was delicious—and both perhaps because it was strange.

A little look—like triumph—flickered in his face; he laughed joyously. "Mademoiselle, you are—adorable!" he said.

CHAPTER VII

CHRISTMAS and New Year's passed, and the Sansevero household moved to Rome. The princess was impatient to have Nina meet people, but from the first glimpse of the Domed City its immortal charm claimed the American girl, and for a little while she had neither time nor inclination for anything but sight-seeing. She fairly hungered for history and tradition, and she soon made the discovery that if Don Giovanni *did* nothing, he at least *knew* a great deal.

She marveled at his memory. He seemed to have every name and date in the history of Rome and Italian art at the tip of his tongue. One afternoon they were going through the apartments of the Borgias; the princess, tired out with sight-seeing, was sitting at the edge of the room, and Giovanni was following Nina and pointing out the story illustrated in the frescoes.

"I have found at least one thing you could do!" she laughed. "You'd make a wonderful guide for Cook's."

But he was not at all amused by this sally; in fact, he let her see that he was annoyed. This same sort of unexpected response had baffled her several times before. He was a delightful companion, the most delightful she had ever known, but every now and then he became suddenly and inexplicably offended—and always over some stupid trifle, like this suggestion of hers about Cook's.

"I only meant," she ventured appeasingly, "that you hold all of Rome's history in the palm of your hand. Is there anything that you don't know?"

His gesture was expressive. He raised his eyebrows and opened both hands palms upward. "I am Roman—since—a thousand years."

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Nina changed the subject. "I wish," she said, "that they had wheeling chairs with head rests. I have a crick in my neck and my eyes are going crossed from looking so much at ceilings."

Giovanni's ill temper had been for a moment only. He smiled now and whimsically suggested that they write to the director of the Vatican asking that litters be provided. Why not? He grew quite enthusiastic over his description of how charming she would look between tall negro bearers, with a little black boy trotting beside her, carrying a long fan—no, in place of the fan he should carry a little stove.

"My idea was not half so picturesque," she laughed in answer. "I think I had a dentist's chair in mind—a red fuzzy plush one on wheels."

"And with me to push it?" He said it eagerly enough. Here was a contradiction of his late irritation! She did not dare, as a matter of fact, to answer; his melodies and his discords were too easily transposed.

Finally they reached the side of the room where the princess was waiting. They descended the stairs to the inner court of the Vatican, where they found their carriage; an old-fashioned C-spring landau, all very dignified and in striking contrast to the pony cart in which the princess was trundled about at Torre Sansevero.

A few minutes' drive brought them to the dingy pile of yellow stone that for centuries had borne the name of Palazzo Sansevero. The landau turned under one of its three yawning archways, and entered the courtyard. A plain stone stairway, worn and dingy like the rest of the façade, led into a vestibule of unpromising darkness. The doorkeeper, however, was very gorgeous and imposing in his knee breeches, white silk stockings, gold-trimmed coat, and his three-cornered hat with the prince's cockade at the side. He moved majestically down the steps, carrying a silver-headed mace, like a drum major's, and saluted as the "nobilities" entered the palace. They ascended the short flight, which led to a vast stone hall and grand stairway that quickly effaced the impression of the entrance. From an ante-chamber they passed through five or six rooms hung with tapestries and paintings, and adorned with sculptures, until they arrived at the one where the princess really lived.

As soon as the family had entered, the tea-tray was brought in and placed near the fire. Following the Roman custom, according to which the daughter of the house pours the tea, the princess motioned Nina to fill the office, and she herself sat at her desk and began rapidly writing on a pad of paper. Giovanni carried tea and muffins to her, while Nina poured out her own cup and helped herself to a third cake.

"Are these really so good?" she asked half wistfully. "Or are even these little cakes seemingly delicious only because they are in Rome? I am sure the cook at home made plenty that were every bit as good!" She said this last as though to convince herself.

"They are wonderful little cakes—they are very celebrated!" Giovanni said it with an aggrieved air that made Nina laugh. As though wilfully misunderstanding her, he turned to his sister-in-law.

"Such curious ideas Miss Randolph has about Rome! One would suppose, to hear her, that it was a land of witchcraft—even our food is to be taken with suspicion."

"Not at all," retorted Nina, with a turn of manner that would have done credit to an Italian, "a land of enchantment, which makes ordinary cakes—very ordinary little cakes, I tell you!—seem small squares and rounds of ambrosia."

"Children, you are chattering nonsense," the princess interfered. "Here, you lazy ones, help me to write the invitations!"

Nina arose and went to look over her aunt's shoulder. "Oh, but it is for day after to-morrow!" she exclaimed. "Do you mean to say that any one will come at such short notice?" That the invitations were merely visiting cards with "Informal Dance" written in the corner, and a date not forty-eight hours ahead, astonished her. She asked about the details. How could they arrange for the decorations, favors, supper? But the princess smiled complacently. Candles were all the decoration necessary; the favors would be trifles that could be bought in half an hour; and as for supper—what could young people want more than lemonade or tea, sandwiches, and cakes? The only question was where they should dance.

The princess turned to Giovanni. "I think it is best in the picture gallery, don't you?"

"The floor is not so smooth as in the Room of the Aenead, but come, let us go and decide." He led the way, and they followed. The Room of the Aenead was next that in

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which they were sitting. The portrait gallery, filled with treasures from the days of Italy's grandeur, was still beyond. It was this apartment of all others that most appealed to Nina. For a moment she forgot why they had come into the gallery, and her attention remained fixed upon the canvases. With the ever-vigilant Giovanni at her side, she seemed to be walking in a day that was past, to be enveloped in a fairy mantle! She put her hand on a group said to be the work of Michelangelo, running her fingers over the face of one of the figures with awe in her touch.

"To think," she said very softly, the wonder breaking through the low tone of her voice, "to think that Michelangelo's own living hand has been where mine is now—still more, he has been in this very room! Not alone he, but Raphael, Correggio, and Pinturicchio! And all this is called home by my own aunt. *Mine!*" A little quiver had come into her throat. "It is too wonderful! Yet it gives me the strangest sensation—I can't exactly explain it, but it is as though I were not born at all. Do you know," she had turned to Giovanni wistfully, "I think I can understand just a little of the way you feel—it is as though you were securely planted like a tree. In the beginning, long ago, you were put into the earth with the first things sown. I am merely a leaf, blown from what branch I do not even know—belonging nowhere, coming from nothing. I think I see for the first time what you mean, over here, by just *being* and not caring to do more than survive from the gloriousness of all this." She spread her arms out as though bewildered.

"Now you see," Giovanni answered her, as though there were a new and strong bond of sympathy between them, "why decorations are unnecessary. Can you imagine these walls, which for centuries have looked down upon every great personage of Rome, being decked up like a Christmas tree because a number of people whose achievements are in no way illustrious are coming for an hour or two?"

"I think," said Nina, "that I shall dance like a wraith. It seems almost a sacrilege to bob around and prattle in such surroundings. How silly their sainted ghosts might think us!"

"I never thought of the old masters as saints exactly. But come, Mademoiselle—let us pretend—in each of those chandeliers are burning a hundred wax candles. It is the night of the ball—we open it so—will you dance?"

Again there appeared a Giovanni that she had never seen before, his lazy arrogance vanished, as, whisking a handkerchief out of his pocket to wave in his hand, he became a sprite—a dancing faun, a reincarnation of the spirit of Donatello.

Twice he traversed the length of the gallery, and then, with a vigor added to his grace, he caught Nina and swung her with him into his whirling dance. It had been perfectly done; even in his *abandon* there was no lack of ceremony. There was none of the "come along" spirit of youth in America. He was in this, just as he was in everything else, a remnant of a past age; he had merely been transformed into a Bacchant! He was in no way a mere young man who had grabbed a young girl around the waist and made her dance.

But as the princess watched them, her feelings were strongly at variance. Admiration played the greater part. Even a much less biased mind than hers could not have failed to appreciate the wonderful grace of the man and the girl, for Nina was as graceful as he. Yet the princess looked vaguely troubled, too, at the thought that Giovanni was perhaps overstepping his privilege.

"Giovanni! Nina!" she called, but she might as well have appealed to the wind that blew through the courtyard below, and instead of their heeding she felt her own waist encircled as Sansevero, who had entered by the door behind her, swept her into the dance with him. "But Sandro!" she exclaimed, resisting, "it is . . . not seemly! What if . . . the servants . . . should . . . see us?" But, joining Giovanni in the tune he was whistling, Sansevero seemed to have caught some of his brother's humor. If Giovanni had become the spirit of grace, Alessandro had become the spirit of recklessness, and Eleanor was whirled, breathless, not as one dances usually, but madly, so that her feet barely touched the floor. To add to the revelry of the scene, the Great Dane, who was never far from Giovanni's side, now joined the general whirl and leaped round and round as though he had but newly come from a bath, his deep bark punctuating the valse the two men were whistling. The princess felt an apprehensive dread of a servant's intrusion, and again

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a breathless "Sandro, stop!" escaped her lips just as——

The portière was lifted and the footman announced, "*Suo Eccellenza il Duca di Scarpa!*"

"Ah, I hope I do not intrude upon the family gaiety!" The duke's face was insinuatingly bland and his manner smooth as an eel.

The dancers stopped instantly. The princess flushed, but otherwise only one who knew her intimately might have guessed that she was conscious of having been put in the position of a careless and undignified chaperon. But she winced inwardly, and felt no reassurance in the knowledge that the duke's tongue was known to be more skillful in the art of embroidering than the fingers of the most expert needlewoman. Sansevero followed his wife's cue, but without feeling her dismay, for he, it must be remembered, liked Scarpa. He had the naïve manner of a child caught doing something foolish, but that was all. Giovanni welcomed the duke suavely, yet, as the princess led Scarpa into the living rooms, Nina had an exhibition of a real side of Giovanni that she was destined to remember ever after.

She never in her life had imagined that such fury could be depicted in the human countenance. His nostrils dilated, and his jaw was squared.

"I'll kill that viper yet!" he muttered between his teeth, and, reaching out for the first thing to hand, his long smooth fingers locked around the neck of the Great Dane—so tight that the dog half strangled and, snarling, lunged at his tormentor. Nina cried out in horror, but instantly Giovanni's temper vanished as it had come. He relaxed his fingers with a caress; and the animal fawned on him.

"Forgive me, Mademoiselle." He said it as lightly as though there had been only some trivial inattention to pardon.

The whole scene had taken place in a moment—so quickly, in fact, that as Nina and he followed the princess through the adjoining rooms, she half wondered if her senses had deceived her. What manner of man was this indolent, graceful descendant of a feudal race? As he approached the duke, Nina unconsciously held her breath. Half expecting to see them draw daggers then and there, she glanced fearfully from one to the other; but Giovanni, smiling his sleepy-eyed smile, talked as though he thought the duke the most charming man in the world.

CHAPTER VIII

On the evening of the dance the Princess Malio, stiff, thin, and sour, and the old Duchess Scarpa, stolid, ugly, and squat, sat together in a corner of the ball room—that is to say, the picture gallery—of the Palazzo Sansevero.

"So that is the new American heiress!" said the duchess. "Very presentable, I call her. My Todo might do worse than marry her—but of course"—her face drew itself into the grimace that did duty for a smile—"my Todo would have little chance for her favor in competition with your nephew."

The princess bowed in acknowledgment and strongly protested against the idea of any one's being able to compete with a Duke Scarpa.

The conversation between these two old women was always forced into just such channels of conscious politeness. It was rarely that they disclosed the antagonism that formed the chief spice of their lives. But the princess could not control an impulse to destroy, if possible, the satisfaction of her rival.

"My dear Duchess," she insinuated dulcetly, "do you really credit her fabulous fortune?" Her manner expressed her pity for the other's credulity. "Such a sum as five hundred thousand *lire* a year too much oversteps the mark of probability."

But the complacency of the duchess was not so easily disturbed. "Oh, no, that is not right!" she broke in. "I have been assured that she has five hundred thousand *dollars* a year. Dollars! And there are five *lire* in every dollar, remember."

"Dollars!" echoed the princess—and her voice rose several notes above normal pitch; in fact, she nearly screamed. "I am very certain you are misinformed." But her skepticism barely covered her real chagrin because her nephew was a cadaverous nonentity, with little to recommend him to a title hunter. As she looked at the girl in question, however, there was a decided relish in her next remark:

"I think Giovanni Sansevero will carry off that prize! See the way she is smiling up at him. Ah! and now they are dancing together. Certainly they make a suitable looking couple."

The duchess straightened her dumpy figure to its greatest possible height. For once she forgot herself. "Would any one marry a Sansevero when there is a Scarpa to choose!"

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"It has happened," chuckled the princess.

The threatening break in their habitual politeness was averted by the arrival of a third old lady, the Marchesa Valdeste. As her husband was the receiver of the "*Gran Collare de l'Anunziata*," a distinction that gave him the rank of cousin to the king, the duchess and the princess both rose for a moment in deference. The "collaress" seated herself with them. In contrast to theirs, her face was sweet and fresh, with an expression almost like that of a young girl. Her whole personality was gentle, and she punctuated what she said by a curious little swaying motion, a bending of the body from the waist, very suggestive of the way a flower bends on its stalk to the breeze.

The marchesa was also much interested in the new heiress, and although a certain finish of demeanor now modified their remarks, none of them attempted to conceal her ambition to secure Nina's money for her own family.

The Princess Malio was more eager than skeptical as she asked the marchesa, "Have you heard the story of her half a million dollar income? Do you believe it possible!"

The marchesa turned her little hands over, palms up. "She has something incredible, but I cannot say how much. Maria Potensi asked the American ambassador if the celebrated James Randolph was as rich as reputed, and he said——"

The duchess became almost apoplectic in her eagerness. "He said——"

The marchesa looked for all the world like a young girl telling a fairy tale. "He said" —she breathed it in wonder—"that Mr. Randolph's wealth was so fabulous that it was beyond computing! And *this* is his *only child!*"

An awed stillness fell upon the group, each old lady looking and longing according to her own nature. It was the marchesa who at last broke the silence. "I cannot deny that I should like my Cesare to be so fortunate as to win her, but I must confess she and Giovanni Sansevero make a charming couple!"

"Dancing, yes," snapped the duchess, "but for my taste they dance too fast!"

"She is doubtless thinking of her tub of a son, who moves with about the grace of an elephant," whispered the Princess Malio behind her fan.

"I can imagine nothing more graceful than the picture they make at this moment," the marchesa answered, wistfully regarding the two slim figures whirling down the length of the room, dancing, dancing on! as though it were the first, and not the tenth, time they had traversed the great gallery; the elastic poise of each the same, the gold colored gauze of Nina's dress exactly matching the rippling waves of glorious hair only a shade below the sleek black head of her partner.

Yet the marchesa was perhaps no more anxious than either of the others to have Giovanni bear off the American prize. "My Cesare does not return from England for another month," she added only half audibly, and then she sighed.

Suddenly the old princess pounced like a lean cat upon a new thought. "Ah, ha! There is some trouble brewing! Maria Potensi has found your picture of dancing grace a bit too charming. Di Valdo is biting his mustache, and she is giving herself away! I always thought the wind sat in that quarter. Now—she is losing her temper—and with it her discretion!"

"Maria Potensi is above suspicion," interposed the marchesa. "I do not believe there is a word of truth in what you imply."

"But how do you account for her jewels? I am interested to hear. There were none in the Potensi family, nor in her own!"

"She says quite frankly that they were given her by an old Russian who is her godfather."

"Every one knows," rejoined the princess, "that di Valdo has made heavy debts, yet he is not a gambler like his brother Sansevero, and he has no personal extravagances that account for the sums borrowed."

The "collaress" answered nothing, and the fat duchess, who had so far been only a listener, drew her head in like a snapping turtle as she made the satisfactory observation that her "Todo" was now the partner of the heiress.

The Duke Scarpa and Nina, standing for the commencement of a quadrille, suggested rather a brigand and a princess than a duke and a titleless daughter of the democracy. Nina was holding her head very high, yet easily and unconsciously, because it was her natural way of standing. The dancing had brought color to her cheeks, and her eyes were sparkling; but it was at the evening in general, not at the man who at that moment was trying to please her. She could not bear the duke's sharp little black eyes, his brutal

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square jaw, his unctuous manners; and as he took her hand to lead her down a figure of the quadrille, its thickness felt to her imagination like a paw.

Dancing vis-à-vis were Giovanni and the Contessa Potensi. Nina did not know her name or anything about her, but she felt at first sight a subtle antagonism, and, following an instinct that she would have found difficult to account for, she turned her attention away toward a second personality, which fascinated her in as great a degree as that of the Potensi had repelled.

"Who is that over there?" she asked of the duke. "I mean the slender girl in black."

"The Contessa Olisco. She was a Russian princess. Her name was Zoya Kromitskoff. I thought the name of Zoya pretty once—that is, until I heard the name of N-i-n-a!"

As he said her name they were just turning around the last figure, and she might not, without attracting attention, snatch her hand from his; but his familiarity in using her Christian name made her cheeks burn. In the final courtesy she barely inclined her head, and at the close of the dance went in quest of her aunt without noticing his proffered arm. At this unheard-of behavior, the duke hurried after her, biting his mustache.

"Ah, ha!" ejaculated the old princess in the ear of the Marchesa Valdeste, "that cuttlefish of a Scarpa has thrown his tentacles out too far, and the goldfish is scurrying away in alarm." She fanned herself in agitated satisfaction at her triumph over the duchess—who was pretending that she had noticed no coolness in the American's treatment of her son.

The next moment the Princess Sansevero brought Nina to present her to the marchesa. Nina had been dancing at the time of the arrival of the "collaress" and must therefore be presented at the first opportunity. The marchesa, with a few kindly remarks about her dancing, would have let her return to her partners, but the duchess moved ponderously aside on the sofa, making a place for Nina. Without prelude she began, "Is it true that you have five hundred thousand dollars a year? Or is rumor mistaken—is it only five hundred thousand *lire?*"

The baldness of the question left Nina for the moment speechless; then presently, "I have what father gives me," she answered evasively.

"But you are the only child of the American multimillionaire, 'Jemmes Ronadolf,' yes?"

Nina nodded in affirmative.

"The Duke Scarpa, with whom you danced just now, is my son!" Her manner clearly demanded that the American girl recognize the great favor that she had received. "He is my only son," she reiterated, "and the head of the family of the Scarpa. You must come to tea to-morrow. I especially invite you, though we are regularly at home."

The condescension of her demeanor can hardly be described. Nina turned helplessly toward the Princess Malio, but found in her a new inquisitor: "American fathers are proverbially generous"—her ingratiating smile so ill suited her features that it seemed almost not to belong to her—"of course your dot will be colossal?"

Again Nina gasped, but before she was obliged to answer the Marchesa Valdeste laid her hand upon her arm. "Come, my dear," she said, with her soft Sicilian accent, "it is a pity to miss so much dancing. It is not right for a young girl to sit with old ladies at a ball," and, holding Nina's hand in hers, she led her away. They had taken only half a dozen steps when she tapped a young officer lightly with her fan.

He wheeled quickly. "Ah, Marchesa!" He bowed ceremoniously.

"Count Tornik," said the marchesa, "will you take Miss Randolph to the Princess Sansevero, or where her numerous partners may find her?"

Count Tornik bowed again, this time to Nina. "Will you dance? I don't dance as well as di Valdo." Nina looked up at him, suspicious and displeased, but there was no conscious deprecation in his manner, which indeed proclaimed that whether he danced well or badly was a matter alike unimportant to him.

"Yes, let us dance," she said.

As he put his arm around her it seemed to her that "an animated tin soldier" expressed him perfectly. He held her stiffly, and so closely that her nose was crushed against the gold braiding of his uniform. He was so tall, and his shoulders were so square, that she could not see over them, and to add to her discomfort, he danced, not as did the Italians, but round and round like a whirling dervish. Before they had gone ten yards she was so dizzy and uncomfortable that she stopped.

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Again Tornik bowed, offered his arm, and without addressing a further remark to her, led her to the Princess Sansevero. As he took leave of her his expression showed a glimpse of understanding, a momentary illumination. She felt for an instant a possibility of his attractiveness, but just as she became curious he was gone.

The men she met after this were a mere succession of dancing figures, and at the end of the evening, when her aunt came into her room to kiss her good night, she could sleepily distinguish only one or two people out of the kaleidoscope of confused impressions. And even these few melted off into shadows as she danced on and on through dreamland with Giovanni, amid gardens and marble statues, to the magic rhythm of wonder-world music.

But while Nina slept with a happy little smile still lying in the corners of her mouth, the princess in her own room was having an animated conversation with her husband.

"Leonora, my treasure!" he exclaimed joyously, "things go well for Giovanni with *la bella* Nina? *Hein?* With her fortune! And to have such an air and grace, too—it is really Giovanni that is a lucky one!" Before his wife could interrupt he went on, "Five hundred thousand dollars income—that is to be her dot, isn't it? Why, we can have all the rooms at Torre Sansevero opened, and you, my beautiful one, shall have again the comfort that your wretch of a husband has deprived you of!"

His excited appropriation of Nina's fortune for the general family coffers jarred; and the princess at once checked his rapidly soaring imaginings.

"Not so fast! Not so fast. Remember the American girl is used to arranging her own marriage, and besides . . . . for nothing in the world would I try to influence her. Should it turn out unhappily I could never forgive myself . . . . never!"

Sansevero looked at his wife in open-eyed amazement. "What has come over you, my dear! I am not proposing to sell your Miss Millions to a rag gatherer. She has no amount of beauty—yes (as he followed Eleanor's expression), she has a charming countenance—*molto simpatica*—also a distinction that is really rarer in your country of beautiful women. Giovanni, on his side, certainly has all that one could ask in the way of good looks and intelligence. He is young, and he is the sole heir to my titles and estates—Nina is getting a very good exchange for her dollars, I am thinking. There is no use to make a face like that; I am not trying to sell her to an ogre. Why, he does not even gamble——"

"No—but do you think Giovanni can be true to a woman?"

Sansevero laughed. "What would you have? Are you becoming a Puritan miss, Leonora *mia?*" He shrugged his shoulders. "He is young and he has heart! Would you have for a nephew-in-law a St. Anthony?"

As the princess still looked worried, he seemed afraid that he had hurt his project. "Giovanni is of a type that women like," he said reassuringly, "and probably he has had his successes—that is all I meant. Don't be so suspicious! I want merely to further the interests of two young people who are in every way suited to each other. Giovanni may be an anchorite, for all I know."

Eleanor stood turning her wedding ring round and round on her finger. Then she looked anxiously into her husband's face. He was puffing at a cigarette that he had lighted, and his eyes looked back into hers with the perfectly innocent expression of a child's.

The third instalment of **The Title Market** will appear in the April number.

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LITTLE STORIES OF REAL LIFE

THE TREEING OF MRS. KILLDEE

By Harriet Whitney Durbin

A SMELL of hot vinegar and spices penetrated to the nose of Adliza Flagg as she climbed over the low place in the Widow Killdee's back fence. Rich mid-autumn was in that smell of good pickled things, and in the fragrance of the ragged sunflowers loafing like genial tramps about Mrs. Killdee's dooryard; yet Adliza sniffed the odors with a disheartened shake of her sunbonnet.

"When she's pickling, Roancy Killdee's always as independent as a breachy cow," she remembered, unhopefully; "she won't listen, but I'll try it once more for luck."

The kitchen door was open, and beside the table, ladling steaming chowchow into glass jars, stood a cushiony little woman who had a double chin like a puff of raised dough, with a dimple in the center that might have been made with a spoon while the dough was rising.

"Come in, Adlizy Flagg," said she, without turning her eyes from her work. "I knowed that was you. Set down and have off your bonnet."

"I can't stop long—the dinner dishes are waiting for me," sighed Adliza, drifting wearily into the old Boston chair.

"There—that makes a baker's dozen," and the widow gave the metal cover of her last jar a wrench and set it on the window sill. "Now, Adlizy Flagg, what'll you have? I know you want something."

Adliza rocked on, unresponsively for a time, then suddenly broke through her reserve: "I reckon it ain't any use asking you, but I do think you might marry paw if it's only for the sake of accommodation."

"Livin' lands, you give me a start, Adlizy, lookin' so solemn; thought you'd come to tell me Pete didn't suit you since he'd shaved off his chin whiskers!"

"Pete's all right, no odds about the chin whiskers. But him and I can't marry till the end of never, as far as I see."

"And why can't ye?" asked the widow easily.

"You know why. Paw'd be all plumb alone."

"Well, granny! Pete hasn't fell off his regular feed any because I'll be alone."

"Good reason; you don't have to be alone. You can marry paw. But paw can't seem to get anybody, without you'll have him. And I couldn't noways be happy and leave pore paw alone."

"Well, now, look at here, Adlizy." Mrs. Killdee dropped mellowly into a chair where she could argue comfortably. "I wouldn't say the first word against that paw of yours; he's a good man, if his hair is kind of stringy; far as I know, it's been wore thin by the rim of a halo. But halo or not, I don't want no kind of a man. For five and twenty years was I j'ined to Killdee, and he was a good man, when his corns didn't ache him, but so pizen easy upsot that a smell of fried bacon 'ud turn him sick at his stomach; and as for me eating an onion now and then, I dassen't no more do it than—than cook codfish. I was plumb wore to the bone with tryin' to keep from upsettin' Killdee's stomach all them years; so when he went over the glory-line, though I missed him fearful, I says: 'No more of 'em for you, Mrs. K., no odds if they got so many virtues they trip up on 'em.'"

"Well—I s'posed it was a waste of shoe leather to come over," Adliza said with discouraged resignation, as she arose. "I 'most wish I'd never been born."

"Oh, fiddle," remonstrated the widow cheerfully; "men ain't worth getting sniffy about. Look at my pickles, Adlizy. Livin' lands, if pore Killdee'd smelt the hot vinegar and onion, it'd made him sick a-bed. Well, good-by."

Adliza's homeward way lay through a

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woody hollow in whose lap the home of Mrs. Killdee's eldest son, Jim, was tucked away. Jim was smoking his pipe upon the porch when Adliza approached.

"Howdy, Adliza," he hailed; "come in."

"Yes, come 'long in." Mrs. Jim Killdee, familiarly known as Susan-Jim, appeared at the door. "You 'member cousin Zillie Settle, don't you? She's here."

"Well, I should say!" Adliza swished along through the fennel with some slight animation, as a cheerfully freckled countenance came beaming through the doorway; and an overplump form fell upon her and embraced her long, narrow waist with the fervor of old friendship.

"Land of shadows, how nice and thin you do keep," was the plump maid's salutation. "What do you do?"

"Nawthin'; it's trouble keeps me all bones," Miss Flagg assured her mournfully.

"Sugar—yes; Susan-Jim's been telling me how onnary Ma Killdee's actin'."

"Maw's as contrary as a hop-toad," Jim Killdee tranquilly observed. "She's one of these kind of women that if we had all fit ag'in her marryin' Adlizy's paw, or else made out like we thought she couldn't get him, she'd a-had him if she'd had to lasso him."

"That's Ma Killdee to a shoestring," giggled Zillah; "why don't you get some good-lookin' girl to chase after him, and sort of give her the notion he's consid'able of a prize to other folks?"

"The very patch," shouted Jim, thumping his knee, "and, Zillie, you're the one to sew it on. Less try it!"

"'Twon't do any good," plained Adliza; "she wouldn't take paw now."

"Don't talk that-a-way," urged Jim. "You stand back and see us work the trick!"

ADLIZA FLAGG AS SHE CLIMBED OVER THE BACK FENCE.

Came Susan-Jim the following week, bearing to her mother-in-law a pan of preserving plums. Eying her shrewdly, the elder Mrs. Killdee discerned a redness about the rims of her eyes.

"Susan-Jim," asked the widow bluntly, "what's been ailin' of you?"

Susan put her sunbonnet cape to her eyes.

"I'm so disap-p'inted in Zillie," she wept; "I 'lowed she was too honest and feelin' to do like she is."

"Whut's she doing?"

"P-putting webs all round that simple old Josephus Flagg as fast as she knows how—that's what. She tows him along wherever she's a mind to, and he goes trotting like a little fice-dog."

"Well, lawful land! I'm ashamed of you, Susan-Jim. If Zillie Settle wants the man I mittened, let her take him. How many times you reckon I've refused Josephus Flagg?"

"A lot," Susan-Jim returned, mournfully; "us folks know it, but the county won't believe it. That's what's makin' me feel so pizen bad, havin' it spread round that Zillie's cut you smack out. 'Twas all over the sewin' meetin' that you was so mad about it you couldn't see. And Zillie's even made her brags as far as Catbrier how slick and easy she can yank your beau away from under your nose."

"Well, the sassy——"

The widow bit off her sentence, even while the fire-sparks danced in her eyes. "See here, Susan-Jim," she said, with grim determination, "I've suspicioned that you and Jim and the balance 've been stewin' up a plot—been tryin' to tree your mammy in the holler log of matterimony by settin' out to make her jealous of Zillie—now, have you?"

Susan-Jim hung her head guiltily.

"First clip, we did plot a little," she confessed, "but nothing more'n to ask Josephus to dinner and have Zillie honey round, like, so's you'd hear of it and it might agg you on. Zillie fell in with the notion, and told Adlizy she'd fix it slick between you and her paw, without tellin' him about the plan. And now she's got a-going, and she *won't quit!* Jimmy nor me never planned she should actu'ly snap him away from you. But she's got the old loon so plumb dazzled he don't know whether he's walkin' on his

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heels or his head—and the whole township gabblin' about it!"

"Honey," advised the widow, "you stop your worritin'; your old mammy ain't nobody's fool, if she does look it."

"Folks may be as rippin'-smart as they think they air," Mrs. Killdee gave form to a tag of shrewd reflection as she sliced up a squash for her Sunday pies the day following Susan-Jim's visit. "And ag'in, they mayn't; but if Josephus Flagg expects to see me come a-chasin' after him jest 'cause Zillie Settle's took a notion to, he'll be right smart older'n whut he is before he gets any fu'ther than expectin's."

The squash was simmering juicily in the kettle when Josephus stopped in on his townward way, for a drink of water.

"Smells good," he said, referring to the squash, as he stood comfortably with his back to the stove. "I ain't eat a squawsh pie in a dog's age."

"Don't Adlizy make you any?"

"Not now. She's too busy gettin' ready to marry Pete."

"I reckon, then, Adlizy's got her 'pore paw' fixed so's he won't be lonesome!"

Mr. Flagg looked ruminative.

"I reckon," he admitted, "the' ain't any use of a feller knockin' round alone all his days, if there's a nice girl, pretty as a red wagon and smart as pepper, just waitin' for him to say 'Will ye'—is there?"

"Not a scrappin'," agreed the widow.

"Well, better have plenty wood laid by, Roancy, ag'inst winter time. A lone woman without no man-person to do for her don't want to be ketched short of firewood in a blizzard."

"Don't you fall off in your vittles about that," advised Roancy; "I'm studyin' about goin' out to Coloraydo to housekeep for Sam—he's been pestering me to come for a age."

Josephus fired a sly, sharp glance at the widow, then asked carelessly:

"When ye think ye'll start, about?"

"Soon as Pete and Adlizy's married."

"Well, I'm pottered! I hate to think of an old friend out yonder amongst the snow drif's and ky-otes; but I s'pose you know what you're goin' into, so good luck to ye. Reckon I'll be toddlin'."

"Well, there, now!" With the "toddling" of Josephus, Mrs. Killdee dropped her spoon and let herself down into the kitchen rocker with a thud. "I've found out Josephus Flagg all right—he's a flirty old miller-moth! I'd as soon go to the ar'tic zone as Coloraydo; but him stannin' there grinnin' and pityin' *me*, account of bein' a lone woman without no man-person—I won't stan' it, not if I haf' to pick up my two feet and just naturally *go* to Sam's—if Josephus does let that sassbox hook him up!"

A few evenings later Mrs. Killdee sat on the ruffled patchwork cushion of her rocker in front of the hearth blaze. "No len'th to the days at all," she grumbled, as she stirred up the "chunks" in her fireplace with a hickory poker. A cricket in some warm crevice of the hearthstone awoke and piped up blithely. "Shet up," said the widow, addressing her fireside minstrel with disapproval; "how can a body think with you hollerin'?—let alone you make it sound lonesome." She reached for the turkey wing, to brush the hearth, but dropped it to unlatch the door as a knock made it shake on its hinges.

Josephus Flagg stood upon the step.

"Could you use a mess of sassage right handy?" he asked, proffering a basket. "It's shoat sassage—first of the season."

"It'll be eat all right. Set down, Josephus." She took the basket to the kitchen and returned with a plate of pippins. "Hev a apple?"

He accepted one and took a bite.

"Told the boys about goin' to Coloraydo, yit?" he asked.

"Not yit." Mrs. Killdee had taken her knitting and was ribbing a sock. When she reached plain sailing she looked across at Josephus. He was regarding her with a peculiar twinkle, which resulted in a flash-up of the widow's temper:

"Josephus Flagg, I wonder what you're settin' there grinnin' like a frost-bit 'possum for!"

"Roancy Killdee," asserted Josephus, "you ain't no more goin' to Coloraydo than I am."

The widow bristled. "What's the reason I ain't—huh?"

Mr. Flagg reached for another apple.

"'Cause," he answered, "seems like I've hearn you say you wouldn't housekeep with no daughter-in-law, if she was nigh enough an angel to have wing-feathers growin'."

"And I wouldn't; but Sam ain't——"

"'Pears like," said Josephus slowly, "you don't know Sam's comin' east to git him a wife."

"A—which?"

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"Wife!" shouted Josephus. "He's landed Zillie Settle."

"I—wisht—you'd—quit!" Mrs. Killdee reached to the shelf for the camphor bottle. Josephus turned toward her anxiously.

"I hadn't ought to told you so suddent. Here, lemme rub some camfire on your furred."

"Git away," said the widow briskly, sitting up straight. "I ain't no notion of faintin'. Now, you take and tell me how you know all about this business so slick."

"Sho," Josephus grinned, "sence the tag-end's got loose, I might as well unravel it, heel and toe. All the' is to it—Sam and Zillie takes a shine to one another 'way back, and Zillie comes visitin' amongst her futur' kinfolks, 'lowin' to tell 'em about it when she gets good and ready. First thing she does is stump her toe ag'inst the fact that here's a pore widder-man needin' a wife and the woman he wants balkin' for all that's out. Consequentially, her and the other childern puts up a plot for Zillie to tag after me, so's you'll see what a premium feller you're like to lose—hold on, Roancy, don't fly up like a squawky settin' hen. The young folks reckoned they could work the game without me bein' told; but Zillie puts up a trick on the balance of 'em. She lets me into it all right, and tells me about her and Sam, too, and she says to let's me and her whirl in and flirt fit to kill and let on to Susan and Jim that we started in fun and wound up in plumb earnest, and we'd have a joke on the whole raft of 'em. 'Then,' she says, 'you jump in and land Ma Killdee the minute the kittle biles, and I'll tell about me and Sam!'"

"AIN'T IT BETTER TO JOG ALONG TOGETHER?"

"And you thought you could tree me that-a-way, did you? Thought you just had to grin at some one else and I'd snap you up like a turkey snaps a June bug! Josephus, don't you never say 'marry' to me ag'in the longest day you live."

"All right, Roaney, if you say it's gotta be that-a-way"—Josephus hunched back in his chair, letting his hands fall on his knees—"but I hate it like pizen—first, losin' you, and next, to have the county tellin' how I was drawed away from you by Zillie Settle and then got mittened by her for Sam Killdee."

"I can tell 'em tain't so."

"Oh, yes, you can tell it till you're out o' breath. Will that stop 'em gabbin'? If you'd listen to me a minute, I could tell you how to make it look different."

Mrs. Killdee listened.

"Sam's comin' next week and the whole outfit of 'em's to be married at one pop—and I can just hear folks sayin: 'Look-a that old Josephus Flagg, ain't he fixed right for goin' back on Widder Killdee so scan'lous——?"

Mrs. Killdee wriggled uncomfortably.

"Do me more good than a little to head 'em off," Josephus went on; "now, say you and me was to pike out some mornin' before Sam gets here, scoot over to Rush Center, and come back smilin' and married tight as sealin' wax, and tell 'em, 'Childern, we fooled you all—we been plannin' it weeks ago'——"

Mrs. Killdee slowed up her knitting, and Josephus pushed on:

"Then look, Roancy, if you won't listen to me, just study how things air goin' to be this winter—the childern gone, you and me off separate in our two little lonesome cabins; wind a-blowin'; rain beatin'; snow comin' on in the night, siftin' in the chinks! No one to chuck under the chin and say, 'Gimme a kiss, ole gal, is breakfust ready?' Or to pat on the back and say, 'Ole man, honey, would ye fetch a log for the fire?' Just think——"

"Josephus, shet up! I don't *want* to think."

"But I want you to." Slowly Josephus' chair hitched along nearer to the widow's rocker and an arm stole along the top edge of her chair back. "Honey, it's tough for a body to live sole alone. If we air old, ain't it better to jog along together?"

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"Che-reet—che-reet," piped up the cricket from its warm crevice in the hearth.

"Oh, lovin' land!" exclaimed the widow, "I b'leeve that pesky insect would drive me luny if I had to listen at it all winter—alone." And a protecting arm gathered boldly about her.

Mrs. Killdee drew in her latchstring after Josephus' departure, with a deep breath that sounded a little like a sigh of satisfaction.

"Treed," she murmured, with a mellow gurgle of laughter, "treed in the holler log of matterimony."

THE FUGITIVE

By Georgina S. Townsend

THE early dusk was in his favor. He dropped quietly into the rank growth of alfilaria beside the track, and wriggled silently toward the north. The hoarse voices of excited men drifted away to the left, but the wail of women came continuously from the car. After a few moments of intent progress he lifted his head, and breathed hard. In front of him was a luxuriant barley field, into which he plunged. A faint sickle of the spring moon blurred the landscape. He glanced back at the lighted car. Figures were moving about erratically inside of it. His pals must have got away to the south—the sound of pursuit was in that direction. He was not sure that Reddy had not got that cold lead the fool conductor had pumped out so suddenly and unexpectedly. Times were getting mighty tight when a trio of professionals could not hold up a trolley without even the conductors being armed. He had not meant to kill that young chap who was riding with his mother. Why hadn't he been easy and quiet, instead of making a move for his hip pocket? He pulled his hat down over his eyes, and strode along sturdily. He hoped the barley field was not wide. It would leave too clear a trail for the officers to follow when morning came.

But it ended as abruptly as it began, and he found himself in a rough, open wash. The foothills were seven miles away. He could be well through Holly Canyon into the other valley before morning. . . . Murder was a nasty thing. He had never resorted to it before. Why hadn't he tapped that fresh chap over the head, instead of popping him full of lead? What a shriek the boy's mother had given! And the boy's eyes! Guess his own nerve was gone. Wish he could smoke. He looked back. He had made good headway. The lighted car had gone on, and he could see its speeding lights miles to the west. There was no sound of pursuit, but he did not flag in his swift, steady tread. The trail through the canyon was a long one, and he must catch a train on the other side of the range.

Presently he emerged upon a soft roadway. From the east came the sound of gasoline engines chugging. There lay the oil wells. He got his location in his mind from the sound. The canyon was west of him. He angled across the next field, turning his ankle in an ugly gopher hole. He cursed softly between his strong white teeth. Presently a collection of Chinese shacks loomed up suddenly in front of him, and he heard the high, piercing chatter of the inmates. He dodged around them, but found a bean and pea patch between him and the hills. He dared not cross it, fearing the telltale print of his shoes in the cultivated soil. But it might be half a mile square, and he could not afford to double on himself. He remembered that the Chinks did much of their work in their bare feet; so he whipped off his shoes and socks, and stepped swiftly along a damp furrow. The stump of his big toe, all that was left of it after a skirmish in the service of his country in the Philippines, might betray him to a keen-eyed officer, but he must chance it. The furrow was a full half-mile in length, and brought him to another road. He was not at all certain where the mouth of the canyon lay among the dark shadows of the hills, which were growing more distinct. The night was perfectly still. The stars gave a soft, protective radiance, and the sickle of moon had long since dropped behind a western spur. The first road leading north again he followed. His feet, with the turned ankle, were crushed into the stiff shoes once more, which made walking almost unbearable.

It was midnight when he reached the mouth of the canyon. He had to dodge and lie hidden while the last car waited its time to leave for the city. He could see the conductor and the motorman within, having a merry time over a midnight lunch, and the sound of their laughter came to him. He was suddenly ravenously hungry, and was tempted to crack the skulls of the two idiots together for the sake of the provender. His nerve must surely be gone, he thought, as he hesi-

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tated to carry out his desire. He dozed a little, and the jangle of the car, departing, aroused him. When it was quite gone he got up and hurried into the shadows at the mouth of the canyon. The little nap had refreshed him, and his ankle was easier.

After a mile of gentle grade, the canyon road grew narrower and suddenly steep. The soft, alluring voices of the mountain stream called him, and he scrambled down through a luxuriant and fragrant growth of wild grape vines, ferns, blackberries, and nettles, to its cooing side. He laid his face in the babbling current and drank deeply. Then he bathed his hands and wrists and neck in its refreshing coolness. After a while he dared solace himself with a cigarette. Steadily he began the steep climb over the mountain, drawing one foot patiently after the other. His breath came fast and quick. He looked back. He had pulled his two hundred pounds up a rise of one hundred feet in as many yards, and that on a swollen ankle. For the next two hours it was tug and lift against the overpowering might of the mountain. At times a giddiness gave him the sensation of seeing the dark side toppling over upon him.

He heard a cock crow. Somewhere near at hand was a tiny ranch tucked away in a fertile nook. He was safe enough, providing there was no dog. He fingered his gun, and walked softly. There was no question of taking off his shoes now; he would not last five minutes in his bare feet on this disintegrated granite. An opening in the woods showed the white sides of small buildings. There was a dog, sure enough, and as it heard the approach of footsteps, it let out a defiant challenge. The man gripped his gun and stopped. The dog bayed again. At that moment it was answered by a blood-curdling series of howls from prowling coyotes, and under the cross fire the man hurried past and gained the shadows of the woods beyond.

Just as the sun was tinting the east with pale grays and pinks and greens he reached the summit. Utterly spent, he threw himself down upon the ground for a while. Below him lay the valley, and to the east the dim lights of the city still gleamed. He could imagine the hot excitement over the tragedy which had boiled within its environs all night. He chuckled with satisfaction as he thought of the futility of the telephone, the telegraph, and the united efforts of keen minds to locate him. He was tempted to rest the whole day here on the mountain top, where he was safe from pursuit; for his strength was about gone and his ankle ached wickedly. He damned it generously. But to lie up here one day meant the awakening of the valley which rested under the fog at his left, shut away from the city by this rugged range of mountains.

His only chance lay in haste. He smoked for half an hour, then started down the north trail, now so faint as to be almost impossible to follow in the dim light. The breath of the wood and the fog was sweet in his nostrils. Suddenly a mocking bird burst into rapturous morning melody, as it flew tiltingly up into the dawn. He heard the sharp chatter of a lookout quail, disturbed at the sound of his approach. A distant coyote shattered the air with its multiple howling. The long-drawn, labored whistle of a heavy train pulling up the Fernando grade came to him. How like that mother's shriek it was! He struck his hat smartly across his eyes as though to shut from them the sight of the dying boy's eyes, growing glassy and vacant. . . . He was suddenly viciously hungry. He lit another cigarette.

At last the trail opened into the valley, and he felt the road under his feet change to soft loam. He took off his shoes again, and slung them over his shoulder. The pain from the tortured ankle lessened with delicious agony, and he felt strangely drowsy. Mechanically he plodded along, more asleep than awake, his subconscious idea one of perpetual motion. The sun was shining warm and clear on the mountain tops, long before the dripping fog rose from the valley. When at last it circled up and away in trailing fringes, it let the hot-beating sun through fiercely. The warmth from the road soothed his feet like a poultice. He helped himself to a draught of milk from a surprised country bovine conveniently browsing near the roadway, and felt heartened immediately. He planned by steady plodding, skillful maneuvering, and dodging all ranch houses and passers-by, to cross the great valley, and reach a water-tank near the tunnel in time for the evening freight, north bound. It was Sunday, and his chances for passing through the country unnoticed were poor. He cursed his khaki suit for its conspicuousness, and his broad sombrero did not just at present appeal to him for its picturesqueness, as once it had done.

A flock of tiny little Mexican children, brilliant as birds in gorgeous plumage, passed him on their way to early mass. They looked

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out at him shyly from under long lashes, and he grinned back with friendliness. During the hot forenoon one or two Japs passed him, plodding stolidly along through the dust. They gave him no heed. An old man in a decrepit vehicle attached to a forlorn-looking mule drove up to him and offered him a lift, but the curiosity in the old man's watery eyes made him refuse the offer, although every bone in his body cried out in protest.

Toward noon he met a young Mexican boy with a couple of cottontails he had shot. He bartered for them with some loose change, and at the first sight of trees he skirted away from the road, built with a practised hand a tiny, smokeless fire, and feasted. In spite of his weariness he had made good headway, and now allowed himself a considerable rest under the cooling shade of a live oak. A squirrel chattered angrily at him, and he amused himself by dodging stones at it until he killed it. A cuckoo owl sat at a near-by hole and blinked so comically at him that he bowled it over out of pure mischief. A huge rat's nest of twigs and leaves was built up among some bushes at a little distance. When he was ready to start on, he deliberately set fire to the stuff, and, as he trudged along the road, he looked back from time to time to watch the ever-increasing volume of smoke which spread and enlarged all afternoon, as the fire ate deeper and deeper into the woodland patch, and destroyed precious fuel. He chuckled contentedly at his wantonness.

The afternoon was full of harrowing annoyances, principally in the shape of swift-moving automobiles, fresh from the news-laden city. One after another he was successful in dodging them, lying in the deep sweet barley, or the fragrant weeds. Only once did a buggy pass along the road, and the occupants were but two young girls, whom he did not consider dangerous. Their wide-open eyes and simple hats proclaimed them country girls, and he had no fear that the country people were yet alarmed. He did not see, lying in the bottom of the buggy, the Sunday paper which the girls had driven into the nearest town to buy, and which they had been diligently perusing. He kept his hawk eye on them steadily until he passed them, and the startled look in their eyes he misread.

Two hundred pounds, khaki suit, sombrero, and walking fast, as if in a hurry. The girls looked at each other, and whipped up their astonished horse. At the first lane leading to a ranch house they turned in.

He did not know that Reddy was dead, and Hot Stuff caught, nor would he much have cared. It might have annoyed him had he known there was a five-thousand-dollar reward out for him. Men and women were mercenary wretches who would think nothing of sacrificing a human life for a little money. He was nearing the water-tank now, a possible six miles distant. The fertile valley had given way to the sandy desert, hot under his feet, and too gritty to travel on without his shoes. He was agonizingly thirsty. But he settled into a determined jog to chew up the remaining miles. There was a complacent grin on his swarth face. It was so dead easy to fool a whole city full of smart officers and detectives that, thinking of it, he forgot his discomfort. All a man needed was his quick wits about him, and his nerve. The moment the young chap had refused to throw up his hands, and he had felt his finger press the trigger, he had thought of the dash through Holly Canyon. And he was mightily pleased with his own sagacity. The sense of achievement lent spring to his jaded muscles.

The sun dropped suddenly behind the western ridge of the mountains which formed the rim of the bowl-like valley, leaving behind a gold band outlining the jagged edges. The water-tank stood black and sentinel-like in the near distance. The rails shimmered away into the distance. A far-away whistle spurred him to stronger effort. When at last the goal was reached, he sank down against the platform, utterly spent, but with half an hour to spare. All the hunger and terror and pain of the past twenty-four hours were forgotten. There was time for a cigarette, and he rolled it lazily, gazing at it in absolute satisfaction with himself. A shadow fell across his hands. He looked up.

"Hands up," said a quiet voice behind a harassing-looking gun. He was caught like a rat in a trap. Men seemed to spring up literally from the ground.

"How in hell did you spot me?" he gritted, as the officers ironed him.

"Couple of girls passed you back in the valley along about two o'clock," he was answered. "They telephoned in all directions. They's a reward out for you."

He whistled deliberately; then, raising his manacled hands to his head, he lifted his sombrero. "With all due respect to the ladies," he said, smiling cruelly. The oncoming freight shrieked its defiance. It sounded to the captive's ear like a woman's scream.

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ABOUT "THE SHADOW WORLD"

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Nothing ever undertaken by this magazine has subjected it to greater criticism than its publication of the "Shadow World" series, by Hamlin Garland. From a hundred quarters came remonstrances against our alleged support of spiritualistic fakery. We replied that we knew there were impostors, but there was also a body of extraordinary phenomena that had apparently stood the strictest tests, and we believed it was worth while to seek for the truth. We are convinced that "The Shadow World" justified itself; the evidence was presented in the fairest way possible; and now we desire to present to our critics the opinions on Mr. Garland's work of the two most eminent psychologists in the country.

CAMBRIDGE, December 10, 1908.

DEAR MR. GARLAND:

I have to thank you for the "Shadow World" and for the note with which you accompanied it. I have just read every word of it, and find the literary execution very good indeed. I must say that I envy you your privileges in the way of finding such good mediums in private life. Some people seem to strike it fat in that regard, others lean. I, alas! am one of the lean ones. The condition of opinion as regards "physical phenomena" is really a scandal. Morselli's book, I suppose, may settle it—but I have read only the account in the "Annals of Psychical Science." I feel morally convinced—that is, I would *bet* heavily—that the future will corroborate all this "telepathy," etc., as a field of real experience surrounding the acknowledged order of nature, and of tremendous cosmic import, whatever that import may be. I am positively persuaded that we dip our roots into a common pool where minds communicate, by gleams and flashes, but I have no plausible hypothesis as to the *organization* of the pool, whether it contain spirits or not, and if so, of how many sorts.

Believe me, with wishes for the success of the book,

Yours very truly,
(Signed) WILLIAM JAMES.

CAMBRIDGE, November 16, 1908.

DEAR MR. GARLAND:

Let me thank you for your "Shadow World" and for your letter. I have read the book from cover to cover and do not hesitate to say that it is certainly the most winning presentation of spiritualistic phenomena that I have ever seen. It is thoroughly fair and yet—and yet: less would be more. You see, you yourself are carried away to more complex statements the further you proceed, from the mere overorganic limbs to whole new personalities, and if we have reached such a point it is clear that all which we call knowledge has not only become insignificant but must be thrown overboard in the interest of a few rare phenomena. I am the last to be hampered by prejudices. I do not think that any science can be an expression of full reality. Science means to me a certain aspect of reality and is thus a conceptional reconstruction, but as long as we are in the midst of such a science, we are bound by the logical presuppositions with which we start. The mechanical universe of the physicist is to me thus certainly not the reality of the world in which we live, but as soon as we decide in freedom to consider this world for certain logical purposes as a causal mechanism, we cannot possibly leave room in it for overcausal happenings. If Madame Paladino really did not bring her extra hands with her under her gown, then we do well to acknowledge such reality, but at the same time we ought to give up then the effort to shape our universe as a system of causes and effects. We ought then to confine ourselves to a teleological aspect which is certainly the aspect of immediate life reality for all of us. We must only be clear that we have to do the one or the other. Of course we approach the matter from different starting points. I cannot overlook that all those scholars who became convinced, and most of whom I know personally, showed a particular temperament which would make them especially unfit for protection against clever tricks, while men of the opposite type were always disappointed. Only this summer Dr. Moll in Berlin, the leading authority on hypnotism, assured me that he examined every possible medium in Europe and discovered tricks everywhere. On the other hand, I might think how an official *prestidigitateur* like Houdini mystifies the world. All that, of course, makes me hesitate to give up those categories of connection which have so far guided the world to ever new insights. And yet, as I said, I am the last one to consider mere physics as a philosophy of reality.

Believe me, with many thanks,

Very sincerely yours,
(Signed) HUGO MUNSTERBERG.

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The Players

NO player on the American stage occupies a higher place than Mrs. Fiske. In addition to her native endowment of great emotional power, controlled and directed by a scholarly, highly cultivated mind—she has the reputation of being the most intellectual actress on our stage—she has the advantage of nearly forty years of experience. She began when she was three and has played continuously, save for a period immediately following her marriage to Harrison Grey Fiske.

It seems strange to find a player so splendidly endowed, so thoroughly equipped, so firmly established, appearing in a play in which she is subordinated to a pictorial representation of the slum. "Salvation Nell," in essence as well as in effect, is a moving picture of the dregs of life in New York, a wonderfully faithful and very moving picture. From Mrs. Fiske, the star, down to the children, the players are details, more or less important, in this picture drama. Only in the second act does the story dominate the scene.

As a production, "Salvation Nell" is one of the most remarkable that the New York stage has known, because of the fidelity of the details. The first act shows a saloon in that part of New York picturesquely known as Hell's Kitchen—and the name is no libel on the neighborhood. The stage bar is real as to fixtures. They were made for actual use and not for dramatic representation. Down to the smallest detail, this scene is a replica of hundreds of places of the kind. And as much care has been bestowed upon the men and women who frequent the place as upon the inanimate things. *Hallelujah Maggie*, the Salvation Army woman, McGovern, the workers and the loafers who frequent the place, the tenement child who comes in to get a pail of beer, all are actual types. With some of the profanity omitted—though there is quite enough left in the play—their talk, as well as their dress and their manner of conducting themselves, is as real as the fixtures. The realism makes those familiar with the life gasp with astonishment.

Jim Platt, one of the barroom loafers, has for his "girl" *Nell Sanders*, scrubwoman in the saloon, whom he has lately neglected, beyond sharing her earnings, for some woman in a house across the street, a house that is raided a little later. Because another loafer tries to kiss *Nell*, *Jim* kills him in a fight. There is a struggle for *Nell* between *Hallelujah Maggie* and *Myrtle Odell*, who has escaped arrest in the raid and who tries to persuade *Nell* to follow in her footsteps.

The second act shows *Nell*, now a lieutenant in the Salvation Army, living in a flat in Cherry Street with her son, and *Jim Platt*, after serving eight years in prison, finds her there.

The third act shows a scene in Cherry Street: tenements rising four and five stories high on two sides, with their familiar fire escapes and windows crowded with people looking down on the activity in the thronged street. On the third side is the barracks of the Slum Brigade of the Salvation Army. Here also the people are real types. No fewer than forty characters are named in the program of this play, and there is not one false note in characterization. In this act, however, the greater part of the time is given over to scenes and incidents that are true and interesting in themselves and are valuable in giving historical background, but that advance the story not at all.

As for the acting, it comes as near to being perfect, even to the smallest pantomime part, as that in any production we have ever seen in New York. Mrs. Fiske gives a marvelous performance, in many respects the finest of her career. As the slatternly scrubwoman in the first act, she dominates by sheer value of personality and finished acting skill. It is

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Photograph by Alvin Langdon Coburn, New York.

MRS. FISKE.

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impossible to escape the grip of her acting, so genuine does she make this woman. In the second act, where the story has a real chance, Mrs. Fiske carries a scene as no other actress I know would carry it. *Nell* discovers that she still loves the infamous *Jim*, better even than she loves the Army, and the struggle is a terrible one. Here Mrs. Fiske's quiet intensity, her long pauses, are so poignantly impressive that the audiences can scarce control themselves.

Then, in the last act, where *Nell* finally touches *Jim* in what is supposed to be her usual Salvation Army address, Mrs. Fiske rises to a height of eloquence that is irresistible. It is really tremendous, that speech.

And it comes home to one that at last Mrs. Fiske has consented to speak the English language instead of that strange tongue of her own invention which no human being could understand. She has become absolutely coherent. One can hear and understand every word, every syllable; and this adds enormously to the strength and significance of her portrayal.

No less remarkable is the acting of Holbrook Blinn as *Jim Platt*. In make-up, manner, and dialect the stage has never seen so perfect a portrayal of the New York tough. He is always consistent, always within the character. Long ago I had despaired of ever seeing the type presented on the stage with any degree of verisimilitude. But *Jim Platt* is one of the most real things in this drama of realism. When one remembers that Mr. Blinn made his first big hit as *Napoleon*—and he is the only actor who ever played that rôle convincingly—one is amazed at his versatility.

Photograph by Byron, New York.

MRS. FISKE IN "SALVATION NELL."

Another fine characterization is that of *Myrtle Odell*, whose evil life is glossed over by giving her the best lines in the play, so that one is laughing at her all the time. You see, *Myrtle* is wholly contented with her life—which is lamentable, but true to conditions in ever so many instances—and so she doesn't see the tragedy all about her. Hope Latham plays the rôle perfectly.

Those who study these things will not be surprised to learn that Edward Sheldon, the author of "Salvation Nell," is just out of Harvard, and only twenty-three. The play shows the seriousness of youth, which manifests itself in an uncontrollable desire for realism—to present lower life in the raw, as it appears to the cold, careful observer who is seeking first of all for those things that emphasize its hardness, its crudity, its coarseness. It takes no small degree of skill to accomplish this. But the difference between this kind of stage portrayal and a real play is the difference between an exact photograph and a fine painting. Even the great technical skill and experience of Mr. and Mrs. Fiske could not make "Salvation Nell" a real play.

The chief reason for its popularity, apart from the acting, lies probably in the almost universal passion of the well-to-do to "go slumming." Few of us are free from it. Sometimes it expresses itself in what we are pleased to call "studying life as it is." Sometimes it is cloaked by a sincere desire to do sociological or religious work. Now and then we admit it is frank curiosity. "Salvation Nell" gives the illusion of a slumming excursion

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Photograph by Clarence H. White, New York.

MABEL BARRISON, *THE BLUE MOUSE*, IN "THE BLUE MOUSE."

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Photograph by Alvin Langdon Coburn, New York.

MIMI AGUGLIA FERRAU, THE LEADING WOMAN OF THE SICILIAN PLAYERS.

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Photograph by Alvin Langdon Coburn, New York.

GRETCHEN HARTMAN, WHOSE *MARY JANE* HAS GIVEN HER A PLACE AMONG THE LEADING CHILD ACTRESSES.

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Photograph by Byron, New York.

THE WONDERFULLY COMPLEX STEEL-MILL SCENE IN "VIA WIRELESS."

under the most comfortable and enjoyable conditions. The audience can wear their best clothes, occupy comfortable seats, and, from their vantage ground of respectability and prosperity, see and hear the life of the slum, knowing they are safe from any unpleasant personal experience.

Of late there has been bandied about an old and much worn phrase that plays are not written but rewritten, which is another way of saying that the authors of them think on paper instead of in their heads. "Via Wireless" was not rewritten so much as it was remade. Frederic Thompson, master showman, long ago conceived the notion of presenting on the stage a steel mill in full operation. While he was working out a story to hang this scene on, there came to him a man with a one-act sketch, a dramatization of a short story by Edwin Balmer called "On the Reef," which had been published in a weekly newspaper. I. W. Edwards, a practical electrician, had suggested to Mr. Balmer that his powerful story would make a good dramatic sketch, and one was made, but the production had proved too elaborate and costly for vaudeville, for which it was planned. Mr. Thompson bought it for $300.

He then conceived the notion of uniting this sketch with the projected steel-mill scene. Paul Armstrong and Winchell Smith were commissioned to make a play around them, and it hangs together no better than one might expect in the circumstances, yet that original sketch, little changed, is so thrillingly dramatic that the drama made a big hit.

The story itself is commonplace, and even a cast of the highest excellence can hardly make it palatable. But the second-act setting, showing the steel mill in operation at night, with its effect of vast distances, its ponderous machinery, its furnaces at white heat, the clang of hammers, and the rush of many activities, is marvelous in its realism. It is infinitely superior to the action of the play, which is the cheapest kind of absurd melodrama.

The scene in the third act that shows the wireless room on a West Indian liner in the midst of a storm, is another wonderful stage illusion, but here the intensely exciting drama that was in "On the Reef" dominates, the scenic effects being merely accessories. One sees the ship pitching and rocking in the gale, sees the lightning, hears the thunder, and it is easy to sympathize with the new wireless operator to whom a storm at sea is a novel,

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ominous thing. The background for this climacteric scene is finely executed.

Presently the wireless apparatus begins to crash and crackle and flash in its significant way. It transmits a message of distress from a yacht, on which are the principal people in the story, that has struck an uncharted reef and is sinking. In fierce staccato, the excited operator repeats the words that are sent and that tell the whole story so graphically, so vividly that one seems to see the sinking yacht before one's eyes, to experience all the terrors of shipwreck, until the suspense becomes almost unbearable. That scene would make a success of any play. The cast includes such players as Edwin Arden, William B. Mack, Francis D. McGinn, whom I last saw as *Othello* with Robert Mantell and who, in "Via Wireless," gives a wonderful portrayal of a drunken bully of a foreman; Walter Thomas, Georgia Drew Mendum, and a newcomer, Vera McCord, who is lovely to look upon and who acts with force and charm.

Something like twenty-five years ago Jules Echegaray, a prolific Spanish playwright, put forth a play that made an appeal to intellectual lovers of the drama. It was produced in this country by amateurs and others as a purely "highbrow" play, and made but a slight impression. But William Faversham was struck with it and commissioned Charles Frederic Nirdlinger to make a new adaptation, which Mr. Faversham produced, as "The World and His Wife," despite the advice of all his friends. And it scored a real success.

"The World and His Wife" is absorbingly interesting because it is a tremendous arraignment of gossip. It is admirably constructed; the story is developed logically, convincingly, and with real power. It shows how suspicion of people can drive the innocent victims into doing that of which they had been wrongly accused. The physical action and the psychological action march hand in hand, and that makes for a truly big play.

In this drama the "world" is personified by a brother, an absolutely sincere, well-meaning man, who has at heart the preservation of his family honor. The manner in which he instills suspicion in the husband's breast, that husband's earnest fight against these suspicions, which finally prevail, the way in which his dearest friend and his wife are involved, are depicted with a subtle simplicity and directness that are on the highest plane of stage illusion.

Mr. Faversham plays the part of the youth who is a victim of the slanderous suspicions. Never has Mr. Faversham done anything so well, never has he so dominated a play; and this is partly because he does not seek to take one jot from the others. H. Cooper Cliffe, as the husband, has a part almost as good, and he plays it finely, while Julie Opp, as the wife, is not only as beautiful as ever but shows a great advance in her emotional acting.

But in this instance the play is the thing. It is the work of a master craftsman who not only has the technical part of play-writing at his finger tips, but who also thinks clearly and can measure the exact value of a theme and of the story that exemplifies it.

Maybe if those who shout so loudly for the uplift of the stage, would turn their attention to enlarging the public understanding of what makes a good play, the results would be much more effective. Of all the powerful influences for culture and refinement—for education, if you prefer—the stage receives the least serious consideration. Most of us are profoundly ignorant as to what makes a good play or why a bad play occasionally succeeds. We merely accept the record made upon our emotions without any discrimination. We don't take the trouble to think the matter out, to attempt to explain the whys and wherefores. The Public That Pays is satisfied with its own taste and judgment, without any particular desire to take the initiative in raising the standard. And the manager is no altruist. He believes it is his business to conform to the public standard. That is why there are so many foolish plays. Yet the truth is that the public standard is steadily, if unconsciously, improving, and that plays are growing better and better because playwrights study these questions much more carefully and more deeply than the managers. There are familiar reversions to the old order of things, just as there are waves of indecency that manifest themselves now and then, but these do not last long.

If one considers William Collier's latest vehicle, these observations do not seem to fit. "The Patriot" is about as factitious and improbable as anything could be, and yet it is a real success, the most pronounced that Mr. Collier has had in late years. It is frankly farce, and "everything goes in farce" if it makes laughter. It was made by Mr. Collier for himself, J. Hartley Manners aiding and abetting, and its sole purpose is to exploit the

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star in the kind of character in which he has no equal, in a sort of satirical, highly finished burlesque of light comedy. It is one of those cheerful, innocuous things that are worth while simply for the fun in them.

Purely American-made farces are not very good, as a rule. The first act is usually a dull preparation for the fast and furious activities of the second, while the last act is generally stupid explanation. Most of the farces that succeed are adaptations of the work of French and German playwrights, who have a far more thorough mastery of farce development.

"The Blue Mouse," made over from the German by Clyde Fitch, is an admirable illustration of what farce really should be, although in this instance the second act is the weakest of the three. The fun starts with the rise of the curtain, and the pace is furious. A young railroad employee, recently married, employs a stage dancer to impersonate his wife and cajole the susceptible railroad president, who has an impossible wife, into promoting the plotter. The complications are developed with an ingenuity that is amazing, and they are worked out in what appears to be a perfectly logical way, provoking gales of laughter. Mr. Fitch has grafted his own wonderfully clever lines and his marvelous skill in feminine characterization on to the original work.

In the cast are Harry Connor, who fairly exudes humor; Jameson Lee Finney, who proves how effective mechanical humor can be; the extraordinary Zelda Sears, for whom Mr. Fitch has been writing parts for eight years, and a young woman hitherto known only in musical comedy—Mabel Barrison—who made the big hit. Few people dreamed that the squeaky-voiced girl whom they remembered chiefly from "Babes in Toyland" could have become so finished, so joyous a comedienne.

"Mary Jane's Pa" is "home-cooking" drama. It revolves about simple, commonplace folk, who conduct themselves in what appears to be a wholly natural, humorous fashion, and who go straight to the hearts of the audience.

The play has a real story, that of a man with the *Wanderlust*, who fares forth, leaving his extraordinarily capable wife to fend for herself, which she does ably as the publisher of the local newspaper. When the husband comes back, poor as ever in money, but richer in wisdom, in kindliness, in sweetness, the capable *Portia Perkins* makes *Mary Jane's Pa* the cook of the household.

Now a skilled writer of farce would make howlingly funny complications with such a story to work on. It has amazing possibilities. But Edith Ellis is not even a skilled playwright. Instead of making a farce that would provoke laughter for a few months, she has put on the stage people who are much better than any farce can be, and brought them together in such a way that what they say and do is better than most real plays.

Within his rather narrow limitations, Henry E. Dixey is a marvelously clever actor. Lately he attempted to play *The Devil*, and it was so superficial, so unconvincing as to be almost ridiculous. Yet as *Mary Jane's Pa* he seems to exhaust the possibilities of a very fine rôle.

Gretchen Hartman, who plays *Mary Jane*, is really an actress, although she is only eleven years old; she has something more than the mere imitative faculty of the child prodigy. She insists upon knowing the meaning of what she is to do, which explains the naturalness of her playing. Her mother, who is also in the play, was a successful actress in Norway, but has never been able to master English sufficiently to play much in English. The child has been on the stage four years, mostly in stock in Chicago. One of her most successful rôles was *Little Eyolf* in Ibsen's play of that name.

Fritzi Scheff, who, you remember, used to revel in the sobriquet of "the little devil of grand opera" because of her overflowing joyousness in an atmosphere of High Art, and who believed that, even in grand opera, one should be human, is easily the first, in popular estimation, among light-opera prima donnas. It is fitting, therefore, that the new comic opera in which she is appearing this season should be called "The Prima Donna." Most people think Henry Blossom's book is not nearly so good as that he wrote for "Mlle. Modiste," although it is much more pretentious, with an effort to secure greater dramatic effect. Victor Herbert's music is of a higher character, and it is not lacking in the melody for which he is famous. It is undeniable that "The Prima Donna" is an even greater financial success than was "Mlle. Modiste," which is most remarkable considering that this is the worst theatrical season known in twenty years.

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Stalking the Biggest of Big Game

By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A peculiar strain of lawlessness runs in native American blood. We have been called in Europe a nation of man-killers. Possibly the prevalence of homicide in this country is due, in part, to inadequate methods of capturing and punishing criminals. But the real cause of lawlessness is deeper than this. Perhaps as a nation we are not impatient enough with murderers. The south-central division of our states has, in proportion to population, the largest number of prisoners committed for homicide, and yet there is, probably, no section of the country where man-killing is viewed with more calm and where punishment is so readily avoided. In Kentucky it is well known among public prosecutors that convictions for murder and manslaughter are difficult to secure. The fault is with the sentiment of juries, and this sentiment mirrors the tendency of the community to be lenient with the man-killer. During the terms of the last three Kentucky governors over one thousand three hundred criminals have been pardoned. Four hundred and fifty-nine of these had been found guilty of murder or manslaughter! What, then, is the attitude of mind which, in the middle of civilized America, considers murder so lightly, which looks upon man-hunting as a part of life's fair play?

THE best man-hunting in the world may be found in parts of the mountain region of eastern Kentucky; the sportsman in this country may feel inclined at first to believe that the district has been well "shot out," but though this is, in a measure, true, nevertheless an eager hunter may find, along the course of the yellow Kentucky River and in the neighborhood of the lumber camps and moonshine distilleries, an excellent opportunity to bag his quarry. To those who can overcome the prejudices that stand in the way of killing their own species and accept the view-point of the native man-hunter, plenty of good shooting is still available.

If by good sport is meant the taking of animal life under circumstances which provide an opportunity for roughing it in a rather wild and beautiful country with the attendant enjoyments of the fresh highland air and the panorama of forests, mountain streams, and rough crags, together with the chance to take some personal risks, then here the pursuit of the biggest game finds its ideal surroundings. As to the hazards of the sport, it is true that even in this region the law provides no open season for man-killing, and furthermore, the instinct of self-preservation, the skill in self-defense by means of explosive weapons, and the general intelligence of the game itself are such as to make it a considerable question as to whether the sportsman will get his man or the man his sportsman, or the law both.

To write upon the subject of hunting the biggest of the big game, one should perhaps be qualified by personal experience, particularly in these days when one who so writes is more than usually open to the charge of being a human-nature faker. It is therefore with awkward embarrassment that the author confesses that he has never shot a man in his life. He can only tell of the sport by reciting a narrative of the chase as set forth by one Newt Pound, a native sportsman,

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who, sitting on a fence near the railroad station at Winchester, Kentucky, swung his heels through the dewy grass-tops, rolled cigarette after cigarette with his long bony fingers, squinted quizzically at the starry heavens, and drawled out the tale of his greatest hunt.

THE REGION OF SUDDEN DEATH

From behind us came the sounds of Saturday night hilarity in Bucktown, that section of Winchester once trod by the feet of Daniel Boone and now given over to a swarming population of blacks. Newt gazed thoughtfully over his shoulder and back along the road where, at an intersection of negro thoroughfares, groups of men and women, white of teeth and eyeballs, moved in and out of the lights from the little store windows.

I could see the shadows on his collarless and corded neck showing in the moonlight. He sat easily on the fence rail, his lank figure formed into the letter S, his shining high cheek-bones suggestive of the American Indian. Newt, let it be known, is a specimen of the peculiar product of a peculiar region —the region of Sudden Death. To understand Newt one must understand the soil on which he grew.

The feud days of eastern Kentucky are almost at an end. Every one knows it, Newt among the others. Time was when the inter-family quarrel was common enough, when real vendettas lent a romantic charm to existence in Lee and Breathitt and the surrounding counties. It began, so Newt said, when three regiments were recruited from Breathitt County in '61. Two of them were enlisted in the Federal cause, the third fought with the Confederates. Relations between the first two and the third were almost amicable as compared with those that existed between the two that fought on the same side. The two Federal regiments apparently endeavored to exterminate each other. Then, upon the return of these mountain soldiers when the war was over, there were several old scores to settle. The settling was transacted in a neighborly way, and gradually it became proper, when one's relative had been put under a *Hic jacet*, to take down one's shotgun, peep through the barrel to see if it needed oil, and then go over the mountain or through the gap to even up matters by shooting the son of the man who had shot the father of whom you were the son. The region, therefore, even to-day, when feuds no longer thrive, and political murders, hired assassins, and a corrupted criminal law have resulted in such disgraces as are exemplified in the recent history of Breathitt, still has inherited traits which produce the skilled marksman, the ambushed lier-in-wait, the nervous trigger-finger, the power of hate, the cool nonchalant disregard for human life, the keenness of sporting spirit, and withal the most adept man-killers in the world. Newt confessed with shameless pride that even in this class he had a reputation of high standing.

Like many of the bad men of the region, he traces an ancestry of pure Anglo-Saxon strain back to very aristocratic Virginia forbears; in truth, the locality that raised him is as thoroughly American as any corner of the United States. It is so completely American that it exhibits the beginnings of a return to the aboriginal type. In certain regions of the Kentucky mountains the white man has begun to assume the characteristics of the native savage.

A WHITE SAVAGE

The lithe, bony frame, the sinewed limbs, the straight black hair, the high cheek-bones, the stoicism, the tendency to laziness, the peculiar and rigid but curiously limited code of honor, the alert animal senses of sight, hearing, and smell, and the sneaking cunning, used to trap the enemy, all are suggestive of the North American Indian. Were this region to remain isolated for a few centuries longer it might give the anthropologists something to think about. Newt Pound is a sample of the phenomenon.

He has, let it be understood, never served a day in the penitentiary for his peculiarities, and it is questionable whether there is enough evidence against him to convict him in a court of law for breaking those particular game laws that prohibit man-killing. But it is commonly supposed that he has a right to cut more than one notch on his revolver, which he affectionately refers to as "she," and therefore his lawyer, who is something of a scalawag but who was kind enough to arrange the interview with him, suggested that in writing his memoirs of the chase his real name be concealed—certainly in case the author planned at some future day to return to that part of Kentucky.

Newt himself, turning back from his con-

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templation of Bucktown, demanded my promise that I would call him by some other name than his own, and that in writing of his pursuit of Kelly Barker (so called herein) even the names of places be changed. "I've spent a lot of time doin' this thing right," he explained, "and I don't want no mistakes." A wistful expression came into his face. One felt that he was wishing that the situation were different, that things might be arranged so that his achievements and his own name might be put in real print to the glory of his family and his aim.

"Well," said I, "your hunting? When you go after a man, how do you get him?"

He laughed.

THE START OF A FEUD

"Kelly Barker an' me an' a feller named John Perch was working eight years ago for Ben Hornaday. We was lumberin' for him on Maplesap Creek, an' hit was winter an' cold as frozen thermometers. I never giv' a hoo-dang for Kelly, but Perch I kinder took to. I was nineteen, an' old Perch lent me dry socks. He was nice to me in them ways. He had the rheumatics, an' Ben Hornaday, who's dead now, fired him away from the job because he got sick, an' I was mad some. We was all mad. It warn't right.

"Well, Kelly says to me—we was markin' timber that mornin'—he says to me: 'When I go down to Jackson fer the end of the week I'm goin' to snoop over to Scott's Corners, if the river's froze over, an' set fire to Ben's house thar,' an' he told me he'd allus wanted to get squar' with Ben, an' I was a kid an' ter keep my mouth shut. An' he done it jes' as he says.

"I reckon it give him some worry, 'cause he says to me when he got back: 'The thing's done, an' there's a lot of talk about it down to Baileyville and around, an' the sheriff in Pope County is mad, an' if you open your mouth I'll tell 'em you done it, an' I reckon you cain't give no account of yo'self nohow, an' I'll get you penitentiaried.'"

Newt whistled a scrap of plaintive melody.

"I was a fool, shore. He skeered me. I kinder feared he'd put it on to me, so I went over into Virginny, but couldn't get no job, an' we was drinkin' thar, an' I wrote to Kelly an' told him how matters was standin', an' that I wanted to come back, 'nd he mustn't say I done the work on Ben's house. Hit was whar I bust my puckerin' string, 'cause then he had that letter to show. He kep' it six years, but let me tell yer, stranger, they didn't find it on him. No, sir.

THE FIRST SHOT

"But he give me no end of trouble. Once he got money from me. He had some schoolin', and he knew them tricky ways. He told me how even if they could prove it ag'in' him he didn't fear nawthin', because he was a friend of Judge Pendleton and could get a pardon from the governor jes' by askin' for it, but how I warn't in no such honey. He hounded me good.

"Then thar come a time when I was in Jackson in Starbuck's blind tiger, an' we was drinkin' and so on, and I tells Henry Perch, John's brother, how matters stood, an' he met Kelly on the train goin' down to Lexington an' told him to go on out of the state, and if he didn't go an' leave me alone Henry said he knew of somethin' that would put Kelly's name into the grand jury, shore. The next Saturday I was standin' waitin' for the up train at Maplesap. There's a rise of ground across the track grown up with second cutting timber, and I heard a rifle talkin' up thar. She spoke up twice, an' a chunk of lead hit the station wall behind me. The sun was shinin' so in my eyes I couldn't see nawthin' of where it was comin' from. But hit was Kelly, shore. I was mad some. I says to myself, 'I'll get you now if I have to stop everythin' else to do it.' I jes' didn't give a dang-a-lang for anythin' else nohow."

"Was it right to kill a man?"

Newt shook some tobacco into a cigarette paper.

THE ETHICS OF MAN-HUNTING

"I reckon so," he said; "more right than to get killed yo'self. I ain't the kind of feller that would walk up to Kelly an' pull open my shirt an' say, 'Shoot away ef you is wicked enough.' A hole in his shirt's jes' as good a hole as one in mine an' some better. That's the way we think whar I come from." He twisted the end of his cigarette, then pointed a bony forefinger at me. "But let me tell you right here, brother, hit's a heap of trouble to kill a man an' kill him in slick shape." Thereupon he delivered an opinion on the ways, means, manners, methods, whys and wherefores of the sport of bagging the biggest of the big game.

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The local ethics of the chase made it proper, he said, to bring down the quarry in any way that could be devised. The experience of the region had shown that shooting was the most successful method; only persons in fits of temper used knives. To shoot a man in the back was considered as perfectly sportsmanlike as to shoot a bear in the back. This was one of the "ground rules," and, like shooting from ambush, found its sanction in the fact that, if you do not, the other fellow will. Duels are unfashionable.

Newt also had much advice to give about stalking game. Solemnly and with great earnestness he cautioned me against man-killing in thickly settled communities; the farther one gets into the inaccessible spots the less chance there is that evidence, direct or circumstantial, will gather on your heels. "Even in a place like Jackson," he said, "a gunshot makes a lot of folks curious." He was of the opinion that it was better to toll the game into the woods where the hunting could go on without interference.

As to matters concerning the weapon to be used, he furnished much shrewd information which can be found in no treatise on the subject. Shotguns and buckshot make much noise, are heavy to carry, and cannot be concealed. The killing of little game may furnish an excuse for the gun, but to be found after the sport is over with buckshot shells on the person is to be unnecessarily exposed to questionings. Furthermore, shotguns, except at very close range, are not sure to kill; in narrow quarters or when time is precious they are burdensome to handle.

THE RIGHT WEAPONS

Let the sportsman, unless a skilled marksman, also avoid the rifle. "To hev a rifle in yer hands," quoth Newt, staring with half shut eyes at the moon, "kind of tempts yer to shoot at long range. At long range it's pretty sure to hit, but thar ain't a man on yearth that can be sartain to finish up the matter with one cartridge. An' ef yo' don't, you mought get shot at or seen by the feller, an' he'd tell the sheriff on yer." As for revolvers, they are safest because they do not tempt long-range shots, are easier to carry and conceal, and make less noise. But revolvers of small caliber are to be avoided. Any one who knows will testify that a .32 or even a .38 is not possessed of enough power. "Hit's best," Newt said, "to have a .45. You hev to wear a strap over yer left shoulder to keep her from saggin' down on yer belt, but she does business. She blows a man down! He don't get no chance to reach for his ef he carries one.

"There was another thing I'd figured out," he went on. "I figured out I'd hev to keep away from liquor. It gets yo' to talkin' and maybe lets out how bad yo' feel ag'inst a feller, and teases yo' into goin' about things wrong. So's I let it alone. That shows yer how I felt about Kelly.

"He was kind o' suspicious, too. He was livin' out on Whiskbroom and farmin', and somehow he seemed to kind o' feel somethin' in the air. Leastwise he was a-carryin' of a gun hisself. I larned that from friends. He didn't come into town none—even bein' how it was winter. I knew as how it would be hard to git him and git him right."

ONE WAY TO TRAP THE HUMAN GAME

He slapped at a mosquito and then explained that to get near a man who was on the lookout for difficulties was a very troublesome problem. When snow is on the ground one cannot go stalking game without leaving tracks, and, as Kelly Barker would be sure to see them, it gave rise to the necessity for planning a strategy which could not very well fail. The surest way, under the circumstances, said Newt, was to be certain that the game was in its lair and then to coax it out.

"I give this a heap o' study," he asserted, "an' by and by I got a scheme. Suppose a feller should go up to Whiskbroom Fork some night when Kelly's man Hays was down in town carousin'. Kelly would be in bed, sartain. Then suppose a feller'd get into Kelly's barn an' take out one of his mules an' walk him around lively some, an' then kick at the sides of the stalls and make a fuss general. Why, Kelly'd think the animal was loose an' kickin' at dark shadders. What would he do? He'd cuss some and pull on his clothes, bein' as it was cold. Then he'd come down an' draw open the slidin' door of the barn an' look in. Suppose it was moonlight outside. You could see him plain, couldn't you?" Newt threw up his empty right hand into a position where his elbow was crooked stiffly and his half bent forefinger moved slowly backward in a half circle. One almost expected to hear the

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roar of the imaginary weapon. The ghost standing at its muzzle appeared to throw up its hands and go over, face downward, into the dewy grass that sparkled like snow crust in the white light of the moon.

"GETTING" KELLY BARKER

Newt's flat-chested, bony frame seemed to quiver a little. He laughed half-heartedly and gazed at me with shrewd and cunning eyes. "The feller thet killed Kelly Barker did it that away or somethin' like it," he said; with sudden reluctance to go further with the story in the first person. "Hit was all right. I'd wasted nearly two years hatin' Kelly and schemin' to get him. He oughter be killed. And the feller that got him was shore foxy. He climbed up on the mule so's there'd be no tracks of his'n, and rode out on to the road before Kelly's housekeeper had come down to the back door. When he struck the ford on Whiskbroom Creek she was frozen over. There warn't a sound nowhere but the wind and the ice splittin' on the creek—I reckon. So's he jes' got down off the mule—hit was a big mule, a moughty big mule. He got down on to the ice that was cleaned off from snow and hit the mule a clip with his cap so's the critter would cross over and go a-gallopin' up toward the lumber camp, makin' more tracks. But the feller could walk the ice up or down a long way before breakin' into the woods, and he didn't make no tracks. Leastways that's the way I figgered it, brother. He took a heap of pains, but when you go out after the big game, as you say, hit's necessary to be keerful."

"And then what?"

THE MAN-HUNTER'S CONSCIENCE

"And then," said Newt, "I reckon the feller that killed Kelly struck over the woods down into town and went into one of the places where the boys were. By 'n' by a feller comes a-saunterin' in and says, 'Did you-all hear?' The crowd says, 'No.' 'Kelly Barker's shot,' he says. Hit mought be the feller that did the shootin' waited to hear somebody say, 'Is he dead?' Then the feller that had come in says kinder soft, 'Sure, he's dead.'"

Newt jumped off the fence. He stood there on the road pulling at his long nose with his bony fingers. "I wisht I could tell yer some more, brother," he said, drawling his words. He was so good-natured, so kind-hearted. He seemed far from being a criminal. It was almost impossible to believe that a young man of his type could look upon murder with so much equanimity. Had something in his training, had the killing region in which he lived, given him immunity from conscience? Were he and his birthplace inexplicable phenomena in a civilized country? Did he really look upon man-hunting as a true sport?

"Yes," said he in answer. "I reckon I enjoyed goin' after Kelly. Hit's a heap more excitin' than anythin' else. You can't never tell whether you'll get him or whether he'll get you or perhaps you'll get ketched at it. Thar ain't a minute when you can lose sight of whar he is. You called it huntin', brother, and while hit lasts thar ain't nothin' like it."

WHERE THE "FUN" ENDS

He had emphasized "while hit lasts," and now, as if reflecting upon the accomplished deed, his face again grew cunning and viciously shrewd. "But I was glad it was another feller an' not me that killed Kelly," he added. A moment later he met the suggestion of remorse that follows the bringing down of the game with sincere contempt.

"You don't seem to understand, brother," he protested, "that hit is necessary sometimes to kill a man. There ain't nothin' bad in doin' what has to be did."

"But, then, why are you glad, as you say, that somebody else did it?"

Newt hitched up his corduroy trousers, found a pocket-knife in them, and whittled the fence rail. "Say," he began, "when I was a boy, I remember the first time I went huntin' with my Uncle Curt. I'd never had a gun in my hands before. We was after birds, but Uncle Curt seen a squirrel sittin' on a pine limb. 'We won't git nothin' 'less we kill somethin' else first,' he says. 'Shoot at the squirrel.' So I shot, an' down he come, little legs in the air, an' dropped on the ground kerplunk, an' never moved. I was ashamed of it then, but it turned me sick. Thar warn't no more blink in his eyes. He didn't stir none. He was so—so——"

"Different!"

"Yep, different. Hit gave me a spell.

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Hit made me sick complete. There warn't no strength in my legs. An' if hit is a man——"

He paused. "Leastwise that's what I was told by a feller I knew," he said craftily. "Thar ain't no fun in the huntin' after you've done the killin'." And, saying this, he turned a little white, it seemed.

The insects in the long grass continued their pulsing chorus, but Newt strode along toward the lights of Winchester, gloomily silent. Ahead of us the tower of the county courthouse stood out against the warm rich black of the Kentucky sky. It was hard for one to realize that a murderer walked beside; it seemed better to believe that he was a morbidly trained hunter—a hunter whose ethics sanctioned his hunting and whose heart gave the lie to his ethics—a hunter of the biggest of the big game.

THE AWAKENING

By HERBERT KAUFMAN

I am soul-sore and bended and weary,
And my being is ancient and gray;
The heart in my bosom is dreary,
And I long to be up and away.
I want to re-spend what I squandered,
I seek but one chance to repay;
For last night my soul wakened and wandered
O'er the road to the gone yesterday.
Oh, the wrongs that can never be righted!
And the wounds that can never be healed;
The darkness that could have been lighted;
The truths that too late were revealed;
The burdens so readily shifted;
And the thorns that I should have withdrawn;
The anguish that might have been lifted
From a heart that was thoughtlessly torn;
The clean things my foolish feet muddied;
The innocent ones I judged wrong;
The home that with sorrow I flooded;
The deaf ear I turned to life's song;
The struggler so easily aided;
The reckless one I might have checked;
The heartlessness that I paraded;
The dear ones I hurt with neglect;
The flower I robbed of its beauty
And tossed in a day to the slime;
The hour I faltered in duty;
The whim whose indulgence was crime.
Oh, God! though I face Thee repentant,
I ask not Thy mercy as yet;
I seek not to find Thee relentent
Until the to-morrow is met.
I thank Thee that Thou hast unshuttered
The blindness that darkened my soul.
My prayer to Thee now is not uttered
In hope to default conscience' toll,
I ask Thee to see me in sorrow
And grant me the prayer that I pray—
That I may make right on the morrow
The wrongs that I wrought yesterday.

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A ROW OF BOOKS

By J. B. KERFOOT

It is said that for a number of years one of our leading publishers has hung his stocking up every Christmas with a note pinned to it that reads, "Dear Santy: Please send me a great satirist." And when one looks around at life as it is being lived, it is hard at first to see why his request has not been granted. In a way, the situation seems as anomalous as a ten-acre potato patch without a potato bug. And yet there is another side to the matter. I remember an experience I once had with a white hen. She was something of a pet and spent most of her time on the lawn, chasing grasshoppers. She would walk along and when she flushed a hopper would mark it down, run to it with frantic haste, cock her eye at the ground a moment, and—peck, gulp, it was gone. One day I noticed that a neighboring field contained about a thousand grasshoppers to the square yard and I determined to give the hen a treat. I caught her, carried her to the field, and set her loose. She shook herself. Then she took a step forward and flushed twenty odd grasshoppers. She started after one of them, flushed sixty or eighty more, changed to chasing one of them, flushed about three hundred others, and then stood stock-still, the most bewildered hen since Eden. If I hadn't carried her home, she'd have starved. Now it happens that our Christmas stockings this year contained a satire of sorts, the "Adventures of a Nice Young Man" (Duffield), and it behooves us to be grateful. The book is not only interesting but curious. The author, who signs himself "Aix," has watched the doings of the twentieth century, steeped himself in the literature of the eighteenth, and satirizes the one in the language of the other. The voice is the voice of Fielding, but the hand is the hand of "Aix." And "Aix" is not (or is certainly not yet) a great satirist. He is still too simply the cynic. But he is not in the least degree bewildered by the superabundance of grasshoppers, and, although his characters are, on the whole, targets rather than creations, he has, in the "nice young man" himself, bitten an etching with his acid.

I have never known a person to put head for the first time beneath the focusing cloth of a camera set up out of doors without exclaiming over the image on the ground glass. It is, they say, so beautiful,—though the box may be pointed haphazard at a haystack; and so brilliant,—although it lacks by a hundredfold the brightness of the actual scene; and so true,—although the lens itself has its compromises, its conventions, and its crudities of drawing. Well, there is beauty everywhere; brightness is a matter of contrast; truth lies in being persuaded. And the camera has concentrated attention on the haystack; the focusing cloth shows a dim image, but shows it in the dark; the lens tricks us into looking at reality through the temperament of its formulae. So it is with fiction. For fiction, as well as photography, has its ground glass, its focusing cloth, and its human lens. Let us put our heads under Mary Johnston's focusing cloth and look at "Lewis Rand" (Houghton, Mifflin). Virginia in the first years of the last century; a gracious social atmosphere; a turbulent political humor vividly recreated in imagination; and a man, strong, self-reliant, likable, at grips with the inevitable in his own inheritance. Here is beauty in an ugly subject; a brilliant image of dim, century-old days; and that deep-lying, definition-defying harmony between fictitious incident and inward consciousness that, for want of a better word, we call truth to life. Recent fiction contains no study of individual development placed against an historic background that equals it.

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In the strictly subjective sense in which we say that truth lies in being persuaded, our acquiescence in things unverifiable springs from their being linked with things known, and is conditioned upon their logical agreement with the latter. In "Lewis Rand" the men and women are so true to our knowledge of humanity that we accept without question the Virginia in which we find them and from which they seem so logically to derive. In Arthur J. Eddy's novel of modern business and social life in the West, "Ganton and Co." (McClurg), we have another and an inverse source of verisimilitude. Here the setting is so true to our knowledge of the Chicago of to-day that, for the time being, we accept as typical of humanity the men and women with whom the author has peopled it. As a matter of fact, they are not typical of the brew in the human kettle, but are types of the scum that has boiled to the surface. Mr. Eddy, with whom we have already made acquaintance as a genial and appreciative writer upon Whistler, is here reëncountered as an accurate observer of a phase of life seen at such close quarters as to preclude perspective. Our acceptance, therefore, which in the case of "Lewis Rand" is unconditioned, is here, as it were, limited, "for this date and train only," and lapses at the expiration of the journey.

Professor Percival Lowell, director of the celebrated observatory at Flagstaff, Arizona, is a concrete and triumphant example of the soundness of Emerson's advice. Many years ago Professor Lowell "hitched his wagon to a star," and through contumely and ridicule and disrepute he has kept it hitched; until to-day we all, laymen or professionals, ready or reluctant, are fain to acknowledge and to wonder at the scientific horsepower he has developed from his distant motor. His latest work, "Mars as the Abode of Life" (Macmillan), is perhaps the most pregnant of recent speculations in cosmogony. It is certainly one of the clearest and most interesting of scientific reports of progress recently addressed to the popular intelligence. The book discloses a double purpose, drives, as it were in double harness, two lines of investigation, one planetary and the other cosmic. It sums up its author's discoveries, and explains his deductions from them, in regard to Mars; and with these discoveries and deductions as a fulcrum, it succeeds in bringing an astronomical lever to bear upon the nature of life and its evolutionary place in the cycle of sidereal systems. In the author's own words, it suggests a connecting link between the Nebular Hypothesis and the Darwinian Theory. It is an able book by an able writer, and it possesses one of the most misleading attributes of greatness, simplicity. It can be read with understanding by a schoolboy, but will offer food for thought to a philosopher.

Readers of fiction, like Latin verbs, are either Active or Passive. They assume toward a book either the attitude of Mahomet toward the mountain, or that of the mountain toward Mahomet. They either meet an author halfway, expectant and inquiring, watching to discover his mood that they may the more quickly fall in with it; or, having granted him an audience, they await his approach, assuming that, if a mood is necessary to the enjoyment of his work, it is his business to compel it. Granting that both attitudes can be carried to extremes; that the Actives tend to glorify a hazy writer with the halo of their own imaginings, the Passives to forget that not even in the case of the understanding can massage take the place of exercise, it is evident that the further a writer is removed from us in temperament and experience, the more inadequate becomes the Passive attitude for either enjoyment or responsiveness. Maxim Gorky's story of "The Spy" (Harper) lies, I think, very far across the border line. In its English form it asks of English readers an active, and in places almost a groping, effort of realization. It is the story, done in verbal monochrome, of a Russian peasant boy who drifts, helpless and bewildered, through the byways of the pit into the service of the Department of Safety; a tragedy too sodden to be dramatically tragic; too intimately local, in parts, to be self-explanatory. But it gives us an unforgettable picture of the dazed serf mind awaking to conscious self-questioning; a glimpse of the psychology of unthinkable human depths from the knowledge of one who himself—impelled by the spirit of a great artist and the passion of a broad humanity—has risen from them.

"Should an irresistible force meet an immovable object, what would happen?" Do you not remember the fascination of this problem in imaginary physics? Do you not recall how, caught in the endless circle of its contradictions, your little head used to marshal the sum of all the inertias of the universe to meet the resultant of all the cosmic forces? Well, transpose the problem from the clef of imaginary physics to that of imaginative fiction; let it read, "Should an irresistible girl child meet the immovable heart and habit of a provincial old maid, what would happen?" and you have the thesis and a hint of the allurement of L. M. Montgomery's story, "Anne, of Green Gables" (Page). It is a story of Prince Edward's Island. It is full of fun, sentiment, and human beings. And if we finish it without having laughed often and cried occasionally, we deserve (according to our preferences) either congratulations upon having put aside childish things, or condolences over having lost touch with tenderness. One word more: We can hardly meet Anne, of Green Gables, without remembering Rebecca, of Sunnybrook

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Farm. As a matter of fact, Anne and Rebecca are cousins and near of an age. But I have, before now, seen well-meant remarks injudiciously dropped turn friendly cousins into jealous rivals. Let us, who know them both and, of necessity, have our preferences in regard to their respective charms and our prejudices in regard to their respective mothers' ways of bringing them up, be careful when and where we voice them.

There is, I believe, a notion very widely spread among us that a book is a book and should be read accordingly. I remember that when I was a boy there were two literary commandments that had been added to the decalogue: 11. Thou shalt not begin a book without finishing it. 12. Thou shalt not begin a second book till thou hast finished the first. I also remember how a little old lady who lives by herself in a small bandbox of a house said to me once with a wistful expression, "I seldom taste roast beef. You see, if I once start a joint I have to live on it day in and day out for a week." And a great many of us have an idea that all books except three-hundred-page novels are roast-beef books, requiring to be consumed with unremitting diligence under penalty of spoiling, and quite forget that some books are Edam cheese books and are only meant to be dipped into now and again and, within limits, gain flavor from keeping. Mr. John Graham Brooks's "As Others See Us" (Macmillan) is one of the latter. Mr. Brooks has devoted part of his leisure for some years to studying the views of our foreign critics from de Tocqueville to H. G. Wells, and in a series of commentative chapters he analyses the gradually changing attitude of these visitors and, allowing for their opportunities and their personal predilections, he deduces a sort of history of our national and social progress viewed from without. The book is not meant to make a meal of, but is excellent cheese.

OTHER BOOKS

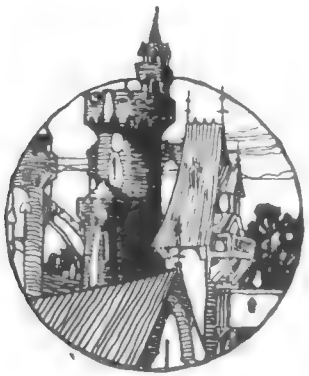
"The Letters of Jennie Allen to her Friend Miss Musgrove" (Small, Maynard), by Grace Donworth. The best piece of homely fun of the year. Jennie Allen is good for the blues, the conscience, and the digestion.

"Chapters of Opera" (Holt). A history of the lyric drama in New York, from the arrival of Manuel Garcia's troupe in 1825 to the end of last season, written in a delightful tone of comment and criticism by Henry Edward Krehbiel.

"Desire" (Doubleday, Page). A new novel by Una L. Silberrad which reverses the procedure of many novels and, instead of beginning hopefully and going to pieces halfway through, drags rather painfully for a hundred pages and then pulls itself together into one of the author's pleasantest productions.

"On the Training of Parents" (Houghton, Mifflin). Half a dozen essays by Ernest Hamlin Abbott upon the relations of parents and children. They are full of shrewd humor and insight, and are readable even if you only keep dogs.

"The Fly on the Wheel" (Dodd, Mead). A very daintily told story of Irish life, showing how the new wine of modern ideas was put into old bottles with disastrous consequences. It is by Katherine Cecil Thurston and, artistically, allied to her first work in "The Circle."



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UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

"I TELL you I won't have this room," protested the old lady to the bell boy who was conducting her. "I ain't a-goin' to pay my good money for a pigsty with a measly little foldin' bed in it. If you think that jest because I'm from the country——"

Profoundly disgusted, the boy cut her short.

"Get in, mum. Get in," he ordered. "This ain't yer room. This is the elevator."

The new minister in a Georgia church was delivering his first sermon. The darky janitor was a critical listener from a back corner of the church. The minister's sermon was eloquent, and his prayers seemed to cover the whole category of human wants.

After the services one of the deacons asked the old darky what he thought of the new minister. "Don't you think he offers up a good prayer, Joe?"

"Ah mos' suhtainly does, boss. Why, dat man axed de good Lord fo' things dat de odder preacher didn't even know He had!"

A lady who had arranged an authors' reading at her house succeeded in persuading her reluctant husband to stay home that evening to assist in receiving the guests. He stood the entertainment as long as he could—three authors, to be exact—and then made an excuse that he was going to open the front door to let in some fresh air. In the hall he found one of the servants asleep on a settee.

"Wake up!" he commanded, shaking the fellow roughly. "What does this mean, your being asleep out here? You must have been listening at the keyhole."

An Eastern college graduate applied for work in a Michigan lumber camp. He was told to get busy on one end of a cross-saw, the other end being in charge of an old and experienced lumberman. At first all went well, but at the end of the second day the young man's strength began to wane. Suddenly the old man stopped the saw and spat.

"Sonny," he said, not unkindly, "I don't mind yer ridin' on this saw, but if it's jest the same to you I wish you'd keep yer feet off the ground."

"I'm a terror, I be," announced the new arrival in Frozen Dog to one of the men behind the bar.

"Be ye?"

"Takes three men to handle me, once I get started," he went on.

* * * * * * * *

"Oh, well," he remarked as he arose painfully and dusted off his clothes, "of course if ye're shorthanded, I suppose two kin do it on a pinch."

A truly eloquent parson had been preaching for an hour or so on the immortality of the soul.

"I looked at the mountains," he declaimed, "and could not help thinking, 'Beautiful as you

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are, you will be destroyed, while my soul will not.' I gazed upon the ocean and cried, 'Mighty as you are you will eventually dry up, but not I!'"

In a speech before the Wellesley Club recently, Augustus Thomas told this story about Nat Goodwin:

"Say, Nat," said Willie Collier to Mr. Goodwin as they were coming out of the Lambs Club shortly after the latter's marriage to Miss Goodrich, "invite me to one of your weddings some time, won't you?"

Patrick arrived home much the worse for wear. One eye was closed, his nose was broken, and his face looked as though it had been stung by bees.

"Glory be!" exclaimed his wife.

"Thot Dutchman Schwartzheimer—'twas him," explained Patrick.

"Shame on ye!" exploded his wife without sympathy. "A big shpalpeen the loikes of you to get bate up by a little omadhoun of a Dootchman the size of him! Why——"

"Whist, Nora," said Patrick, "don't spake disrespectfully of the dead!"

"How's times?" inquired a tourist.

"Oh, pretty tolerable," responded the old native who was sitting on a stump. "I had some trees to cut down, but a cyclone come along and saved me the trouble."

"Fine."

"Yes, and then the lightning set fire to the brush pile and saved me the trouble of burnin' it."

"Remarkable. But what are you doing now?"

"Oh, nothin' much. Jest waitin' for an earthquake to come along and shake the potatoes out of the ground."

A patronizing young lord was seated opposite the late James McNeill Whistler at dinner one evening. During a lull in the conversation he adjusted his monocle and leaned forward toward the artist.

"Aw, y' know, Mr. Whistler," he drawled, "I pahssed your house this mawning."

"Thank you," said Whistler quietly. "Thank you very much."

The late A. J. Cassatt, at a dinner at the Philadelphia Country Club, was asked his opinion of the fashion of women riding horseback astride.

"I don't altogether favor it," said Mr. Cassatt. "It sometimes leads to confusion.

"I was driving one afternoon on Lancaster Pike when a rider was thrown violently from a spirited bay horse. Luckily, the accident happened in front of a pharmacy. The proprietor ran forth with his clerk. He propped up the head of the unconscious rider and, seeing a gold cigarette case lying on the ground, he took it up and read 'P. S. Browne, 1838 Walnut Street.'

"'Jack!' he shouted to his errand boy, 'telephone to Mrs. Browne, 1838 Walnut Street, that her husband——'

"But just then a tiny gold hand mirror with a powder puff attachment fell from the rider's trouser pocket and the pharmacist called:

"'Jack! I mean telephone Mr. Browne that Mrs. Browne has fallen——'

"But at this point the clerk, who had been burning a feather under the rider's nose, tickled her lips with it, and she smiled and murmured, 'Jim.'

"And then the pharmacist shouted:

"'Telephone Mr. and Mrs. Browne that Miss Browne has fallen off her horse.'"

Year after year an old farmer had listened in grim silence to the trains thundering by his land. Finally, one day, his patience at an end, he dropped his plow and shook his fist at the passing express.

"Ye can puff an' blow all ye like, gol durn ye," he cried, "but I'm goin' to ride ye Saturday!"

It was said of a certain village "innocent" or fool in Scotland that if he were offered a silver sixpence or copper penny he would invariably choose the larger coin of smaller value. One day a stranger asked him:

"Why do you always take the penny? Don't you know the difference in value?"

"Aye," answered the fool, "I ken the difference in value. But if I took the saxpence they would never try me again."

In reward of faithful political service an ambitious saloon keeper was appointed police magistrate.

"What's the charge ag'in' this man?" he inquired when the first case was called.

"Drunk, yer honor," said the policeman.

The newly made magistrate frowned upon the trembling defendant.

"Guilty, or not guilty?" he demanded.

"Sure, sir," faltered the accused, "I never drink a drop."

"Have a cigar, then," urged his honor persuasively, as he absently polished the top of the judicial desk with his pocket handkerchief.

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Uncle Mose, needing money, sold his pig to the wealthy Northern lawyer who had just bought the neighboring plantation. After a time, needing more money, he stole the pig and resold it, this time to Judge Pickens, who lived "down the road a piece." Soon afterward the two gentlemen met and, upon comparing notes, suspected what had happened. They confronted Uncle Mose. The old darky cheerfully admitted his guilt.

"Well," demanded Judge Pickens, "what are you going to do about it?"

"Blessed ef I know, Jedge," replied Uncle Mose with a broad grin. "I'se no lawyer. I reckon I'll have to let yo' two gen'men settle it between yo'selves."

In order to play "Rosemary" some years ago, John Drew shaved off his mustache, thereby greatly changing his appearance. Shortly afterward he met Max Beerbohm in the lobby of a London theatre, but could not just then recall who the latter was. Mr. Beerbohm's memory was better.

"Oh, Mr. Drew," he said, "I'm afraid you don't know me without your mustache."

The police-court magistrate of a town in southern Kentucky was walking down the street one November evening with his friend John Markham, a distiller.

"Judge," said Mr. Markham, "have you ever tried my Number One brand of Old Markham?"

"No, John," admitted the judge, "but I tried three men in court this morning who had tried it."

An Episcopal minister, who had but recently moved to a small town in the Pennsylvania coal regions, passed two youngsters on the street.

"Good morning, Father," said one of them, misled by the clerical garb.

"Don't you know nutt'n?" said the other, contemptuously, when the minister was past. "Dat guy ain't no father. Why, he's married an' got two kids!"

Little Johnnie, who had been praying for some months for God to send him a baby brother, finally became discouraged. "I don't believe God has any more little boys to send," he told his mother, "and I'm going to quit it."

Early one morning not long after this he was taken into his mother's room to see twin boys who had arrived in the night. Johnnie regarded them thoughtfully for some minutes.

"Gee," he remarked finally, "it's a good thing I stopped praying when I did."

A filthy fellow applied for a position as porter with a large concern where help was badly needed. The manager looked him over doubtfully. Finally he handed him a half dollar.

"Go uptown and take a bath," he told him. "Then come back and maybe I'll be able to take you on."

The fellow started for the door.

"And, oh, by the way," the manager called after him, "if there's any change left, take another bath."

The village drunkard of a little Connecticut hamlet staggered up to a man one evening and mumbled, "Shay, mister, do you know where Tom Brien lives?"

"Why, you are Tom Brien yourself."

"D—— it! I know that, but where does he live?"

"Well, did he pay you?" asked the wife of a dentist who had been to collect a bill for a full set of false teeth that he had made for a man almost a year before.

"Pay me!" growled the dentist. "Not only did he refuse to pay me, but he actually had the effrontery to gnash at me—with my teeth!"

In a recent trial of a "bootlegger" in Western Kentucky a witness testified that he had purchased some "squirrel" whisky from the defendant.

"Squirrel whisky?" questioned the court.

"Yes, you know: that kind that makes you talk nutty and want to climb trees."

At the Boston Immigration Station one blank was recently filled out as follows:

Name—Abraham Cherkowsky.

Born—Yes.

Business—Rotten.

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Everybody's Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

THE RIDGWAY COMPANY

ERMAN J. RIDGWAY, *President* | JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE, *Editor* | WM. L. JENNINGS, *Sec'y and Treas.*
RAY BROWN, *Art Director* | ROBERT FROTHINGHAM, *Adv. Mgr.*

31 EAST 17TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

WITH "EVERYBODY'S" PUBLISHERS

HAVE you ever tried to understand Wall Street—just what they do down there and how? You didn't get very far, did you? Even Mr. Lawson did not make the "how" quite clear. Perhaps he didn't try. We tell you here from time to time a good deal about the publishing business, but we don't tell you all. Every business has its painted scenery and its properties. They add to the pleasure of doing business and for the most part are harmless. But the Wall Street staging and properties have a way of tumbling down on the audience in the front seats every once in a while, "killing" many of them, and it is the habit of some of the actors to stop the play and go through the pockets of the victims. Then friends come in and remove the remains, and the stage is set for a new act.

When "playing the market" brings so much loss and misery to unsuspecting playgoers, we believe it is proper to show how it is played and who gets the receipts and the plunder. We never remember to have seen anywhere a complete showing-up of the Wall Street game, and it is with a good deal of satisfaction that we call your attention to such an article in this number of EVERYBODY'S—the first one in the book. Read it, by all means, if you haven't read it already. The writer calls it "The Stock Yards of New York," suggesting dumb cattle, pens, and slaughter. The figure is strong—perhaps overstrong. For the dumb who are slaughtered in Wall Street are not driven there, but go of their own accord, and often get away with some of their hide If we and the other publications that have taken up the task of showing them the webs spread and the traps laid for their undoing, can give them a convincing picture, we believe they may be counted on to keep out of peril.

SELF-RESPECT

Of all the men who are writing to-day no one gives us humans a finer, higher feeling about ourselves than Dr. William Hanna Thomson. When you get to that point in life—and all active men do, often—where you feel dissatisfied with yourself, when your efforts seem puny and fruitless, and you begin to wonder if, after all, the greatest of men is much more than an animal, just pick up Dr. Thomson's "Brain and Personality" or go back through the files of EVERYBODY'S and read any one of his several contributions. Gradually, unconsciously, your shoulders will straighten back and your head perk up and your eye brighten, for running through all his work is the superb assurance of man's supremacy, backed and demonstrated by the facts of science. Better than that, his optimistic gospel somehow instils new and high purpose into the fagged spirit. While you are reading what he has to say, your place in the great scheme unfolds before you, and, unappalled, you face it. You are proud to be that thing called man. You have a will, and gladly you reach for the responsibility that the possession of a will carries with it.

Don't miss anything Dr. Thomson writes. He writes so simply, so convincingly, so serenely that the here and the hereafter are made real and vital to you. What is it they try to put into fallen men? That's it—*self-respect.* Dr. Thomson gives that to men

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who have not fallen—a new and greater self-respect; a splendid vision of the capacities and possibilities of themselves. Read his article in this number, "As to Ourselves," and see if your thought is not lifted for a spell above the commonplaces.

PRESIDENT ELIOT'S REWARD

President Eliot of Harvard is likewise seeing visions. In a recent talk to Harvard graduates at the Harvard Club, New York City, he said—and you must remember that Dr. Eliot talks intimately, like a father, to Harvard boys—

ON THE BRINK OF A VAST OCEAN

"We are on the brink of a vast ocean of undiscovered truth. We have just had a striking example of this in wireless telegraphy.

"Perhaps you think that these fifty years have been remarkable and that my successor will not have as much fun as I had. He will. The development of the natural resources of this country has only just begun. The Harvard University of the future is bound to be of more use than the Harvard University of the past.

"I suppose you would like to know some of the thoughts that come to me as I retire from the presidency of Harvard University. I confess that I have had some difficulty in listening to such praise as has been given to me to my face, but in the last four months I have rather got used to it.

"The reward that has come to me is more than any individual can take in. I feel the greatest gratitude for the privilege that I have had—a privilege of sure growth. You may be sure that no man can stand in my place without experiencing personal enlargement. I have always met men and women on their best sides. Nobody appears to better advantage than when he is talking about the welfare of his children.

"The American people believe in nothing so much as in education. To them it insures the perpetuity of free institutions. It is a faith with them, almost a religion.

"We are developing in this country a new religion. I am sure that it is not too much to describe it in that way. Perhaps it is merely an old religion under a new name. It is the religion of service. And education must be used as the preparation for service—for the giving of pleasure to others. The rendering of service—that is the supreme reward."

"AS TO OURSELVES"

The current number of *Profitable Advertising* contains an editorial that presents EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE in such an attractive light, that we feel forced to lay aside our blushes and reprint it for you. We haven't the hardihood to insist that this is "us," but it certainly is a description of just exactly what we'd like to be:

"There may be in the sphere of magazine publishing a better illustration of the keeping of the publishing ear to the ground, noting the vibrations that denote popular tendencies, and correctly interpreting them, than has been made evident by the managers of *Everybody's*, but the present writer does not at the moment call it to mind. The ideas that have been behind that magazine from the first of the present ownership have furnished, in their manifestations, one of the prettiest illustrations of what can be done through harmonizing business with the expressed tastes and aspirations of the people that is at present available for a text upon the implacable dominance of what we sometimes call public opinion. The magazine is typical of the times, and the people of the times. It caters to the mass of people, and exploits and humors their tendencies and predilections. Its dominant note is the pure joy of life, and across this rosy background there is now and again shot a note of intensity and stress, as in our modern life. To be joyous, but not too exclusively joyous; to be intense, but not always intense; to note the gloom of life, but not to live it; to accept the brotherhood of man, yet not fail to remember that Cain also was a brother; to push for progress, but not to spell it with a capital P; to have faith in the future, but not to use that faith as a discount; to believe in assured greatness of the human race, but not to believe each individual great; and to always and all the time squeeze from life joy and gladness and hope and faith and a lot of real fun—this is what *Everybody's* seems like, and about what its managers must be trying to express. What wonder that it has a great circulation, and is a great advertising medium?

A CORRECTION

We take a great deal of trouble and spend much money to make all our statements true. We hate to be unjust to any one. Because of our precautions we manage to be right most of the time. When we err, we are surely doing no more than common justice in straightening out the wrong. In Samuel Hopkins Adams's article on "Burnt Money" in our January issue, the statement occurred that the Collinwood school fire was caused by a furnace pipe in contact with unprotected woodwork. It now appears that this statement was not correct, and that the fire was not started by a furnace pipe. Various of our friends have written asking a correction, because they fear the mistake is liable to hurt their business. Mr. Adams requests us to express his regret that he was misled by the early reports of the disaster.

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